Collier's

APRIL 24, 1948

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By Merriman Smith

WHO WILL RUN THE RED SOX?

MARY ANN ATKINS . . . Duke University

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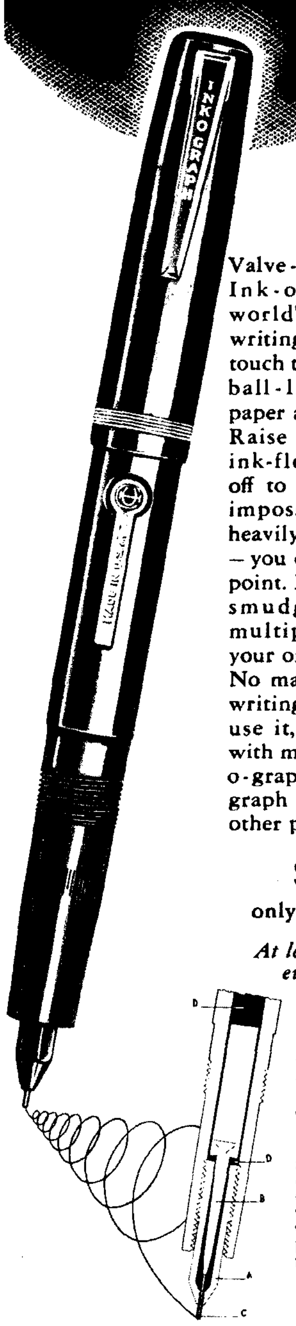

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COLLIER'S

April 24, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

AS WE GALLOP TO POLL

MEMO TO COLLIER'S: I understand that in a recent question-asking trek, the Gallup poll discovered people had no idea of such realities as "tariff" or "filibuster" and few knew there was to be a political convention this 1948. Many had never heard of Stassen, and some thought the Marshall Plan was a recent movie star, Herb Marshall.

This intrigued me. If I could ask a few questions of people who read Collier's, how well informed would they be? So I began asking questions of people I know; they phoned people *they* know; and before long I had some Gallup polling all my own.

Know what? Collier's readers were the best informed on world events, political, international, inventions, real stories of real people, and worth-while fiction.

I also found a Collier's reader was a thinking reader, had a very good "sense of humor." They knew who Stassen was, and the Marshall Plan. So I had what was to me a "lovely day" . . . since I don't play bridge.

MRS. HAL MANNING, Laguna Beach, Cal.

DOING THE CHARLESTON!

DEAR SIR: I want to tell you what a wonderfully fine article that was on Charleston (The Mermaid In the Bottle, Mar. 13th). The author got the spirit of the "Old Lady" remarkably well, and it is also a fund of information for those, like myself, who hope to go there sometime. Let's have some more where this came from, for I am sure the author could do another swell job!

H. LEMCKE, New York, N. Y.

Mr. Lagemann is on his way to the Great Smokies. Watch for You'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain, in early May.

. . . Also, how could Mr. Lagemann omit mention of The Citadel, "the West Point of the South," whose cadets fired the first shot on the Star of the West, starting what you Yankees call the Civil War?

Evidently your reporter didn't get around very much after dark. How did he miss the hot spots and Market Street's quaint little protected gambling places?

Thanks for telling the world that we are still unreconstructed.

H. L. BALDWIN III, Charleston, S. C.

A Collier's reporter in a bar? Fi donc!

FREE TUITION FOR NURSES

DEAR EDITOR: Re your editorial We Need 50,000 Student Nurses (Mar. 6th), I, a

(Continued on page 45)

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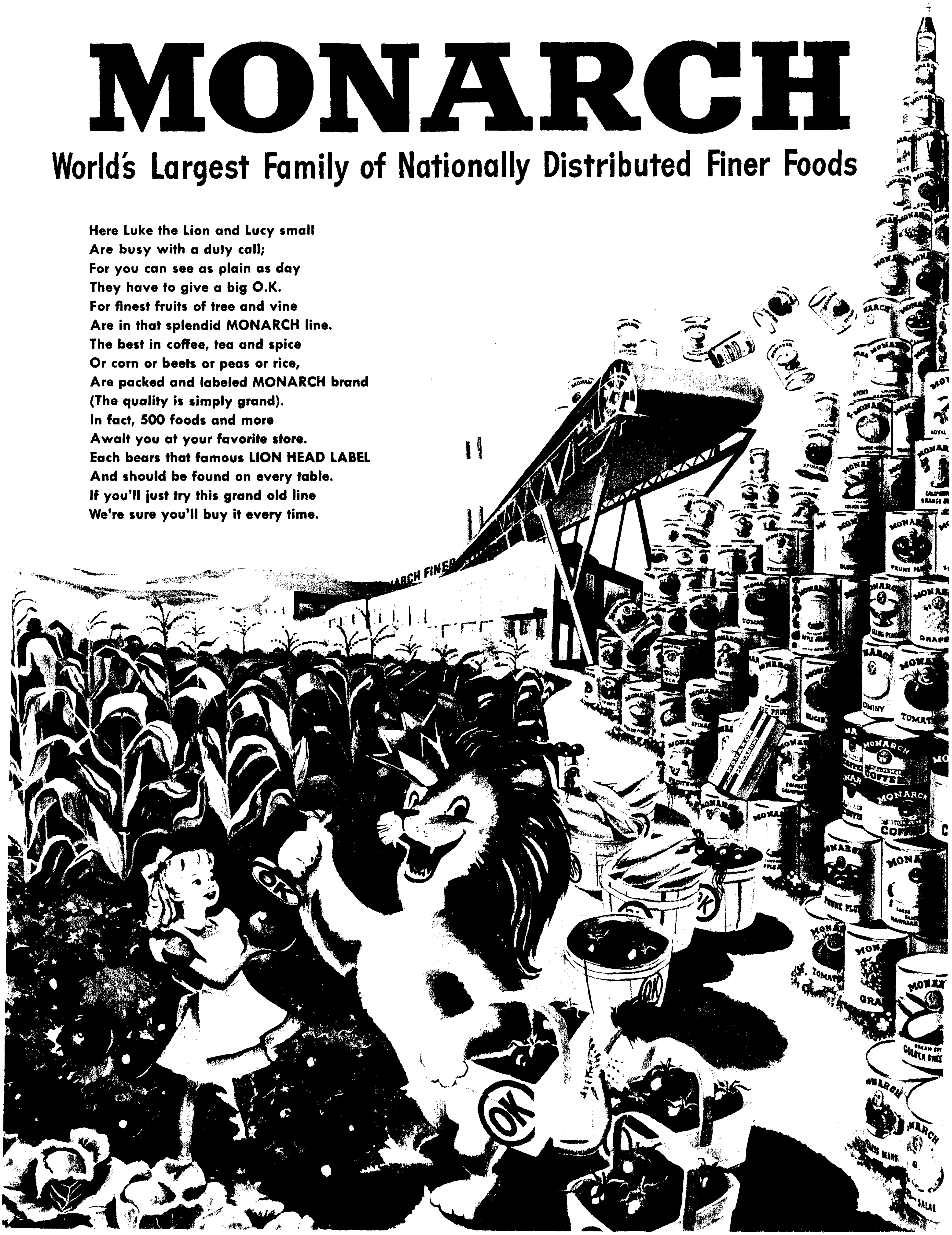

COLLIER'S

SPORTS

PENNANT PIVOT MEN

BY BILL FAY

WHEN the Newark baseball club went on the road in 1946, its traveling secretary usually assigned Berra (Yogi) and Brown (Bobby) to the same hotel room for purely alphabetical reasons. Yogi and Bobby had nothing in common except the design and color of their uniforms. Brown was a pre-med student who relaxed after a hard day at shortstop by reading two-ton texts. Berra was an uninhibited catcher who liked nothing better than to curl up with a good comic book. One August evening, after finishing the latest Superman and rereading an exciting Orphan Annie, Yogi yawned and suggested:

"Let's cut the light. I'm dead."

Brown on the 397th page of Comparative Anatomy I demurred, "Just a minute—I'm almost through."

Bobby finally finished Comparative Anatomy I and flicked the light switch. There was a moment of silence. Then Yogi asked curiously, "How'd it come out?"

Squat Yogi from St. Louis, twenty-three years old, almost neckless, and a man of magnificent reflexes, has moved up rapidly in the baseball world without modifying either of his major activities. He's still catching most of the curves that come his way and he's still collecting comic books—for the New York Yankees. He isn't the best catcher since Mickey Cochrane, and he certainly isn't the smartest, but right now he's the keyman in the Yanks' plans for retaining their world championship.

Yogi became the Yanks' keyman at the start of spring training when Aaron Robinson and two rookie pitchers were traded to the Chicago White Sox for Ed Lopat, the most effective left-hander in the American League. Robinson is the veteran catcher who saved the Yankees in the 1947 World Series after Brooklyn base runners stole everything except Berra's comic books in the first four games.

Yet the Dodgers' series uprising was only a sample of the trouble the Yanks can expect from the resurgent Boston Red Sox this summer. If Berra cracks again under pressure, the Robinsonless Yanks will be caught short. So why did Manager Bucky Harris gamble the pennant on Berra? Bucky gave the answer as the Yanks broke spring-training camp in St. Petersburg.

"Berra will hit .300," Bucky predicted. "His catching will improve, too. Our pitchers were partly to blame for his World Series troubles. They were letting Brooklyn runners get a start, and Yogi had to throw quicker and harder than usual. Yogi's throwing will improve."

Of course, the Yankees are *not* the only team whose pennant fate depends upon a keyman.

The pivotal member of the Boston Braves is a twenty-four-year-old rookie shortstop named Alvin Dark—not Warren Spahn, the National League's top pitcher in earned-run rating. Spahn won 21 games last year, but the Braves finished third. Spahn probably will win more games this year, but the Braves may finish third again, unless Dark corrects the double-play weakness that ruined the Bostonians' defense in 1947.

Here's how the keymen on the 1948 pennant contenders looked in spring training:

At Sarasota, Florida, Vern Stephens hopped into the Boston Red Sox batting cage. Mickey Harris flipped a fast ball. Stephens drove it high into left field and Sam Mele made an easy catch 20 feet inside the 375-feet marker on the fence.

Catcher Birdie Tebbetts chirped: "Home run in Boston."

Stephens is Boston's keyman. Vern slammed 24 homers for St. Louis in 1945, but slumped to 14 in 1946 and 15 last year. The Red Sox spent approximately $200,000 in cash and players to acquire Stephens, figuring his bat—aided and abetted by a friendly left-field fence—would boom at least 25 home runs.

At Bradenton, Florida, Alvin Dark, the Braves' rookie shortstop, grabbed a hopper behind third, fired underhand to Connie Ryan at second. Ryan pivoted and completed the double play.

"That young fellow Dark could make our club," Manager Billy Southworth commented. "Last year we had the best hitting team in either league, although the Giants stole the headlines with their home runs. We were the only team in the majors with two twenty-game winners—Spahn and Sain. We had hitting and pitching but we finished third. You know why? Because we were the poorest team in the majors at making double plays.

"We think Dark can come through for us even though he's had only one year in the minors—he was a sensation at Milwaukee. Learns faster than any player I've ever seen—just a natural athlete. We think he'll be the best shortstop in the majors in two years. Then, too, we were lucky enough to pick up Eddie Stanky from the Dodgers for second base, and Eddie's smartness and steadiness should help Dark over the rough spots. If we can get those double plays this year—well, we'll be satisfied with our pennant chances."

At St. Petersburg, Manager Eddie Dyer of the St. Louis Cardinals was watching lefty Howie Pollet warm up with Joe Garagiola. "Howie looks mighty good," Eddie said. "Wonderful boy, Howie. Won the pennant for us in 1946—pitching out of turn and relieving in the tough spots. But his arm went bad last year and we finished second—mostly because Howie won only nine games.

"An operation removed a tiny chip from Howie's elbow last fall. Now he looks like the 1946 Pollet. If he can come back to team up with Brecheen and Munger, we'll have three tough, experienced starters, and we'll be hard to beat. Mighty hard."

At Ciudad Trujillo, in Santo Domingo, Manager Leo Durocher was sitting on the hotel porch, checking a pitching roster, when a wise old Brooklyn Dodger remarked:

"Leo's looking at the list that'll win the pennant for us. It's strange how people get the wrong idea about our pitching. They say Ralph Branca is our only dependable starter, and maybe that's true, but you don't figure a staff by its starters alone—you rate it on arm power. There was a time last summer when our starters had finished only a third of their games but we were in first place.

"That was because we had strong-armed kids—Behrman and Gregg and Barney and some others—who could go in there day after day, or twice in a double-header if necessary, and throw hard for two or three innings. Then we always had Casey to stop the other guys in the last inning.

"Don't worry about our pitching. Gregg and Behrman have moved along, but Rickey always has plenty of strong-armed kids coming up through the farms. We got about 10 in camp, and Durocher will pick out the best three or four. They work hard and they don't last long, but they serve the purpose and they're cheap."

At Phoenix, Arizona, Monte Kennedy of the New York Giants was left-handing control pitches at Walker Cooper. Cooper was holding his big catcher's glove belt-high and steady, and Kennedy was hitting it dead center about two times out of five. "Nothing wrong with Kennedy that a little better control won't cure," Manager Mel Ott remarked hopefully, but Mel was saying the same thing just as hopefully last summer.

Cooper and Kennedy are the Giants' ifs. Kennedy won 9, lost 12 last year. Most of his defeats could be traced to bases on balls. Cooper slammed 35 home runs—almost equaling his previous major-league total of 38 in seven years. If Kennedy pitches up to his potentialities, and if Cooper holds his 1947 hitting pace, watch out for the Giants.

It could be, of course, that a Berra or a Kennedy will fail and some less hopefully regarded player will come through as an adequate replacement. If Dark falters, Sibby Sisti—injured last summer—might step in and make the double plays the Braves need. But one thing is certain: Each contender has a pressing pennant problem to solve. Based on their spring training showing—and favoring the power clubs—we believe the 1948 pennant races will finish this way:

American League—Boston, New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis.

National League—New York, St. Louis, Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadelphia.

And just to move farther out on the limb, here are a few more predictions:

Joe DiMaggio's heel-and-elbow miseries are a thing of the past and his battle with Ted Williams for the major-league batting title will be even closer than the pennant fight between the Yanks and the Red Sox.

Detroit has not added sufficient strength to challenge the Yanks and Red Sox, but the Tigers will display one of the two most improved pitchers in the American League—Art Houtteman. The other will be Bob Lemon of Cleveland.

Warren Spahn of the Braves will be the winningest pitcher in the majors. Spahn has an outside chance to win 30 games.

Ralph Kiner of the Pirates will overshadow Johnny Mize of the Giants in this third year of their three-year battle for home-run supremacy. Present standing, Kiner, 74; Mize, 73.

Harry Walker of the Phils, who topped National League hitters with a .363 average last year, will not retain his title—may even slump below .300.

- They used to say about Jack Kramer, "He's got a blistering serve—and feet to match." The national amateur champion was a tennis tenderfoot. But Jack hasn't had a blister since the start of his pro tour with Bobby Riggs. Reason: Jack rubs his feet with vaseline before each match. "If I beat Riggs," Jack grins, "you can say I owe my success to slick footwork."

- Don't be surprised if the University of California at Los Angeles rowing crew shows up at Poughkeepsie with a female coxswain. Two coeds, blond Mildred Campbell and brunet Edna Saxton, answered Coach Bob Hillen's spring call for rowing. Mildred and Edna each weighed 102 pounds. The male candidates for coxswain weighed 125 pounds and up—considerable excess baggage to haul around in a light shell.

There's no reason why the girls shouldn't be able to do as well as the boys in the coxswain department. Most college girls can count up to 35 or 40, which is as high as the count per minute ever climbs at Poughkeepsie. The rest of the job is easy. The coxswain sits in the stern, guides the boat, and hands out a lot of advice. He's really a back-seat driver, and show us a woman who isn't. ★★★

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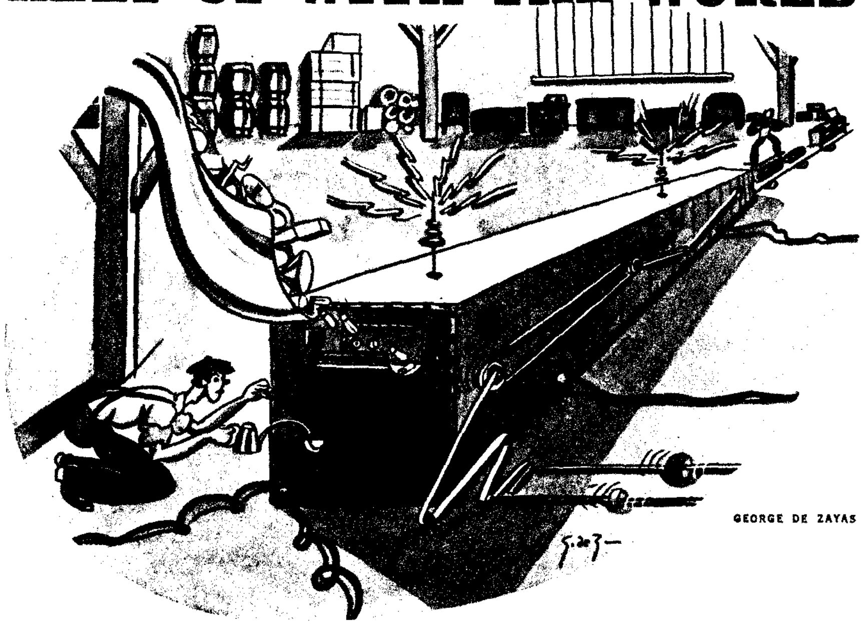

BY FRELING FOSTER

An amazing machine that assembles radio sets without human help was recently perfected and is now in operation in a factory at Walton on Thames, England. The parts are fed into one end of this 70-foot electronically controlled robot, and the completed sets come out the other end—at the rate of one every 20 seconds.

A bank in New York now safeguards its tellers from being held up or shot at with a system that enables them to have their cages on the second floor yet continue to transact business through the windows on the main floor. The teller and patron hear and see each other through a periscopic shaft equipped with mirrors and send their money and papers up and down in an electric "elevator" about the size of a cigar box.

Although automatic voting machines have demonstrated their advantages over paper ballots for 56 years, they have been adopted in only 30,000 of our 125,000 precincts and, therefore, will be available to only 16,000,000 of the 50,000,000 citizens who are expected to vote in the coming Presidential election.

On New York's subways, the fare is a nickel and the passenger may ride as long as he desires over all of the 128 route miles. On London's underground lines, however, the fare is based on distance, five cents being charged for three miles, ten cents for six miles, etc. To make certain that the correct fare is always paid, the system requires the passenger to buy a ticket which specifies his destination and which must be surrendered upon his arrival to a gateman at the station.

No case of its kind has ever paralleled the successful revival of Hebrew as the common language of the Jews, started in Palestine about a generation ago. Except for its retention in religious ceremonies and rituals, this language had been dead for 2,300 years. *By Frank Farrington, South Bend, Ind.*

No laws prohibit the intermarriage of whites and Negroes in 18 states of this country today.

Few attractions have deceived more persons than a mummy alleged to be the body of John Wilkes Booth that has been exhibited at carnivals in the United States off and on for 40 years. While Booth was killed 12 days after he assassinated Lincoln, this corpse is that of a David E. George who committed suicide in Oklahoma in 1903. Unclaimed for some time, it was sold by the undertaker and has since been owned by a succession of showmen. Most spectators are convinced the mummy is Booth by a sign near it that offers "$1,000 Reward If Proven Not Genuine."

A form of energy now being tested for industrial uses is that produced by "silent sound," or supersonic waves generated at frequencies ranging up to 100,000,000 cycles a second. These waves can, for example, wash clothes, age whisky, kill bacteria in canned food, pasteurize and homogenize milk, discover cracks in heavy machines and remove soot from chimney smoke.

In this country today, divorces are not granted for desertion in four states or for nonsupport in 20 states. Furthermore, 23 states refuse a divorce to a person who seeks it because the wife or husband is incurably insane and will always require institutional care.

The world's largest restaurant organization is J. Lyons & Company, Limited, of London, which owns and operates three big hotels, five huge restaurants and 250 tearooms, and serves 770,000 meals a day. *By Virginia S. Graham, Bryn Mawr, Penna.*

During its racing season, one New York race track and its patrons are protected against crooks by a private detective service that costs approximately $15,000 a week.

Merchandise as well as money won as a prize on a radio show is subject to income taxes based on its retail value.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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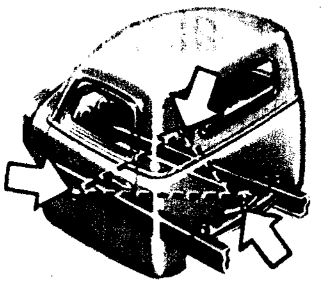

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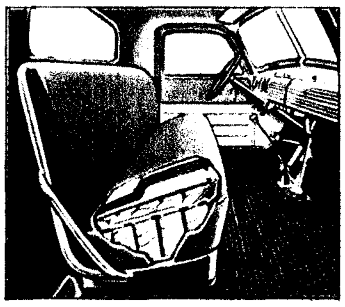
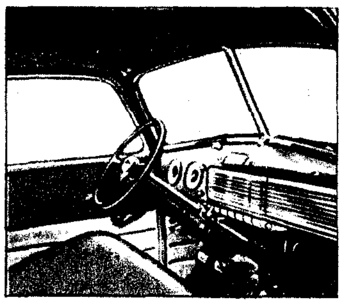
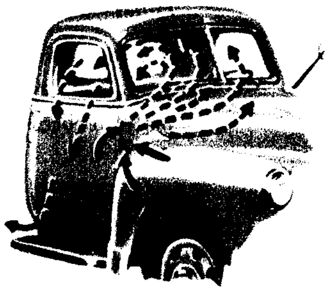


New, tubular-frame adjustable seats give 8" more seating width . . . have 73 individually wrapped springs.



New windshields are 4" wider and 1½" higher. Door openings are 6" wider. Overall vision is increased 22%.



New, built-in ventilation system draws in fresh air, forces out used air . . . provides for fresh air heating.

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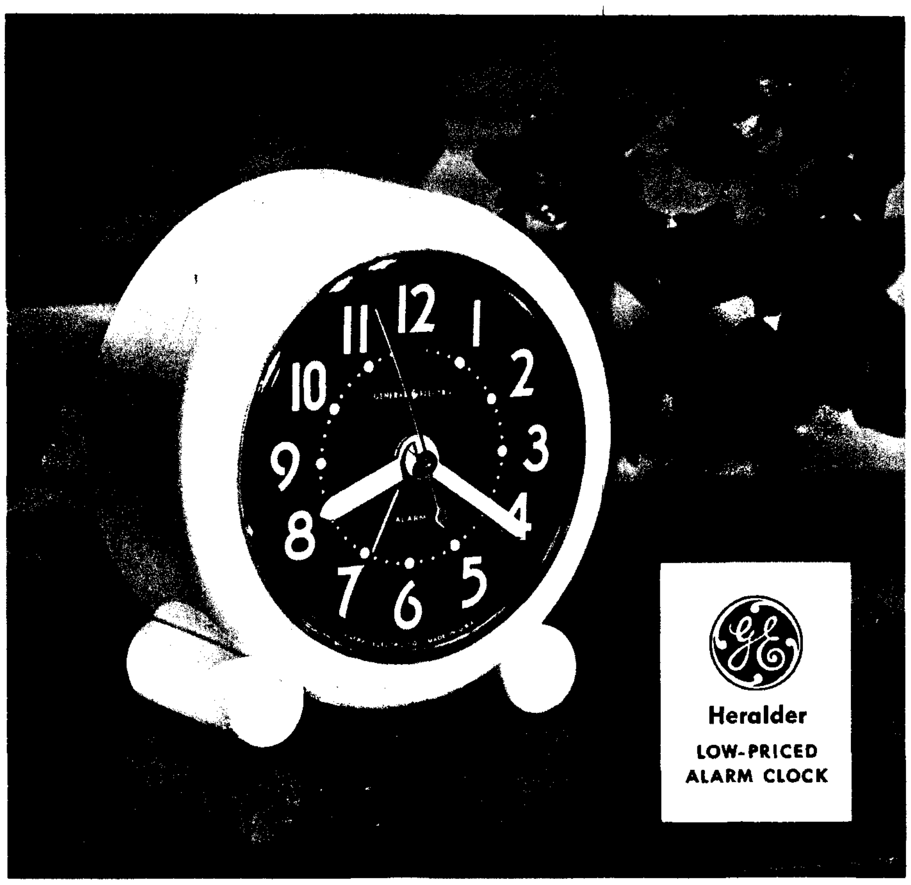

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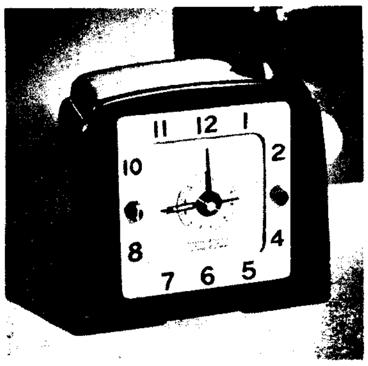
Quiet—no distracting "ticktock."

Dependable—wakes you on time, every time.

Accurate—electrically checked by your power company to correspond with official Arlington time.



Awake to MUSIC with Tune-A-Larm!

Why not start your day with a tune? Simply plug your radio into the back of the new General Electric Tune-A-Larm, turn it to your favorite station, and flick the switches. Come rising time, your RADIO awakens you! Soft and sweet, or loud and commanding—as you wish! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

IKE VERN

THE WEEK'S WORK

Photographer Ike Vern picks up a stitch at a Carolina quilting bee

WHILE researching our National Grange story, The Farmer's Best Friend (p. 18), the Messrs. Nichols and Vern learned that while it is not likely to supplant knitting, necking or bundling as an indoor sport, quilting is still a popular pastime wherever farm wives gather. Just as in Grandma's day, quilting bees produce gossip, stiff knuckles and, of course, quilts.

For the electronic-blanket generation: A quilt (also known as a comforter or puff) is any coverlet made like a sandwich, with stuff in the middle. Patterns are traditional: Rose of Sharon and Jerusalem Star being most popular; and you make them tufted, patterned, tufted-patterned, crazy or knobby. Nichols and Vern, having mastered the art in the J. C. Colletts' farm parlor at Trinity Township, North Carolina, are back now, saving each other's old shirts, shorts and ties—also bits of juicy gossip—to make their own. "What kind?" we asked. "Crazy!" they assured us.

THE challenging So You Want to Be President!, by Merriman Smith (p. 13), is from his forthcoming book, A President Is Many Men. Mr. Smith has been White House man for the United Press since mid-1941. He is the correspondent who yells, "Thank you, Mr. President!" to close White House news conferences; and he has traveled over 100,000 miles with the Messrs. F.D.R. and Truman. His wife is called the Widow Smith.

Twice he has been injured in the line of duty: He sustained a busted shoulder while piling out of Mr. Truman's office on VE-Day, and a cracked tailbone while chasing the President in Key West. "Consequently," remarks Mr. Smith, "I'm known professionally as Old Brittle Bones. I'm the man who's made a career out of going on another man's vacations."

Mr. Smith's from Savannah, and when he isn't covering the White House, he's writing books. "Last summer I bought some beautiful golf clubs—and used them twice," he mourns. "When I finished A President Is Many Men, and picked up the clubs, the Widow Smith greeted me with a folder of magazine ideas. 'Start writing, big boy, or go fix the washing machine!' "

COVERING the N. Y. Yankees for the N. Y. Post, Milton Gross feels he's lucky to have captured Joe McCarthy (Who Will Run the Red Sox? p. 70) for a Collier's profile. Milt was hanging around the Hotel Suannee lobby in St. Petersburg a while back, looking for an angle for next day's story. McCarthy, still with the club, happened by, and Gross decided to pick his brains. "I knew you didn't just step up, toss a question at McCarthy and catch the reply," says Gross. "You jockey."

So Gross jockeyed, then innocently got around to the formation of the American League. Oddly, McCarthy couldn't remember the year it was formed. Mark Roth, late traveling secretary of the Yankees, came by and knew.

"The pair then proceeded to run down the American League from that day to the present," says Milt. "They reached 1912 in the A.M., my office wondering where my deathless prose was. I just couldn't wait a moment beyond the year of my birth and I couldn't remember what I wanted to ask Marse Joe. I sincerely hope the boys in Boston do better with Joe from the news angle than the boys in New York."

MARGINAL travel notes: Jim Marshall, who takes you Out Where the West Ends (p. 22), says you can still pan gold in hundreds of Oregon streams. During the depression inhabitants of Jacksonville operated back-yard mines so vigorously, parts of the town are in danger of caving in. It was in Williams, near Jacksonville, reports Marshall, an early battle of the Civil War was fought. When the news of the firing on Sumter reached Williams, Major Clairborne Tolliver (from South Cahlina) ran up the Confederate flag outside his law office.

One Peter Friesbie, a State-of-Mainer, hearing of this dastardly defiance, promptly recruited a squad of eight Union men, marched 25 muddy miles to Williams. When Tolliver offered to take 'em all on with a sword, the damyanks fired their muskets, and Tolliver surrendered. The flag, displayed at the Friesbie home for years, was lost when flaming arrows set the house afire. "The Indians all over western Oregon seem to have specialized in flaming arrows," says Mr. Marshall. "In pioneer towns, buildings with iron doors are pointed out as refuges from flaming arrows during Indian raids.

"Most of the doors didn't get to Oregon until long after the Indians had turned to huckleberry picking and fish drying as more profitable than scalping the whites."

This week's cover: Duke Duchess. Photographer Toni Frissell, visiting Duke University, was struck by the photogeniality of Mary Anne Sawyer, pretty coed. Mary Anne's twenty, from Paragould, Arkansas, Vice-Prexy of her sorority, member of the Duke Chapel Choir, and 1948 Yearbook Beauty Queen. She's high on the dean's scholastic list, is majoring in political science and minoring in languages, with a pretty eye toward the foreign service. . . . TED SHANE

ROAD CLOSED
TO ALL BUT NASH OWNERS

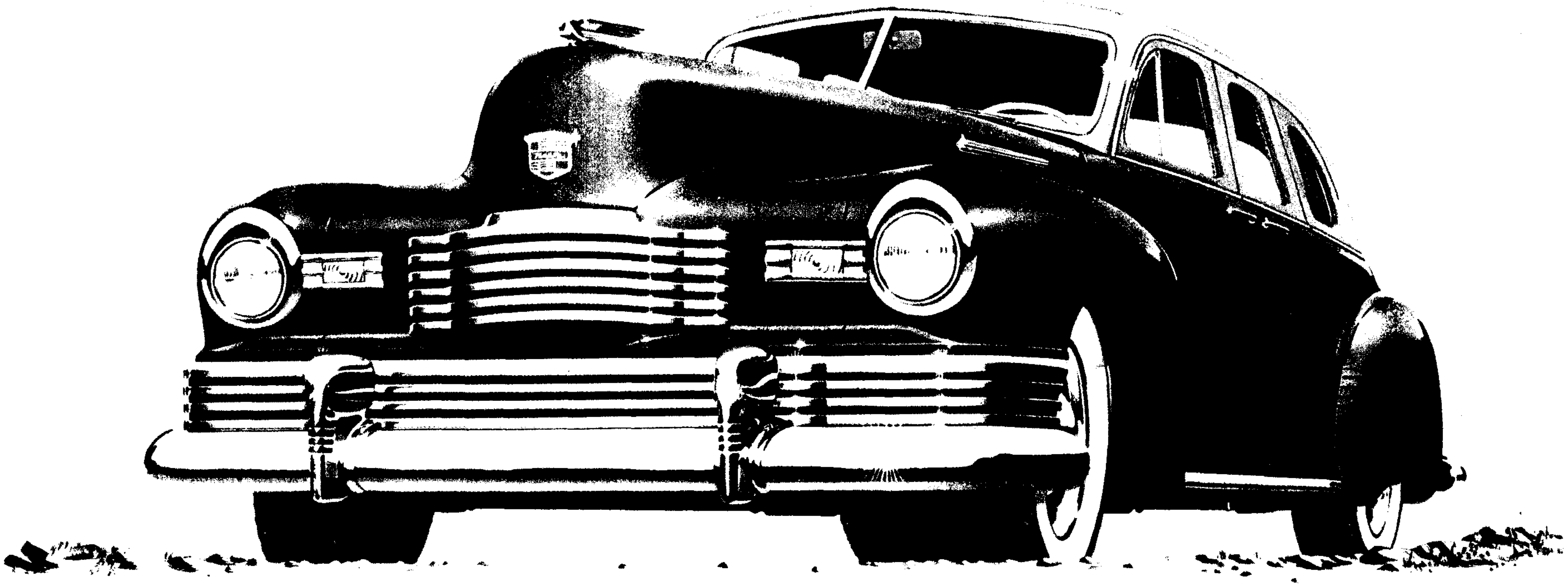
There's a lot of swell country you can see and roads you can travel—*without* a Nash "600."

You don't absolutely need a car that lets you drive coatless in coldest weather—that's always free of dust—that always gives you fresh air.

But it's fun not to freeze—

You can keep off rugged country trails or bumpy roads—and never need the beautiful balance of four wheel coil springs.

And 25 miles or more on a gallon at average highway speed. That's nice to have, but not really necessary. Just stop at a few more gas pumps, spend a few more dollars.



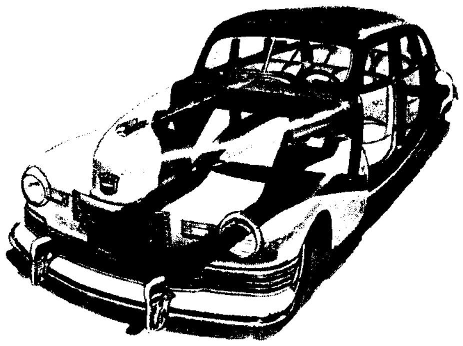
You can do without a lot of things—a welded unit frame that's safer and stronger, and can't rattle.

Nor do you need all that extra head-room and seat-room and luggage-room in a Nash "600," or all its power and beauty and easy handling—or all the long-life and ruggedness that is traditionally Nash—

But—have you noticed how happy these new Nash owners are?

Have you listened to them talk?

Why not forget—just for one hour—all your feelings and opinions about automobiles—and check into a new 1948 Nash "600"?



Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with frame and body *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit, it is lighter and immeasurably stronger. 8500 spot welds eliminate noise-making joints.

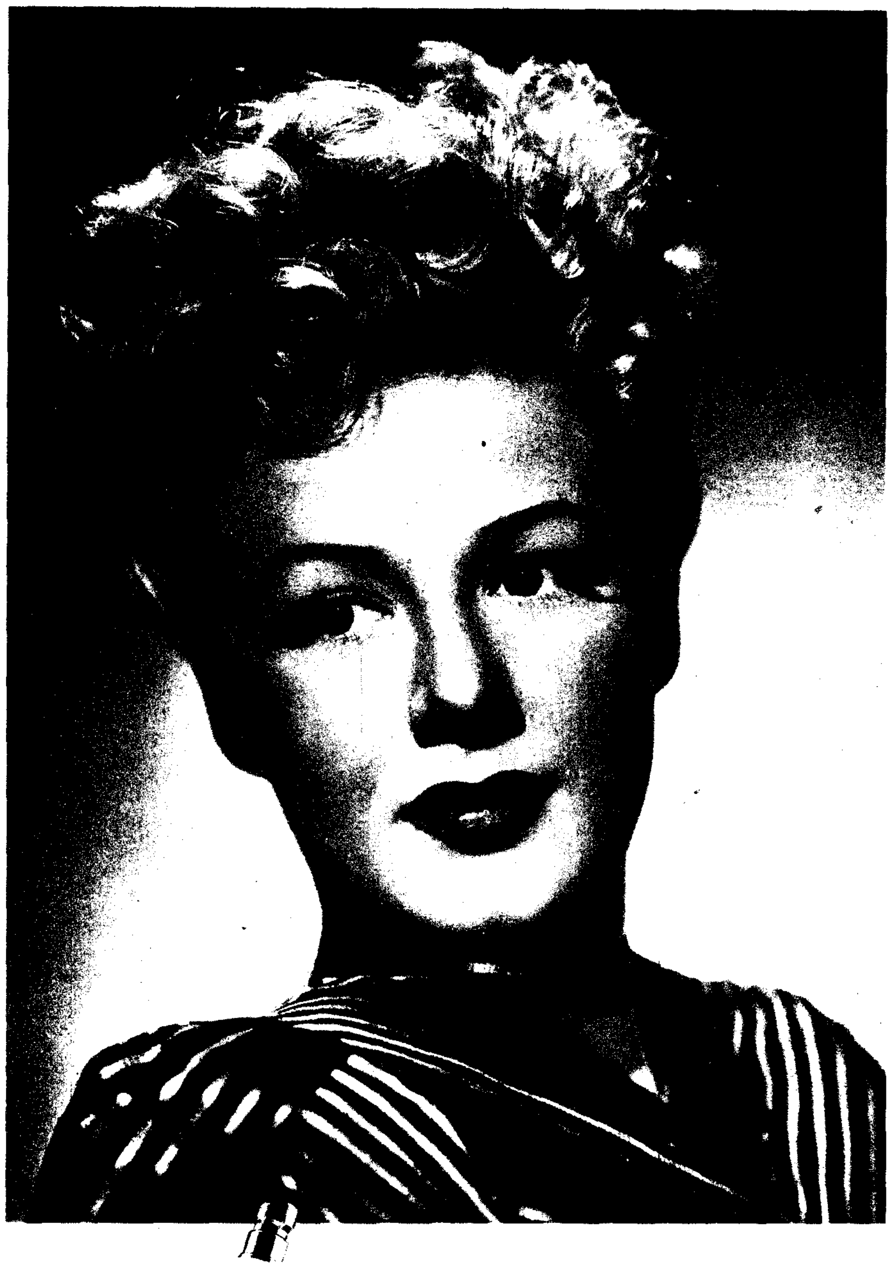
Nash

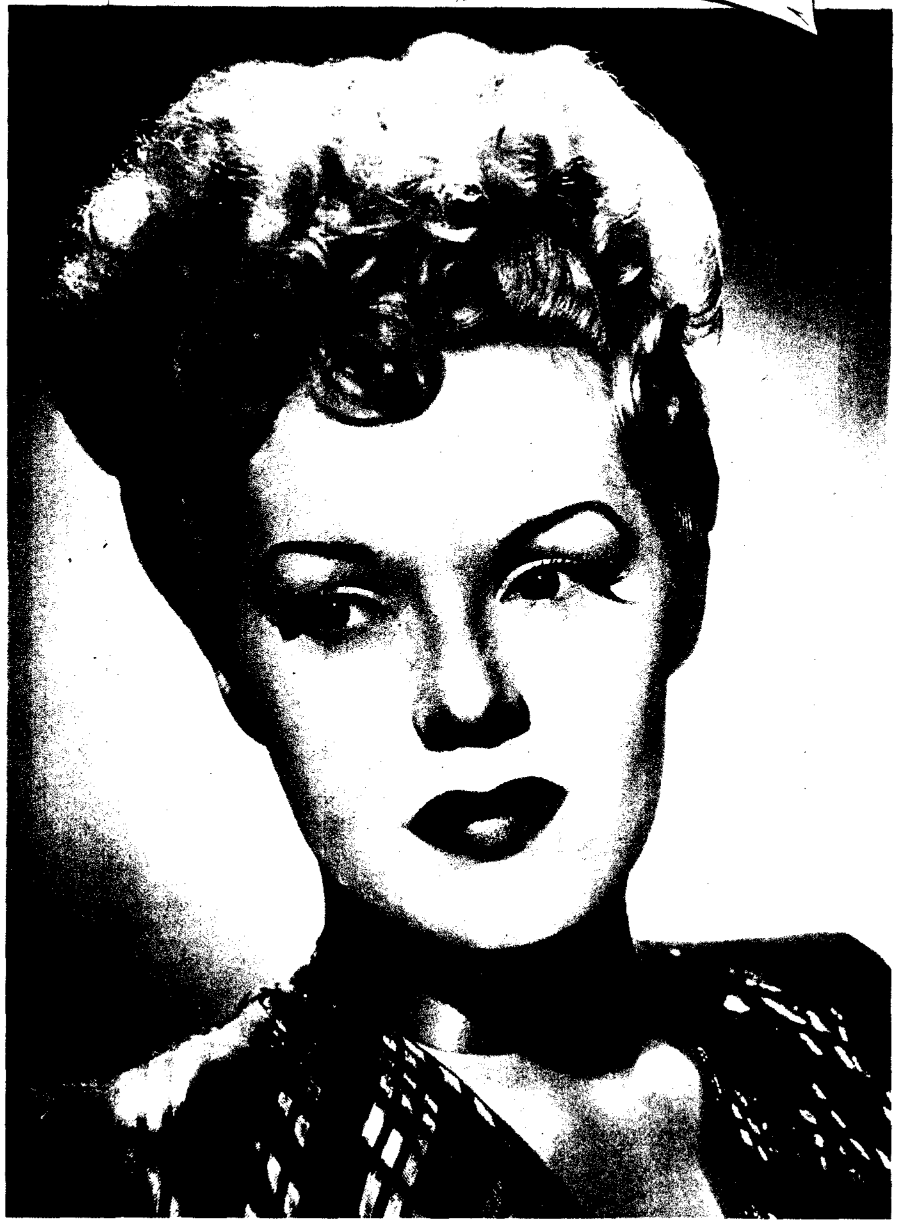
Great Cars Since 1902

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

Which is *really* Betty Hutton?

STARRING IN THE
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"DREAM GIRL"
(See answer below)





Spark plugs also look alike, but

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

are *"Ignition Engineered"*

SINCE most spark plugs look alike, it's hard to tell which is best from outside appearance—just as it's difficult to tell which of the pictures above is really Betty Hutton. To make sure you get the best, ask for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—they're *ignition engineered*. This means they're designed by the same engineers who design the entire electrical life-line for many of America's finest cars—from battery to coil to distributor to spark plug.

Score yourself 100% if you picked the girl at the left as the real Betty Hutton, beautiful and talented actress soon to be seen in Paramount's thrilling new hit "Dream Girl." At right is Miss Chris Holly of East 65th St., New York City, who looks so much like Miss Hutton that crowds often gather when she goes out shopping.

You'll be 100% right, too, if you switch to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, equipment on many leading makes of cars.

Toronto, Ontario **THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY** Toledo 1, Ohio

Switch to **AUTO-LITE**

MONEY CANNOT BUY A BETTER SPARK PLUG

Listen to Auto-Lite's outstanding radio program, YOUR THURSDAY NIGHT MEETING starring Dick Haymes, Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra. Thursday 9:00 P. M., E. T. CBS.

T TO BE PRESIDENT!

ERRIMAN SMITH

overworked, you'll never be alone, you'll **get periodic pa-**
and a lot more. Here, as part of a book **to be published**
ndent details the grief of the most **powerful job on earth**

THERE is no room for argument: The Presidency is a killing job. When the votes are counted and the candidate hears the shouts of victory, he automatically becomes a bum insurance risk. And he can count definitely on living quite a number of years less than he otherwise would.

Starting with George Washington, the average age of our Presidents through Mr. Truman was fifty-four years at the time of inauguration. Up until Mr. Truman, the average time spent in the White House by a President was about five and a half years. Also, the average age of Presidents at death has been 68 years.

According to the census bureau, a man of fifty-four should have an expectancy of at least an additional nineteen years of life. So, by the simple rule of thumb, being elected President cuts at least five years off a man's life.

This isn't to scare people away from running for President. There probably isn't a man in the country who would turn down the Presidency if he knew he would die a year later as a result of the beating the man in the White House has to take.

The high physical price paid for being President still is rather stupid and archaic. In this allegedly scientific civilization of ours, there is no sensible reason why a President should wear himself out shaking hands with so many people that his right arm becomes virtually paralyzed. And what is the real reason he has to subject his stomach night after night to indigestible banquet food? Or endure a workday that any union in the country would denounce as cruel and beneath the standards of the most sadistic employer?

Actually there isn't a farm hand in the country who puts in the hours a President does. There isn't an office worker who would not scream against the time spent at work by a Presidential secretary.

After reading about the President's yacht, his vacations, his retinue of servants, it might be difficult to accept the idea that the job isn't what it's cracked up to be. Sure, he has luxuries too costly for millionaires. But he is a prisoner, never alone. Flunkies, cops, secretaries, politicians, generals and admirals are always around as reminders of his grave responsibility.

Some nut with a gun might kill him any time he ventures beyond the White House grounds.

He can't drop in at a friend's home of a Sunday afternoon and pass the time of day. If he goes to the baseball game, he can't yell, "Robber!" at the umpire, but must sit sedately like a well-mannered little boy with a governess. And if he tries to eat peanuts, everybody in the ball park watches each mouthful.

What is worse, he can't suffer a slight cold without blowing his nose in front of the world. The stock market rises and falls

BOB LEAVITT

Top man in the White House secretariat is appointment secretary Matthew J. Connelly. Here, Collier's editor Walter Davenport interviews Mr. Connelly

INTERNATIONAL

Visitors consume much of the President's time. Here, President Calvin Coolidge receives an Indian chief's headdress

© HARRIS & EWI

The first of the spring run of Mai salmon is given to President Hoov

according to the bulletins from his bedside.

Visitors usually appraise his physical condition in hushed tones before they're out of the White House lobby.

"I don't think he looked too well."

"Yes, seemed a little tired."

"Did you notice the lines around his eyes? Heavier than ever."

F.D.R., after a crowded press conference during a period when there were many rumors about his health, watched the reporters file out of his office with a sarcastic expression on his face.

"My God, I feel like I've just been examined by the entire staff of Mayo brothers," he said.

All of this adds up to pressure. And any doctor will testify that a human being under constant tension has a breaking point somewhere if there is no relief.

One of the most graphic accounts of how Presidents sometimes come apart under the grinding pressure comes from H. H. Kohlsaat, the late Chicago newspaper owner who was a confidant of Republican leaders for two decades.

Kohlsaat, in his McKinley to Harding, described a conference he had with President McKinley not long before McKinley was assassinated.

"It seems to me I have not slept over three hours a night for over two weeks," McKinley told the Chicago editor one night at the White House. "Congress is trying to drive us into war with Spain. The Spanish fleet is in Cuban waters, and we haven't enough ammunition on the Atlantic seacoast to fire a salute."

At this point in the conversation, the President, according to Kohlsaat, "broke down and cried like a boy of thirteen."

"I put my hand on his shoulder and remained silent as I thought the tension would be relieved by his tears. As he became calm, I tried to assure him that the country would back him in any course he should pursue."

The President looked up and asked: "Are my eyes very red? Do they look as if I had been crying?"

Kohlsaat had to admit that the President did look rather tearful.

"But I must return to Mrs. McKinley at once," the President said, worrying about his wife, who was in another room with guests.

President Disguises His Grief

Kohlsaat advised him to blow his nose loudly as he entered the room, thus forcing tears into his eyes as if he had a cold or brief coughing spell.

The President squared his shoulders and marched toward the door. He paused for a moment; then, with a loud nasal blast, joined his guests.

These examples lead to the question of why men are willing to sacrifice their health, their family life and their privacy to be President. As we have seen, the answer varies: the prayers of mothers for their sons, the heady prestige and power of the job, the lure of leadership that has led men to sacrifice since history began.

Mrs. Harding sensed the danger of the Presidency for her husband and pleaded with Republican leaders not to ask him to run.

"The office is killing President Wilson as surely as if he had been stabbed at his desk," she told them.

Even Harding would not listen to her pleas, but later confided to friends that the Presidency was "a man killer."

It will kill more men in the future unless something is done to protect the President from the inane tortures we inflict upon him.

Not the least of these tortures is the social season which winter brings to Washington along with sleet and sinus.

Since the earliest days of the Presidency, thousands of people have jammed their way into the White House on winter evenings to shake hands with the President, eat his food, dance to his music and stare at one another.

In the early days of the 19th century, the male guests ran to muddy boots with floor-scarring hobnails, sheath knives that ripped the upholstery, plus drinking and eating habits that played hob with the crockery.

The modern White House guest presents a picture of better behavior, with urbane gentlemen in tails, and beautifully gowned ladies encrusted in diamonds. But often the behavior is largely on the surface. They get drunk occasionally in the shrubbery and they sometimes steal, as they did at a reception given by President Wilson and his wife, who discovered to their dismay after the company left that more than four hundred silver-plated spoons bearing the official engraving President's House were missing.

The annual White House social season, beginning in late November and running until the start of Lent, now includes two diplomatic dinners (the corps is so large that they all can't come at once), a judicial reception, a Cabinet dinner, a diplomatic reception, a dinner for the Chief Justice and the Supreme Court, a reception for officials of the Treasury, Post Office, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor departments and federal agencies.

The season closes with a dinner for the President of the Senate, an Army-Navy reception, a dinner for the Speaker of the House, and finally, the Congressional reception.

The dinners begin at 8 P.M., the receptions at nine o'clock. Nearly all winter affairs at the White House now call for formal evening gowns for the ladies and white ties for the men. A woman without a corsage looks undressed; without jewels, she seems to have forgotten her make-up.

No dinner or reception is without its tragedies of costume. One such occurred during the visit to Washington of Miguel Aleman, the President of Mexico, in 1947. Aleman had been entertained at the White House, and it was then his turn to entertain Mr. Truman at the Mexican embassy.

An Embarrassing Situation

I was present as a White House correspondent and along with the other hundred or so guests sat in one of the freshly gilded chairs around the lavishly decorated U-shaped dinner table. When the time for toasts came, Mr. Truman stood and proposed a toast to his host. The ladies in their delicate evening dresses and the men in dinner jackets started to rise.

A harsh ripping sound filled the room. The braver men self-consciously looked to the seat of their trousers. White-faced women stared mutely at one another. Embassy attachés stared with horror at Senator Connally of Texas, who was standing rather awkwardly because his chair had risen with him and was firmly attached to his ample posterior.

It took but a few seconds to realize what had happened. The caterer evidently had done a last-minute job of gilding the chairs. The night was hot and humid. The two factors combined to make the chairs as sticky as flypaper. To the mortification of the embassy, practically every guest, male and female, bore large and irregular gold markings on his or her rear end.

The only happy note was that the two Presidents escaped—they were sitting in chairs covered with velvet.

For most of us who regard having the next-door neighbors in for dinner as quite a chore, the effort that goes into modern White House parties is staggering.

About the time of the first frost each year, the White House social staff of five persons goes into a huddle over long lists, drawing boards and large, elaborate diagrams. These are the blueprints of the social season to come.

Assuming that you have received an invitation through the normal course of events, by all means come to the party with no misgivings, except that your feet will be tired before the evening is over.

It is not bad taste to reach the White House early—say fifteen minutes before the time on your invitation. You leave your wraps in the East Wing cloakroom—which thousands of tourists see every day—and march to the stairs that lead up to the East Room.

You pass a desk where a White House usher stops you. He consults a large map and he explains where you will sit at dinner. You get a small card which duplicates the big map, and printed at the top is the name of your dinner partner. (Just like at home, husbands and wives do not sit together.)

At the entrance to the East Room, a young Army officer in sparkling dress uniform announces you in a voice that would wake the dead. Your first view of the room probably will be a little jolting. You'll find the other guests standing around in a large circle which looks as if it will explode into a fast session of musical chairs at any moment.

You nod to the few friends you know and take your place in the line, all the while making rather shallow conversation with your wife.

Another young officer appears before you, escorting a dapper man in tails. He is your wife's dinner partner. They meet and the man in tails goes back to his original position in the circle.

Then still another young officer comes over and takes you, the man, politely by the arm and escorts you to meet your dinner partner. My luck has been that she was a lady two feet taller than I am but very pleasant, and she smelled wonderful.

You go back to your wife and compare notes. Then the same young man with the powerful lungs announces the President and his wife, while the Marine band pounds out Hail to the Chief.

The President and his wife stand in the main entrance of the East Room while the circle slowly revolves by them. A military or naval aide introduces each guest and soon the circle stops. The President offers his arm to his dinner partner, the President's wife takes the arm of her escort. Then starts the scramble to pick out your partner introduced a few minutes ago by the smiling young man. When the two of you meet us, you look at your little map and march into the state dining room.

Guests Seated According to Rank

At White House dinners seating is entirely by rank, carefully charted beforehand by rigid protocol lists. These lists are prepared by the White House social bureau in conjunction with the State Department protocol division. Any deviation probably would cause an international incident if members of the diplomatic corps were involved. In no part of modern society—with the possible exception of the Army and Navy—is seniority so jealously guarded.

I was always amazed to notice at White House dinners that children of a President rank lower than newspapermen, who usually rate just above the butler. At one dinner I noticed that Margaret Truman was seated two seats below me, and at the end of the table.

"I have no rank at all," she said with a laugh. "They always put me out near the kitchen."

Receptions pose a highly different social and mechanical problem from the smaller, easier-controlled dinners. Rarely are more than ninety or one hundred persons invited for dinner. But reception guest lists run above two thousand.

The receptions are big, noisy and invariably hot, regardless of the weather outside. Many high-ranking Washingtonians, either bored, tired or trying to be genuinely kind, give their reception invitations to other people. This sometimes results in the discovery of a few ringers whose undoing never would have come about had their enthusiasm for the White House been less vocal.

At one of the late winter receptions in 1947, some of the more dignified guests were startled by a buoyant, if not beautiful young lady in a passable evening dress who confided to anybody who would listen, "Just think of it—me, a waitress, at a White House ball with the President." She confided in a few too many people, including a couple of White House attachés, who gently escorted her to the door.

This sort of ordeal is only a minor part of the physical beating which the President takes.

Will Hays, when he was a member of the Harding Cabinet, said election to the Presidency was like being sentenced to death. And he diagnosed the trouble in this way: "The government is like a corner grocery which a few years ago could be run by one man, and now we try to use the same system in running Marshall Field's."

Today's American President is the world's most powerful head of state, with the exception of Marshal Joseph V. Stalin of Russia. Although he is far more powerful than the King of England, the President still cannot appoint a postmaster in Stone Shack, Montana, without the permission of the Senate. He may ask Congress to pass laws, but he cannot make a law himself. The manner in which his Executive department administers the laws is always subject to review and interpretation by the judicial branch of the government.

Where, then, lies his tremendous power? The answer is simple. A modern President is as powerful as his ability to influence public opinion. The power of our Chief Executives has grown in direct ratio to the development of communications facilities—the modern press, radio, and periodicals always available to him.

Of necessity he leads a sheltered life. He is always in a crowd without being a part of it, much like an actor alone on a stage, standing before a large audience in the blinding glare of a thousand spotlights. The President is on stage twenty-four hours a day.

The President today must keep abreast of a million things. What the cotton market does may be of direct concern to diplomatic negotiations with Argentina. A statement by a Republican state committeeman in Utah may be a tip-off on what the G.O.P. leadership in Congress plans to do about tariff.

The Army reports Russia has developed an amazing new rifle. Someone must get behind American shipbuilders to replace our war-worn cargo and passenger vessels lest the British, French and Scandinavians grab off a lot of our shipping business.

Naturally no one man can assimilate the mountains of raw information gathered by the government every day. This means today's President must surround himself with men competent to analyze new developments and take responsibility for action except in cases involving highest policy.

The first line of defense—or attack—is a competent Cabinet and able agency heads. Theoretically, these officials come to the White House with matters of only utmost importance. But even these mount up to proportions that the President alone cannot handle.

Alert Staff Is Presidential Aid

So, he must have an inner ring of defenses, an inner council of experts who are delicately in tune with his policies and the way he thinks. They put an impending matter through a sifting process as members of the President's White House staff. And when the problem is put on the President's desk, it has been reduced as far as possible to a simple statement of the situation.

Then the Chief Executive can summon the Cabinet member or government officer involved and say with some authority, "This business of merging the REA power systems of the Northwest—I doubt whether the money saved will outweigh the extra cost of power production. My figures don't show that it will."

But no matter how much the President delegates authority, if a subordinate makes a poor decision, the final blame always rests on "the boss."

The President should be an excellent actor, a better-than-average financier, have administrative ability superior to that of a big corporation executive and be quite a fair student of the military sciences. He should know geography as well as a university

(Continued on page 64)

BOB LEAVITT

The President's aides endeavor to relieve him of as much detail as possible. Close to President Truman is his military aide, Major General Harry Vaughan

President Truman's press secretary, Charles Ross, reading letters from all over the country commenting on a nationwide radio address of the President

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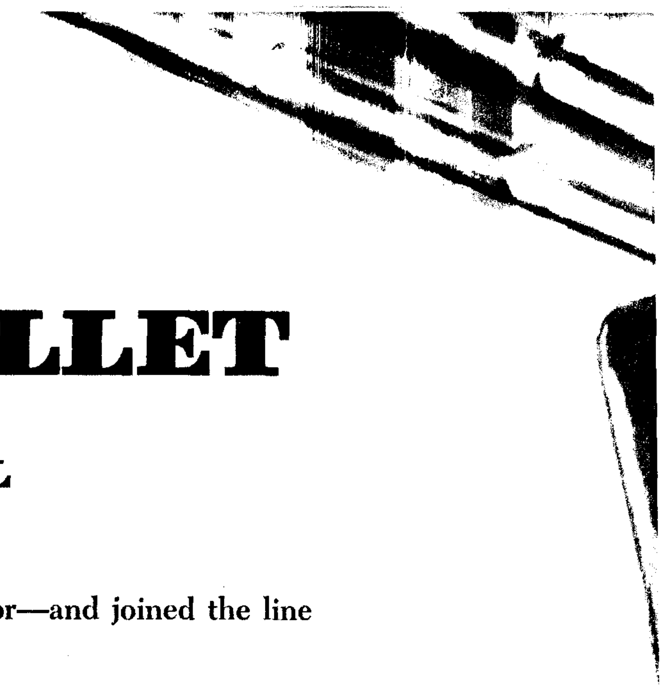


I HAVE A WALLET

BY RODERICK LULL

She built a better man trap, so Fred beat a path to her door—and joined the line

I USED to have a wallet with money in it. Now I have a wallet. The truth is, I have new and empty wallets, in all shapes and sizes and leathers. I must have more wallets than anybody outside of the wallet business.

However, it is the first day of summer, and the sun is streaming down like silk unrolled from a bolt, and I am going outside to revel. I know the calendar says it's winter. I know too that the weatherman says it's raining, and that all the people on the streets and in the buildings say it's raining. But I say it is the first wonderful day of summer.

But to get back to the wallet. The first wallet. The wallet I really needed. And the reason I want to get back to it is that it brings me to Suzanne Frobisher. And then, of course, there is the matter of Jennie McLarnin.

You know Jennie McLarnin. Everyone does. When you were sixteen she was the twelve-year-old sister of your best friend and she was always underfoot. She was plump or she was stringy, she was all legs or she was built with a remarkably low center of gravity; when you were eighteen you had to dance with her at the country-club junior prom though you wanted to dance with the twenty-one-year-old girl from the city who had just graduated from Vassar or was about to graduate from Randolph Macon. You remember.

Anyway, it was Jennie who first brought me into Burg and Hunter's. It was one of those upper-level department stores, small but select, to which my purse was unsuited. Due to a small interruption in my career commonly referred to as World War II, Jennie had preceded me to the big town. She was secretary to Mr. Hunter. And I had solemnly promised my mother that I would call upon Jennie and pay my respects.

"You may sneer at Jennie," my mother said. "But her father holds our mortgage. And the McLarnins are splendid people."

"Yes, Mother," I said brilliantly.

This was Saturday afternoon, and Homebuilders, Incorporated, the firm I worked for, was closed, but Burg and Hunter was open. I had been in the big town two weeks; I had nothing to do, and it seemed a propitious time for discharging a bounden duty. I went to the executive offices on the top floor and asked for Miss McLarnin. Pretty soon she came out. She had been the leggy kind, but now she had filled out fairly well where it counted and somebody had sold her a good suit. I had to admit she was attractive. Not exciting, but nice.

I said, "Hi."

She looked at me, and I noticed that she used polish on her nails. Red polish. It seemed silly until I recalled that she must be all of twenty-two by now, and times change.

"Fred Benson," she said. "Who made you come here?"

"Well," I said, "my mother sort of suggested it. How are you?"

"Fine. It's good to know you're a model son."

"I mean," I said, "she sort of refreshed my mind. Is there somewhere we could sit down and talk?"

SHE took me into an empty office and we talked for fifteen or twenty minutes. It was pleasant to be with someone from home, even if she wasn't exciting. When she said she had to go back to work I asked her to dinner. My mother, who is a thorough woman with a sound knowledge of social responsibilities as well as mortgages, had insisted on that too.

Jennie smiled. "This is Saturday night," she said. "And even girls like me sometimes have dates."

I was relieved. "I'll be going along then. Good to have seen you."

"But as it happens," she went on, "my date of this evening was suddenly struck down with the flu. You may call for me at seven. Here's the address. And I've reached an age where I can no longer be spanked in public. The only reason I'm going out with you is so you can perform your duty like a man and then forget it."

"Well," I said, "thanks, Jennie."

Going downstairs in the elevator I remembered about the wallet. My old one had two weeks' wages in it now, and most of the money my father had given me as a send-off gift, and my terminal leave pay, which I'd saved. But it was worn and torn, and not the kind of wallet a man produces in restaurants in the big town.

The elevator girl told me where the wallets were, and let me off at the proper floor. I walked past The Teen Age Shop and The Blouse Bar and The House of Beauty and finally into the comparative calm of Leather Goods. I was leaning over a counter, looking down into a sea of handsome wallets, deciding whether pigskin or alligator was the most sumptuous, when a soft voice with just a trace of an accent said, "May I help you?"

"I want to buy a wallet," I said.

"What kind of wallet?" she said.

It took me a long time to answer that. I won't say this was love at first sight. I will say that this was what I had been looking for forever, without knowing it. She had black hair and black eyes and the loveliest mouth in the world. She was perhaps a head shorter than I and quite slim, without being slim where a girl should not be slim. She was wearing a black dress, cut quite low, with some lace at the throat, and long sleeves that made her hands and wrists seem marvelously delicate. She was smiling at me, with her eyes and her mouth, seeming to say silently that there was more behind the smile than I could possibly see. Much more.

"Well," I said at last, "that wallet."

She looked down into the showcase, at scores of wallets, all lined up like so many little leather soldiers. "Of course," she said, with that faint, lovely accent. "That wallet. How stupid of me." Then she laughed with a sound that was all the brooks in the world running gently together.

"The brown one," I said. "Any brown one." But I was looking at the way her hair curled down her neck.

She brought a wallet out, and now I was watching her hands move, and there was no ring on the left one. "This is a charming wallet," she said.

"That's it," I said. "Just the one."

She turned around, and I was looking at her back; it was very straight and beautiful, and I thought that I could practically join my hands about her waist. She put the wallet in a box and wrapped it and handed it to me. "I'm sure," she said, "you'll enjoy it."

I turned away slowly, plans beginning to form in my mind. I was starting for the elevator when she said, "There's one more thing."

I swung about like a man stung by a wasp. If she had seen in me what I had seen in her! It was a magnificent prospect. "What?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "but you know how a store is. I must ask you to pay for it." She laughed again, and now it was all the gentle rivers of the world running in on top of the brooks.

I paid, hiding my old wallet as best I could, and then I went away. I couldn't wait to see Jennie McLarnin that evening. Jennie would be what the lifeboat is to the half-drowned sailor, the rescue party to the man caught in the debris of an earthquake. She would know the girl who sold the wallets. She would help me. She would have to help me. After all, I had paddled her before and I could paddle her again, for all of her brave words.

Jennie was all ready when I called for her at seven. She had a nice little apartment, bright but not too chintzy, and there was a shaker of cocktails. "You get two," she said. "No more. After that you buy."

I remembered, just in time, to tell her that she looked well. It was true; she had on a green dress, and it went nicely with her light brown hair and clear skin. But I didn't pay much attention to it, because I was wondering how to bring up the business of the girl with the wallets. After all, women are curious, irrational creatures, who must be handled with care. I decided to wait until Jennie was outside of a good dinner, and filled with a sense of well-being and gratitude.

We went to a small place she knew where there was an orchestra that played softly and the waiters wore rubber soles. We had one more cocktail, and then we ate. We talked about home and people we knew and the time went by. But all the while I was seeing the face of the girl with the wallets, and the way her hair curled.

"You know," Jennie said, "you have improved some."

"Thanks."

"I mean you now resemble a human being. You used to be an ape."

"You were a brat," I said.

She laughed—a good, hearty laugh. But it made me wish all the more for the wonderful, liquid laugh of the girl with the wallets.

I asked her to dance, because there was nothing else to do. She was an excellent dancer. "Just like the old days," she said. "Your mother used to make you dance with me then too."

"Look," I said, "you don't have to go on being a brat."

"All right, ape," she said.

WE DANCED and talked for quite a while longer, and then she said it was time to go. The taxi dropped us at her door and I hadn't got down to business yet. I couldn't think of a subtle way to go about it. I just plunged in.

"At Burg and Hunter," I said, "there is a girl in Leather Goods."

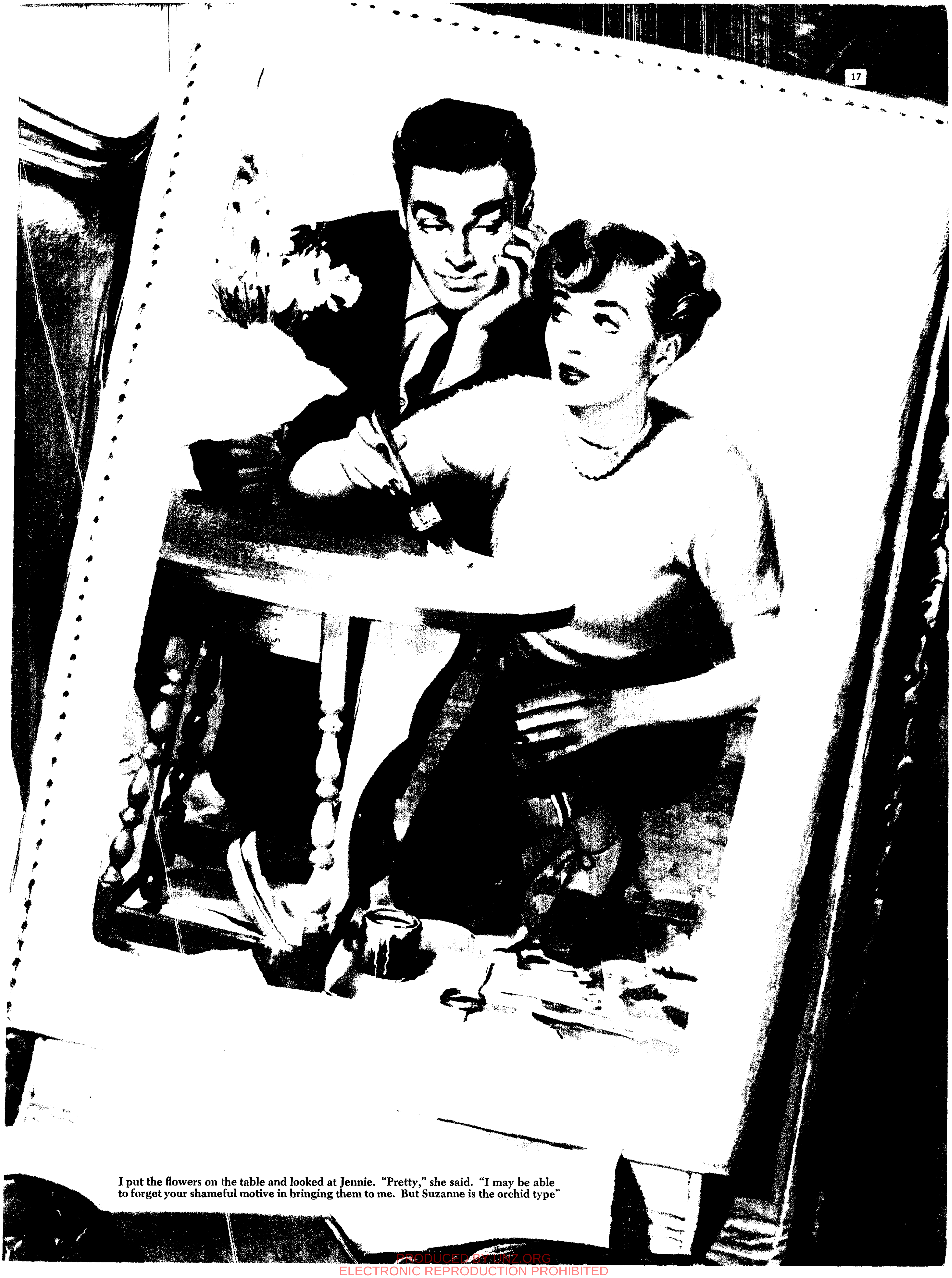
"At Burg and Hunter," she said, "there are several girls in Leather Goods." But I could tell by her eyes that she knew whom I meant.

"Not like this girl," I said. "She's unique. She couldn't even be a twin—nature doesn't produce such miracles."

Jennie nodded her head, up and down, slowly. "Give, ape," she said.

(Continued on page 98)

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY



I put the flowers on the table and looked at Jennie. "Pretty," she said. "I may be able to forget your shameful motive in bringing them to me. But Suzanne is the orchid type"

THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND

BY WADE H. NICHOLS AND IKE VERN

By providing rural families with social life, secret ritual and a powerful lobby, the National Grange has made itself felt all over America

Sons and daughters of North Carolina grangers enjoy hayriding in a patron's wagon

AT JUST about every one some 8,000 places scatter around the U.S. countrysi there's going to be a square dan within the next few days. If you' a mind to, you can join in at any o of them. You'd be welcome; the fol are that sort.

We tried it ourselves at one dow in North Carolina, a while back. lady that you couldn't call anythi but motherly sashayed us right in the middle of the room.

Then she confided, "You know, m preacher just raises up his eyes som times at all this dancin'—but I kee recallin' how a farmer boy cam a-callin' once, twenty-five years ag That boy was lookin' to show my b sister how to waltz, but he ended u bein' my husband! Cain't see a thin wrong with dancin' ever since!"

And the husband she got out of added, "Folks say farmers have bee havin' good times lately, but the don't mean what I mean. When *th* farmer has a good time, right here where he has it!"

This place where heavy shoes an light hearts beat it out in country style swingtime is a local of the National Grange, Order of Patrons o Husbandry. That makes it the hom of the hoedown—but it's a lot more too.

The typical Grange Hall is a hotbe of rural opinion and culture; a community center where farmers foregather to achieve social, economic an political integration. It is also a fraternal sanctum, full of top-secret rituals, and symbolism. And, above all it's an outpost of the nation's oldes farm group.

This group, the National Grange was established in 1867. It now ha 815,000 patrons and 37,453 juvenile (ages 5-14). Unlike most secret orders it admits women as wholly equa members—and in North Carolina, fo example, a woman was recently state master. The 8,000 locals, called Subordinate Granges, are distribute through 39 states, with a few i Alaska and Canada. Almost 4,00 subordinates own their meeting halls —valued, with furnishings, at nearly $30,000,000. Dues range from $1.2 to $4 a year

Women represent flowers, grains and fruits in Grange initiation rites

Sincere as it is about being a sodbusters' brotherhood, the Grange is nevertheless an all-purpose power tool—an implement that farmers use with great effectiveness in cultivating both congressmen and cash crops.

To an uncommon extent, the organization is one whose impact is felt all the time by people who aren't members. For the Grange has won all sorts of political and social gains for just about every farmer, member or not; and this has naturally had a noticeable effect on consumers as well.

To its own members, though, the order is something you'll never hear described just right. They go all to pieces trying to say it. But they do make you know that down deep inside, where they live—that's where the Grange is.

"Take cars and radios and telephones and all," one granger said, "and a farmer's still got to live lonelier'n a city fellow'd be if he was dyin' in a hospital poor ward. But the Grange helps—a lot."

"It ain't just that it's an answer to the needing of other folks in your life," another added. "'Cepting for the church, it's most often the *only* answer!"

And in any good Grange area, most farmers would agree with the one who summed it up for us: "There's been times a farmer couldn't have made hardly any livin' at all without the Grange—an' without the Grange it mightn't have been worth it anyway."

As a matter of fact, the world *did* come rather close to being without the Grange. When the outfit had barely begun it achieved a success much like that of the vaudeville acrobat who used to acknowledge applause by saying, "Just a little more encouragement, now—and I'll *destroy* myself!" Only the Grange wasn't kidding.

Founded on an Ideal

The original idea of it was hatched right after the Civil War by a handful of idealists in Washington who thought that a farmers' fraternity would help reunite the North and South. They weren't sore at anyone; they just wanted to do good.

On that worthy basis the Order of Patrons of Husbandry got almost nowhere for several years. Then, suddenly—and not entirely by design—it became a fighting outfit. Almost any farmer's grudge became a "cause." There ensued a flash flood of new members, human nature being what we've always heard it is.

The financial panic of 1873 brought in more hundreds of thousands of frightened (and angry) farmers. In December of that year alone, 1,235 new locals were formed.

Then everything got out of hand. Doctors and lawyers began joining, to get clients; merchants, to win customers; sharpies of all sorts, to have a go at fleecing the brothers. Nobody knows how many members there were. Estimates run as high as 2,000,000—but the bookkeepers were so swamped, and the granting of charters so slipshod, that dues payments for only 858,050 members were recorded in the peak year of 1875.

Farmers, to a man, hated the railroads. So the Grange got in the fight. By 1874 the embattled patrons had put across laws regulating freight rates in 32 states. The Interstate Commerce Commission was first proposed at the 1875 Grange convention (and established 12 years later at its continued behest).

Local and State Granges went into competition with anyone they disliked. At Waterloo, Iowa, grangers began manufacturing harvesting machines; at Des Moines they organized a company to distribute farm supplies—even pianos. In Minnesota, Granges operated warehouses and grain elevators. Throughout the West flour mills were bought or built; agents were sent East to sell directly to consumers. Hundreds of purchasing and marketing co-ops sprang up. A mail-order company began operating in St. Louis under Grange auspices (its Chicago branch was managed by a youngster named Montgomery Ward, who later started a business of his own).

Many of these enterprises were perhaps dubious. But even if every one of them had been entirely up-and-up, most of the grangers in charge of them were rank amateurs at business.

Members Not Always in Accord

Not everyone went along with the program. F. M. McDowell, one of the seven charter patrons, cautioned, "If all who become patrons were born again when they took the oath I should have some hope, but not at present. There is too much human nature among us."

By late 1875 the fabulous structure began falling apart. In mid-'76 failures of Grange-sponsored co-ops were being reported literally every day. Hangers-on deserted. Political influence waned. Merchants and millers, distributors and railroad men kicked enthusiastically at their fallen antagonist, spreading stories that grangers were lawless mobsters anyway.

But the real finisher was a legality: Many of the companies had been unincorporated, which meant that any creditor could sue any granger for all debts. When the patrons realized how *that* stuck their necks out, they ran screaming for the exits.

Membership fell off to 728,313 in 1876; to 411,244 the next year; and to 124,420 in 1880. In some states the Grange disappeared altogether.

Surveying the wreckage, the stout-hearted few who remained in the Grange discovered that it had been a good deal more glorious in failure than in triumph. For it had proved that farmers acting together do have power.

Its leaders set out to rebuild the Grange. They'd learned a lot, the hard way. They made it a better thing than it had been before.

This time, the fraternal and social appeal of the organization was stressed, and community service was encouraged. An educational lecture was required at every meeting. Commercial ventures were tried with the discretion of the child whose fingers have been burned once. Legislative projects were carefully screened and reduced in number, but those which survived were pushed with concentrated vigor.

So, you may reasonably heckle, what became of it?

In its second incarnation, the Grange became a bulwark of political conservatism. As a government economist commented to us in Washington, "If the Grange can't do a promenade down the middle, you can bet it'll sashay to the right!"

This isn't hard to figure. Grange membership is the largest in New England; its greatest recent growth

(Continued on page 77)

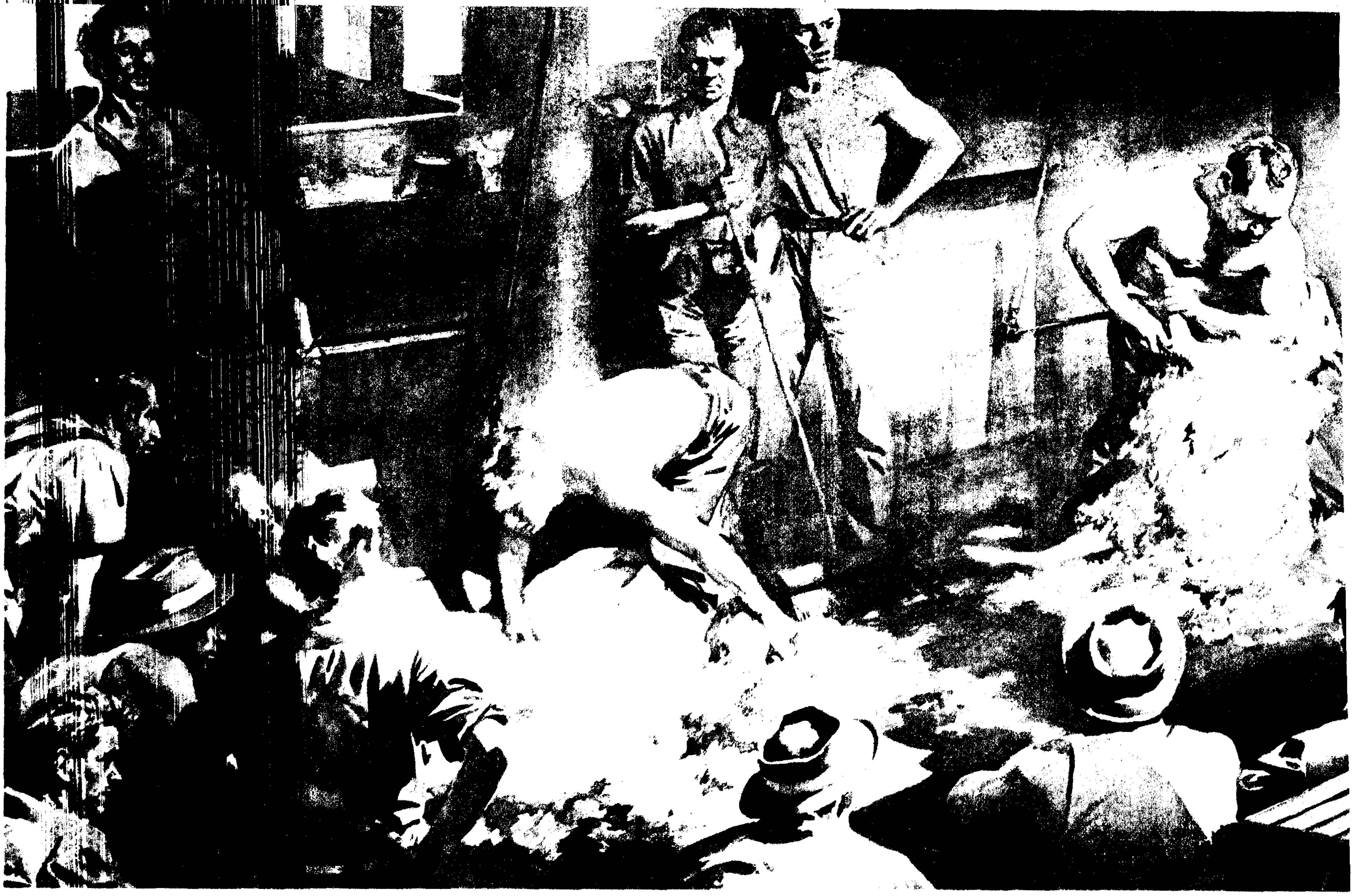
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

DO YOU WANT MORE EGGS?
FCX SUPER LAYING MASH Is the Answer!
I GET EXTRA EGG PROFITS
FCX SUPER LAYING MASH
FCX BRINGS OUT YOUR FLOCK'S LAYING ABILITY

The Farmers' Co-operative Exchange store at High Point, N. C., is typical of Grange-sponsored purchasing co-ops. This one, with about 5,000 members, grossed almost $400,000 in 1947. At the end of the year, buyers get 4 to 6 per cent rebates

A demonstration of artificial insemination is given for the benefit of a Grange committee. Its findings are also available to nonmembers who may be interested

HE SHEARING AT NELLO



My arms began to ache and my spine felt as if it would snap. I heard Chap's sheep bleating, high and fierce, which meant he was nicking them

The story of Benjie Shackler, a modern nomad who, like David, set out to whip a bigger man

MY DA died when I was thirteen. That was more than four years ago but I can remember him just as clearly as though I'd seen him yesterday. People still talk about Jamie Shackler on the big stations and in the bush country of Queensland and New South Wales. He was a large man, straight as a Gippsland eucalyptus. He didn't talk much, but when he did, people listened. Every stockman in Australia called my Da by his first name. They would have ridden through hell and the back country to lend him a hand. For besides being a fine man he was the best sheep shearer ever to turn a wagon wheel on the Darling Downs.

There were two things my Da wanted to do before he died. One was to train me to be as good a shearer as he was. The other was to best Chap Goron neat and fair in a shearing contest to prove which was the better man. He could have lived to a hundred and not seen me his equal. Never a man like him stood in a woolshed and trimmed the fleece from a Merino ram in sixty seconds to the tick.

As for Chap Goron, he was all belly and bluff. He felt safe enough boasting when our caravan was ten stations away, but times when Da cornered him, like that day in Goondiwindi, he had a pretty small mouth. It was sudden business in Brisbane or a sore tooth in the side of his head when a trial was suggested!

My Da wouldn't say a thing to his excuses, he'd just smile him down till the braggart started to shift his feet and turned his eyes away. But the next day when we were moving on the downs, Chap Goron would be talking higher than ever.

I never knew anything but sheep stations and the downs. Mother died when I was born and there was nothing for Da but to take me with him in the caravan. I grew up by the side of a mulga-stick fire and instead of milk I was raised on hot tea out of the billycan. The first thing I can remember is the sight of Da and his men in a woolshed choking with November dust, the air trembling with the bleat of Merinos. It wasn't long before I was in with the lot of them, stripping my twenty-five fleeces an hour and wishing I could do the job half as neat and half as quick as Da.

It was a way he had with a sheep, not fighting the brute like most shearers, but making it feel easy in his hands. He loved the sight of a flock feeding on the grasslands, moving along steady with a few stockmen behind and a pack of keen kelpies to nip back and drive in the strays. He was proud to be part of the sheep country and he made me feel proud of it too. Sometimes, when it had taken our caravan of six wagons a week to cross one station, we'd pass paddocks with a half-million sheep. On times like that he'd make me see the picture of it all. I can hear him still on the seat beside me, with the wheels creaking soft under us.

"Benjie," he'd say and point his whip at the flocks, "every fourth person in the world who wears a good woolen suit or coat can thank God for the Australian downs. Don't ever forget that, boy, or the fact that if it wasn't for these sheep the big cities like Sydney and Melbourne would waste away and this bloody continent itself would drop from the rest of the world like a rotten apple from a tree."

"Yes, Da," I'd say. His whip would crack like a pistol shot and the line of wagons would lurch off to dip and crawl over the down country like small boats in the open sea.

Like me, my Da was born to shearing. He didn't just happen into it like so many new lads with their blankets in a swag roll over their shoulders, who drift into the bush after they've had a swing at everything running; they're the swagmen who die without a bottle of bitter and drop their last quid on a broken-winded nag who hasn't a blind show at the race meet. My Da worked sober hard and put his brass in the Queensland Bank where it's there

BY
RICHARD WILCOX

still, with what I've been able to add to it. Someday now I'll have that sheep run south of St. George I've been eying.

You've never seen a sight to beat it after the winter rains. It's carpeted with grass and scrub, and veined with purple sarsaparilla. Down in the bottoms there are acacia wattles taller than a man's reach spilling golden blossoms into the paddocks and telling of something rarer than gold underneath—runnels of fresh water. My Da would have liked to have seen me settled down as a station man even though he himself couldn't live without moving and couldn't sleep anywhere but on the downs, rolled up under a wagon.

He had shearing contracts at stations south of Toowoomba, off Warwick, Goondiwindi and even as far back as Talwood. A sheep man could count on him at the sticky time, when the stock was penned in by the woolshed, the sky was like a blazing furnace and the ewes were bleating Bloody Maria. We'd drive in with forty mates in the caravan and lift ten thousand fleeces a day. Coo! When I think of them breeched, skirted and folded, stacked for the baling! Big, soft Botanys, a million pounds a week we'd shear—and off to the next station, for it must be done in the season or the whole show's a fizzle. My Da was steady as the sun in his rounds and for more reason than the brass it brought him.

"A hundred million sheep, Benjie, my boy," he'd say, chirruping to the team; "and none of them worth a damn if it wasn't for us shearers to clip them to the pelt so the wool could be off to Yorkshire and the Yank mills in New England."

"Yes, Da," I'd grin. "Up the downs! Up the jumbuck sheep! And up the shearers of east Australia!"

Coo! But it made him easy to see me follow in his footsteps.

My Da was no bucko boy but he went off with the Anzacs when the Nips were kicking at the gates of Australia. He walked from Port Moresby over the Owen-Stanleys with the other cobbers and did his bit at Buna. You couldn't keep him from a show like that. He took most of the mates from the caravan with him but he left ten old hands behind with me to take care of the business.

"You're a big tad, Benjie," he said when I saw him off at the Brisbane docks. "You can write and cipher and shear with the best in the back country. The mates will stick with you, mind you keep spirits out of the caravan. You know the bush and can do the job. And don't forget it's the job that's first! War or no war the sheep will breed and the wool will be wanted more than before. So keep the bankbooks safe, write me every fortnight and don't worry about your old Da."

He leaned down from the deck to *Cooee* at me and I shouted, "Up the Anzacs!" like the others.

"Up the downs!" he called back and I felt like flooding but didn't.

WE MADE out all right just as Da had said. Hands were scarce in the bush during the war and the fleeces had to be lifted. No one wanted for work, least of all the son of Jamie Shackler. But we didn't coast on kindness, either. There weren't as many mates as before, so we couldn't cover the stations like the old days. But we worked harder than ever at the clipping. It was honest work we did and honest wages we drew in the season. My Da would have been proud to see us, but he never did. We were shearing on a station off Talwood the day I got the news he'd gone west at Wewak.

I sat under a gum tree and bawled. After a while I got up and back to the woolshed. My Da was no bloody quitter and he wouldn't have wanted for me to be.

That was the way it had to be, work till I dropped at night to keep from going crazy. The mates were kind and everyone else, for the passing of Jamie Shackler was no light thing in the bush. A cobber is remembered for his way with sheep out back, not for a handle to his name and a heap of brass in the till. But nobody knew how it stunned me when he went and how I had to work things out for myself. I could easily have dropped shearing and become a swagman if it wasn't for remembering the things my Da had told me. When the season was over I didn't drive back to Toowoomba like we used to do. To hell with school, I said. I'm a man now and I'll study the things that made my Da love the downs and the jumbucks that graze them.

I bought a thoroughbred and lived in the bush for months. I really saw it for the first time, because I wasn't standing in clippings up to my knees in a woolshed. I lived out on the land, traveling where I wanted and staying as long as I liked. Most of the time I moved but I worked some—putting up as a stockman at a station when I felt the need of roots, boundary-riding when I wanted to be by myself but not actually alone.

But alone I was most of the time and glad for it. It was wonderful to ride across the downs in the stillness of the bush, lost in the heart of a country. There's nothing out back but space and dun-colored grasses but there's room there for a cobber to breathe and plenty of things to see if he keeps his eyes sharp.

There were paddocks, covered with yellow everlasting. I found after the rains—there was scrub the red of a cock's comb. The smell of the wattle was like wild honey when the flowers bloomed. Sitting at night by a fire with the thoroughbred chomping in the blackness, sniffing the wallaby stew and throwing a handful of tea into the water boiling in the billy was the kind of thing I needed. It was on that trip that I saw the run off St. George. I swore then that someday I'd never pack another tucker bag but buy that place and settle down to raise the best wool in Australia.

The next season the mates and I worked harder than ever. I put a good bit by. It was the same the next year, more work than we could ever hope to do, for the hands were still scarce because of the war. A few more seasons like that and I would have had the St. George run and the prettiest homestead ever built on a station. But when the war ended the old shearers came back and with them came Chap Goron.

During the war the top shearers, like my Da had been and I was now, hadn't made contracts. With hands scarce and times uncertain it was impossible to guarantee anything. The stations I sheared hadn't worried. We showed up and did our work as promised, contract or not. But now contracts were coming back. The station owners wanted to be certain that the wool would be clipped. They'd be in a rare fix if it wasn't. I had trouble getting contracts because station owners—even if Da and I had worked for them for years—began to say I was too young.

That was only the beginning. There were so many caravans out that even Chap Goron found it hard scratching. His stations had been taken over by another caravan while he was away and there were no contracts for Chap there. So he poached in my diggings. Worse than that, he swung over a lot of the mates who used to shear for Da and got them to work for him. Some of the old ones came back with me because of their feeling for Da, but I knew they wouldn't stay if we didn't have enough shearing. I had to find work for the mates, supply the teams, furnish shears and equipment and feed them between stations. It was all I could do to keep going. Benjie Shackler, the lad who was going to buy a run off St. George and set himself up as a breeder!

It was a raw, tiddley business and I told Chap Goron so to his face one day in Warwick where I was buying shearers.

"Hold on, you runt." He laughed and sniggered at me in the roadway. "You're not half a chip off the old one and I could trim him at shearing or fighting any day the sun was up."

"You passed by many a chance for both, you bloody coward," I told him.

"Crop easy there, lad!" he roared. "You're still a shaving, half-grown and cocky. But if there are more words like that in your mouth I'll lay on to your pelt till you're broken."

There was a crowd of cobbers around us both now, waiting to see what would happen. I was a fool, for Chap Goron could pummel me with one hand but my eyes stung with the words he had passed on my Da. I was mad clear through and wanted to smash his big, beery face.

"You heard me, Chap Goron! My Da could beat you any way. If you're for trying, I can do it too!"

I SHOOK myself in the road after he'd walloped me. It felt like I'd been kicked by a kangaroo. I was lucky not to get more of a hiding before the cobbers pulled him away. Chap Goron was ugly, saying he'd kill me while I lay there. I steered fair from him after that.

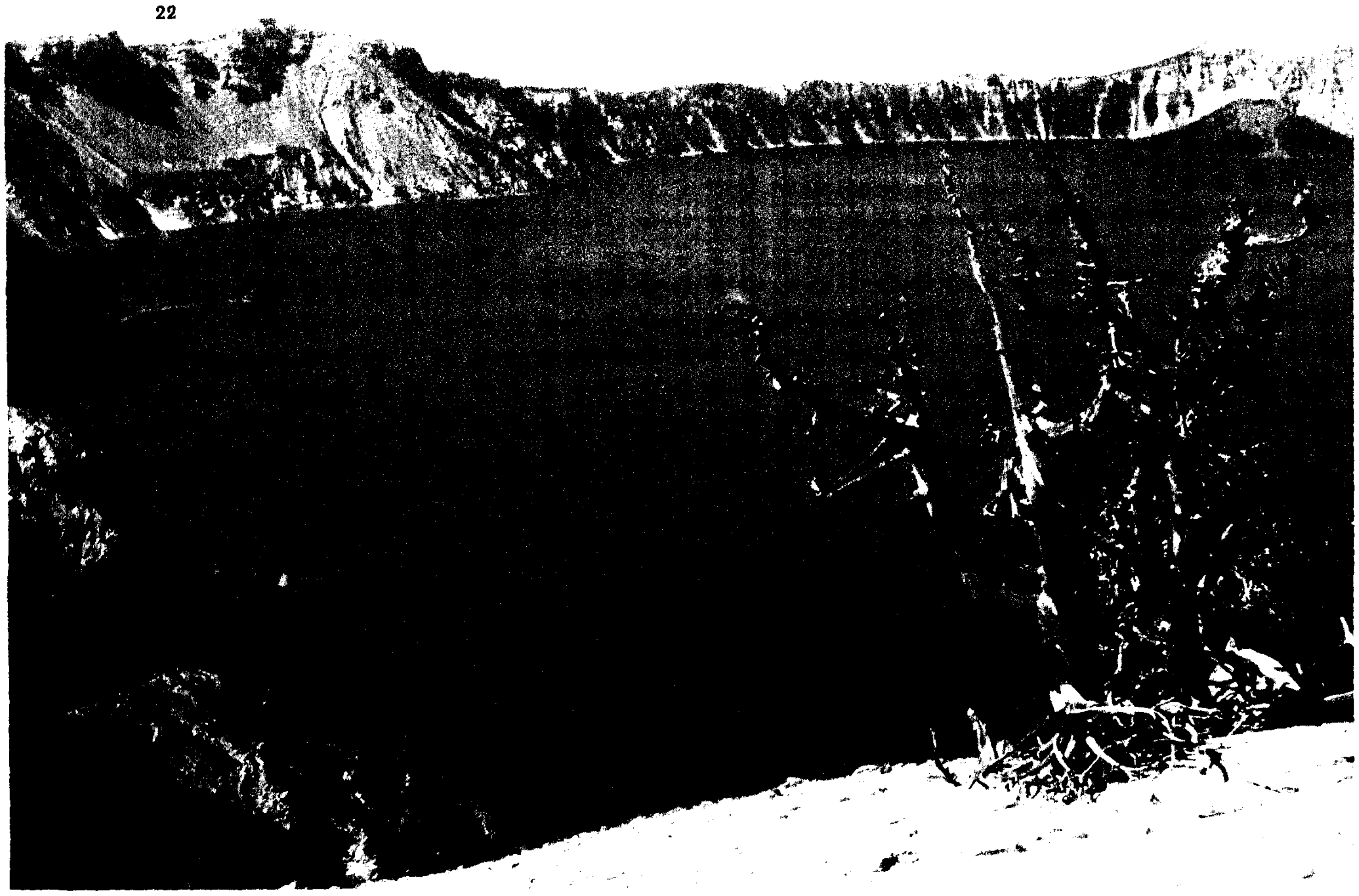
If he couldn't be beaten with beef, I knew other ways of troubling Chap Goron. The shearing wouldn't start for a month, so I saddled the thoroughbred and rode up through the bush, stopping at the stations my Da and I had always sheared. Goron had contracts with some of them and they couldn't be broken. I ragged as many of the others to sign with me for the sake of old times and the memory of my Da. Most of them were for me. They were just afraid that, with Chap Goron's caravan about, I'd be scared off—and they'd be left high with unshorn stock.

If they didn't contract with me, I saw they didn't promise Goron either. Feeling as they did it was easy to get them to say they'd give the shearing to the first caravan that came after the mustering. Talking to them I could see the pack would swing one way or the other after the first station was sheared. If Goron won the first station, the rest were his. But Benjie Shackler was used to the ways of the back country: Chap Goron would have to change his ways to get the better of me.

I felt fine riding back through the bush. This way I had a chance of scratching.

It's a lot of dust shaking a caravan ready for the season. There's the harness to look to and all the equipment; food and medicine to buy; last-minute details to attend to and then mustering the mates for the start out. Some shearers are rough stones. Getting them weaned from the booze is work. There were few of my mates that bad but there were some. I started on them early. Before we left Toowoomba, I searched the caravan and scragged a dozen bottles of spirits. The mates who brought them took it in good part, even if I was younger. Like all of us they knew that *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON



WALT DYKE

Yes, it really is that blue. Millions of tourists have discovered that about Crater Lake, a big Oregon attraction

OUT WHERE THE WEST ENDS

BY JIM MARSHALL

Western Oregon made such a big hit with servicemen during the war that flocks of them have decided to settle there. Despite the crowded conditions, Oregon still welcomes tourists with the best in festivals, scenery and high-speed highways

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—VI

IN 1880 President Rutherford B. Hayes, attended by General William T. Sherman, arrived by stage at Jacksonville, a mining settlement in the Siskiyou Mountains of southern Oregon and put up at the new U.S. Hotel. It was operated by Mme. Marie Holt, a Franco-American lady, and when General Sherman asked for the bill in the morning, Mme. Holt said it would be $50. The general said no, the President didn't want to buy the hotel, and Mme. Holt said yes, the room rent was fifty bucks. The President paid, but never came back, and the general muttered about the incident for years afterward.

Oregon hotel rates have come down considerably since 1880, but the Hayes-Sherman-Holt story has become a legend. During the depression years the rent was always quoted as $50, but during the war it got up to $75, and is now being quoted by Jacksonville boosters as $100. The old-timers deprecate the whole thing as giving the town a bad name.

Much the same sort of battle is going on in scores of western Oregon hamlets and cities. The old-timers want things left as they were; the new crop of citizens wants everything dolled up, modernized and advertised. New settlers, of which the state has acquired around half a million since the war stopped, find the welcome mats are not out everywhere, and many a motorist has heard a sigh of relief when he has assured a native that he's just passing through, not settling down.

In the old days every little dorp boasted about its population and how it was growing; now they give out the figures with a moan, and wonder where and how everyone's going to live.

Chamber of commerce managers like Web Thornberry in Grants Pass, Don Lane in Medford, Jim Howes in Newport, get scores of letters a week from Easterners and Middle Westerners wanting to settle west of the Cascades. During one summer period in 1947 more than 5,000 such inquiries came to Oregon every day.

Hordes of ex-soldiers, sailors, Marines and Wacs who served in the Beaver State during the war headed back afterward. Little hill coves inhabited five years ago by two or three settlers now harbor two or three hundred families.

With a grin, some old-timers are threatening to set up a pronunciation test for prospective settlers. Any newcomer would be required to pronounce Siuslaw, Yachats, Clatskanie, Willamette, Champoeg and a few other place names, or be refused admission on the ground he'd be unable to find his way around.

On top of this increase in population, thousands of tourists arrive in western Oregon every summer. The Advertising Club says: "It must be our main objective to slow them down." So the state highway department is spending millions building four-lane speedways over which visitors may rush past everything at eighty miles an hour. Some tourists still complain they can't see the country for the curves, some of which are pretty tight. These are now being flattened and made safer, and in a few years a motorist will be able to dash from the Columbia River to the California line in eight hours flat, pausing only for lunch—instead of the weeks the Oregonians would like him to stop.

The Coast states for some years have been cheerfully grabbing one another's attractions. Washington sometimes annexes Mount Hood and the northwestern Oregon peninsula with its beaches and historic Astoria. Occasionally Oregon takes in Mount Rainier and always refers to the Columbia River as an Oregon creek, although most of the stream runs through Washington and the northern state has a fine Columbia River highway of its own.

Oregon has also on occasion gone down and roped in Mount Shasta and the Trinity Alps in northern California—and California is always coming north to annex Crater Lake, Mount Hood and even the Columbia River as its own tourist attractions. But Oregon once got ahead of this friendly annexing program.

Soon after old Elijah Davidson chased a wounded bear into a crack in a marble mountain in the high Siskiyous in the summer of 1874 and discovered miles of narrow passages and mysterious chambers, some

(Continued on page 46)

ROUTES: U.S. Highways 97, 99 and 101 are parallel north-south roads. Distance from Portland to Grants Pass, 275 miles; from Astoria to California line, about 400. Lateral routes are U.S. 20, 28 and 30. From Redmond to Newport, about 150 miles. Good roads.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Good hotels and motor courts at Medford, Grants Pass, Salem, Klamath Falls, Astoria, Eugene and many other towns. Crater Lake Lodge provides double rooms at $7 to $10 per day, European plan. Also free campgrounds within the park. Timberline Lodge on Mt. Hood charges $10 per person daily (American plan), $8 to $14 for two (European plan). Resort hotel and overnight cottages also available at Oregon Caves.

FOOD: Oregonians are hearty eaters, thanks to their New England ancestry. Good sea food along coast. Restaurants are plentiful and are supervised and graded by State Health Department.

CLIMATE: Cool in summer, mild in winter. Most popular season is summer but in the fall accommodations are less crowded and the climate is mild but rainy.

WHAT TO WEAR: Gray flannel or gabardine suit for travel; lightweight tweed or Shetland sport jacket and gabardine slacks for sight-seeing. Take along a medium-weight raincoat which may also serve as a topcoat. Also rugged sport shoes and a lightweight felt hat.

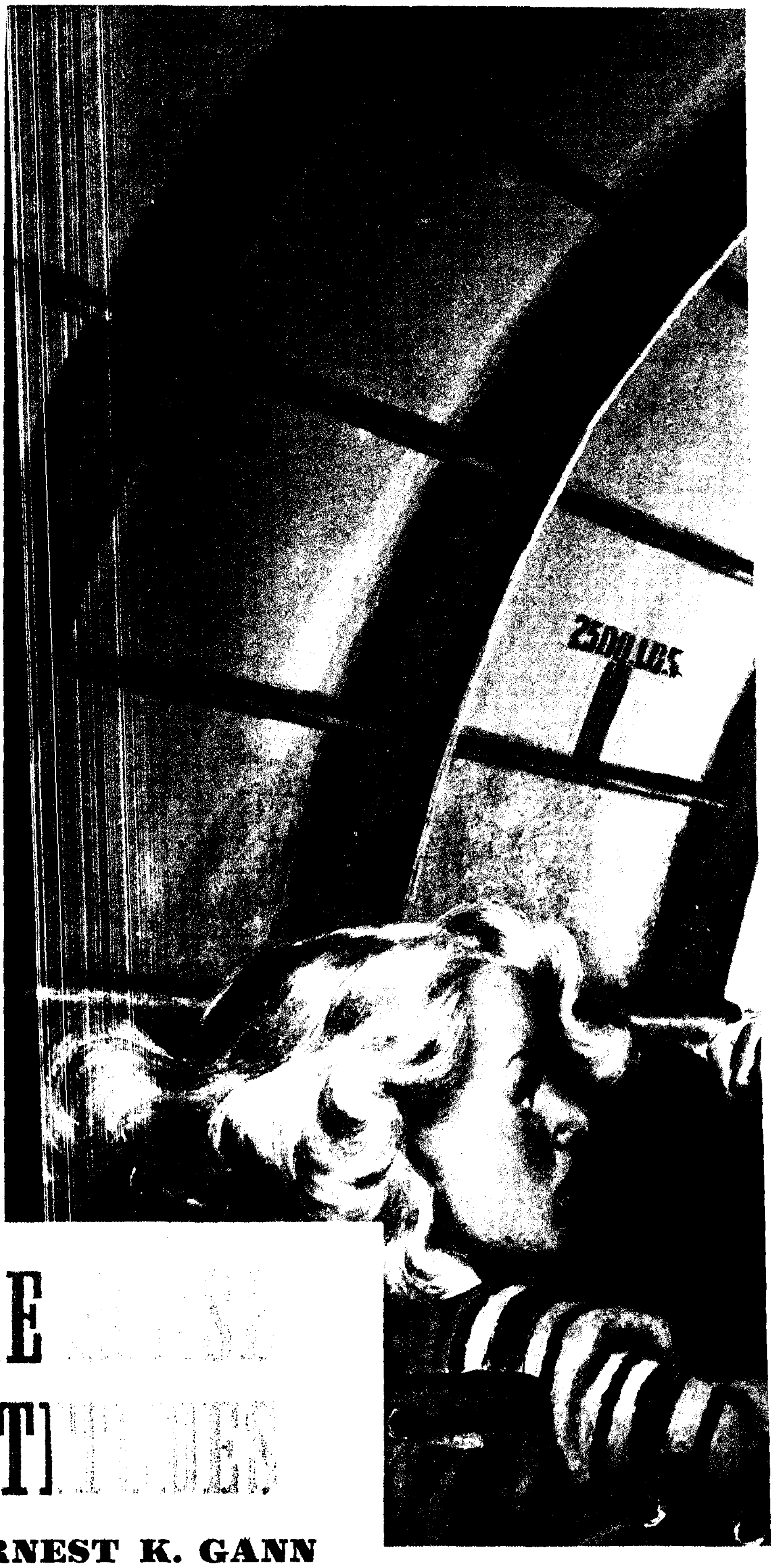
WHAT TO SEE: Oregon Caves, near Grants Pass; Crater Lake; Mount Hood; Klamath Falls and near-by Indian reservation; Pilot Butte State Park, near Bend. Many scenic and historic attractions.

WHAT TO DO: Fishing and hunting along rivers and in forests. Excellent beaches on the coast. Sight-seeing throughout region.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Travel Information Bureau, State Highway Commission, Salem, Ore.; or Information Division of the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

WASHINGTON
LEWIS & CLARK
RAINIER
BONNEVILLE DAM
FT. ASTOR
TILLAMOOK
30
TIMBERLINE LODGE
20
OREGON STATE COLLEGE AT CORVALLIS
28
99
FRANCIS DRAKE THE GOLDEN HIND
PAUL BUNYAN'S "BABE" CREATING COOS BAY
97
101
Pacific Ocean
CALIFORNIA
Joe Kaufman



THE HORSE LATITUDES

BY ERNEST K. GANN

It was just one fight with ice after another—first the plane, then Isabelle

THERE are many beautiful women in Iceland. In fact a person could say all of the women in Iceland under the age of fifty are beautiful. It seems that long ago various Vikings went over to Ireland and stole a lot of gorgeous redheads and brought them back to their grim little island as slaves. The results are pretty spectacular. Red hair, green eyes, blue eyes, honey and cream complexions—the real Nordic stuff. Very, very interesting; as a lot of G.I.s found out during the war. The only guy I know who could look an Icelandic girl straight in her lovely eyes without getting all warmed up inside is Crock Malone; not because he lacks manly hormones, but due to the fact Malone is—or was—engaged to an American girl named Isabelle. Which is a tragedy.

Isabelle is a female of twenty-two years' seasoning. She has a wee childlike voice, a pretty, freckled face, a mind of her own; and my unfortunate boss, Crock Malone, is deeply in love with her. That's why this thing is such a tragedy—because no one, not even Leo Savage who bosses us all, can make him see the light.

Various of my friends have pronounced me insane because I fly with Crock Malone. That may be. Malone is the kind of guy things happen to. Take for example this Professor Van Hayden and our last flight to Iceland. See where it got me, and Bob Drew our copilot, Manelli the navigator, and Less Hubbard our radioman. It got us to the Gold Coast, which is in the horse latitudes. There are many places a sensible person would rather be.

Things may happen to Crock Malone on the ground and get completely out of control, but in the air he is the finest transoceanic pilot I have ever flown with. I am quite content to entrust the future of my neck to him. Malone has taken over ten thousand hours to find out the very best ways to keep an airplane up when it should be up, and down when it should be down. He can analyze a nasty-looking front with one glance out the cockpit window and he can generally get around it without giving you so much as a bump—while everyone else in the air is screaming ice, violent turbulence and general disaster. For this reason Savage enticed him away from a nice steady job on American Airlines. Malone now speaks of it as a job that had a *real future*, when Isabelle gets him into one of those quitting moods. But Savage will never let him quit. Savage wants to sleep nights and not be worrying about what some crazy kid is doing to his expensive airplane. The quitting routine goes like this:

Malone storms into the office of this tenth-rate air line. "I quit!" he announces in a voice that would shrivel a normal man. "I absolutely, positively, quit! I don't give a damn if I ever see another airplane! Do you understand that, Leo?"

Leo Savage just sits there, clamlike. No words. Not until his thin hands make a few experimental flights around the desk.

"I am going to start *living!*" Malone continues. "I am going to settle down in the furniture-repair business and I am going to marry Isabelle. Nothing is going to stop me this time." So says Malone—just like he has said fifty times before and with the same results. Because Savage's hands are already diving gracefully to and fro across his desk.

"Now, Crocker." He smiles. He always calls Malone by his full name in times of stress. "Of course, you're going to quit. Do you think I want you to spend the rest of your life bending throttles?" Savage's hands swoop by Malone's nose in close formation, and Malone watches them like a child looking at a snake. "I want you to know, Crocker, that it's a little private dream of mine to see you building beautiful furniture and married to Isabelle. Do you believe that?"

"No," says Malone.

"You've been talking to Philistines." That Savage is not only dark and good-looking, he's educated all to hell.

"I've been talking to Isabelle," Malone comes back fast.

"But you can't run an unscheduled line any other way. Maybe I do owe you a little back pay. . . ."

"One thousand skins," says Malone, and I could kiss him right on his big chin on account Savage owes me too.

"If you'll leave tonight, you'll make double that."

"I do not wish to make double anything. I just want what's coming to me so I can start making up for all the oxygen I've lost in the last twelve years."

ABOUT now it gets good. Savage brings his hands up in two beautiful *chandelles* and lets them descend gradually through a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"Iceland, Crocker! Think of it! Those white mountains and that fresh sea air. And only one passenger. A professor no less. Why, you won't even know he's on the ship . . . and all he's bringing back is a bunch of rocks." I am wondering just what kind of a professor can be carting rocks around by air and I can see that Malone is wondering the same thing.

"Write my check, Leo. I want to be a human being like other guys, brush my teeth every morning and stop smelling like a billy goat because airplanes don't have showers. Write the check."

Now Savage really gets into his act. He pulls out his big fancy checkbook with gold letters on it. I get a crick in my neck trying to see the balance, if any—but Savage has his hand over it.

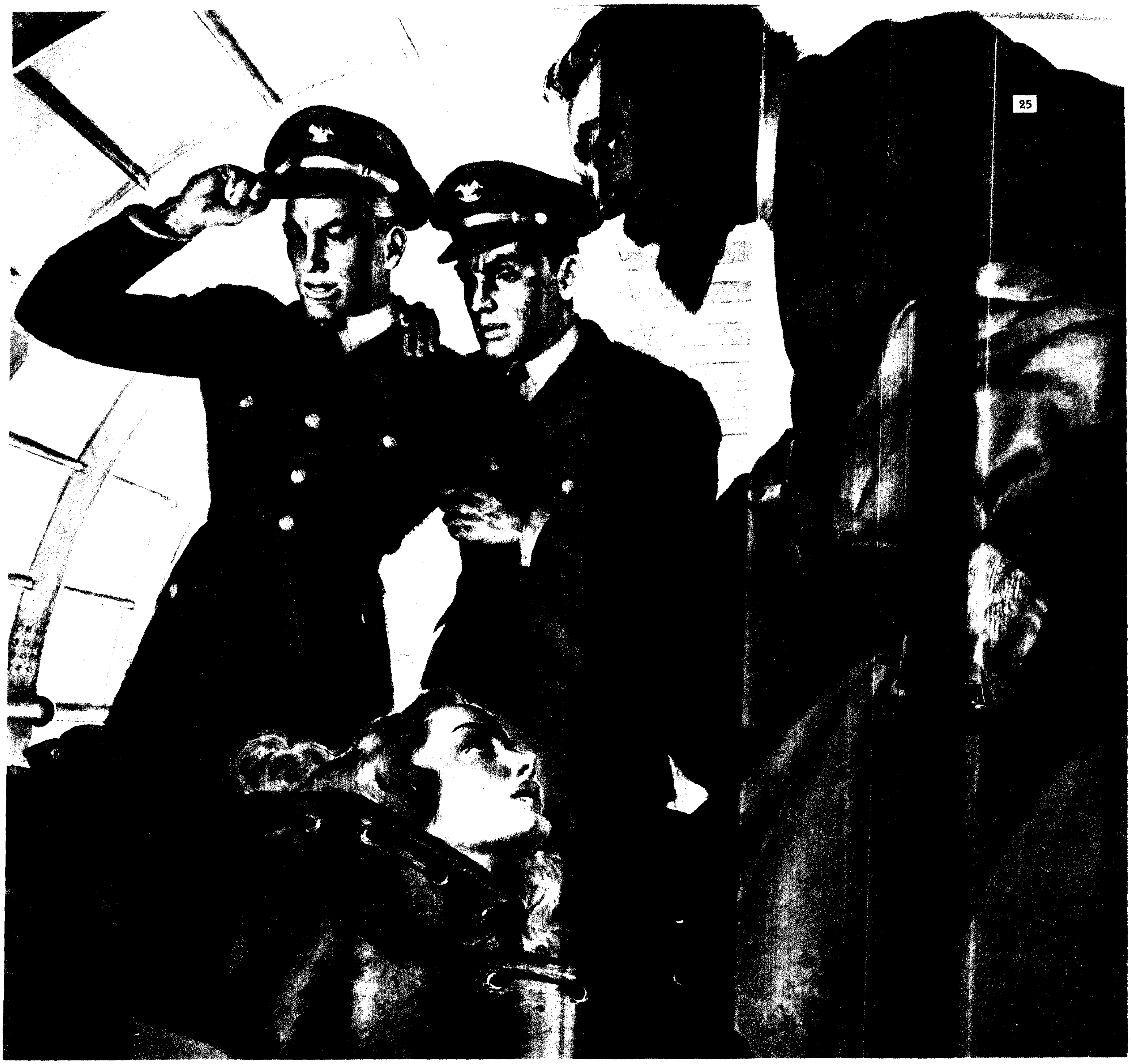
"How can you do this to me, Crocker? Next year International will have a hundred planes cutting back and forth across the world!" His hands close the checkbook and take off in imaginary circumnavigations of the globe. "Bangkok, Adaban, Cairo, Bombay, Zanzibar . . . Rio, Yakutsk, Honolulu, Bagdad . . . the wings of commerce, Crock!" His hands swoop down to a perfect wheel landing on the desk. "You'd have your pick of the runs then. Possibly you'd be chief pilot. Then you could stay home more."

Malone says nuts—that chief pilots never stay home, but there is a trace of indecision in his voice and Savage goes after it just like he had a divining rod.

"But I wouldn't want it said I stood in a friend's way. You want to make furniture. Working sixteen hours a day, you and Isabelle might afford a nice little flat . . . providing you don't expect luxuries like hot water, of course. As for me, I'll get along. If International folds, I'll get a job dusting crops. With my eyes the way they are, I'll probably tangle with a high tension line some dawn, but I can't kick. It's been a good life." A more senile old man I never saw than Savage at that moment. You'd think he had been a balloonist in the War between the States.

"It's barely possible I could get someone else," he says to Malone. "Of course your crew might feel you had walked out on them, since if no one else *is* available I'd be forced to let them go." This tack I didn't like a little bit. There is not so much demand for engineers who know about converted C-54s. "It will be hard on Bob Drew, your copilot, with his new baby," Savage goes on in a voice that should have been calling the death roll in a plague. "They've all been mighty loyal to you, Crocker . . ."

"All right, Leo," Malone groans. His six foot two inches shrinks to a bare five feet. "This once. But get somebody else for next time. That's for sure!" And that's for sure how I wound up on the Gold Coast of Africa. We arrived at Newark Airport, where Savage keeps his beat-up old surplus C-54, two hours ahead of time. Bob Drew and Manelli the navigator got the winds aloft to work out the flight plan, and I wandered over to the swamp where the ship was parked to make my preflight check. I like to be around during the engine run-up since it is very embarrassing to



"Not those!" the Professor screams. But the bag tops are open disclosing two lovely specimens of Icelandic beauty

bring the ship over to the administration building and then learn an inverter is out, or a couple of generators, or the automatic pilot won't work, which is likely to make Malone very disagreeable for a couple of thousand miles. Like most pilots, an engine could fall off or the flaps refuse to come down and he would hardly bat an eye—but let some little unimportant thing like a gyro creep excessively or a fire warning light flicker on when it isn't supposed to, and Malone will practically throw a tantrum.

If I had known what we were all in for as a final result of this night I would have taken a prop off one of the engines and hid it over in the swamp until prospects were better. But I didn't know and therefore I taxied the ship up to the gate right on time. As I swung the ship around I saw Malone leaning against the fence. He looked beaten. Just before I switched out the landing light, I saw why. Isabelle was with him. So was Savage. Whilst I was checking the life raft and the Mae Wests, they came on board and proceeded to have at one another in various ways.

"Just remember, Crock," Savage said. "The Professor is an extremely important man. I don't know where all his money comes from, but a certified check, cashable on your return, waits in the bank. That's the kind of customers we need. Whatever you do, take good care of him."

MALONE said he was glad it was only one professor instead of a screwy bunch of oilmen like we last took to Arabia. Isabelle, who hadn't said much up to now, then turned to Savage and gave him one of her extra-special ice-cream-cold stares with double frosting on top.

"If you insist on Crock's going tonight, would you be thoughtful enough to leave us alone for a moment?" she says. At the moment she looks extremely beautiful, not unlike Vesuvius just before it erupts.

"As a matter of fact," Savage says, "I *am* late for an appointment." With that he runs for the shelter of some Newark bar. I am checking the Gibson Girl radio when I hear Isabelle speak again. Her voice is all sweetness and light.

"You poor darling," she says. "Just when I had everything planned . . . but when you come back we'll celebrate. I've bought all the little toy airplanes and we'll crush them under our feet as we dance to a new life together."

"Nothing will interfere this time," Malone says tenderly. "You can depend on me to go straight to bed every night and dream of our future." Then they laughed together and didn't make any more conversation until they said goodby. It takes a big man like Malone to stay in the ring so long with a girl like Isabelle who is all the time giving out with affection.

International Airways has never left on time since it was first thought up as an easy way to make money, by Leo Savage. We waited around two hours. No professor. Malone is fit to be tied. But finally there is a screech of tires over by the fence and a big limousine rolls up. Many female voices inside the limousine are singing, and these voices are following the lead of a basso profundo which sounds like thunder in a squall. By

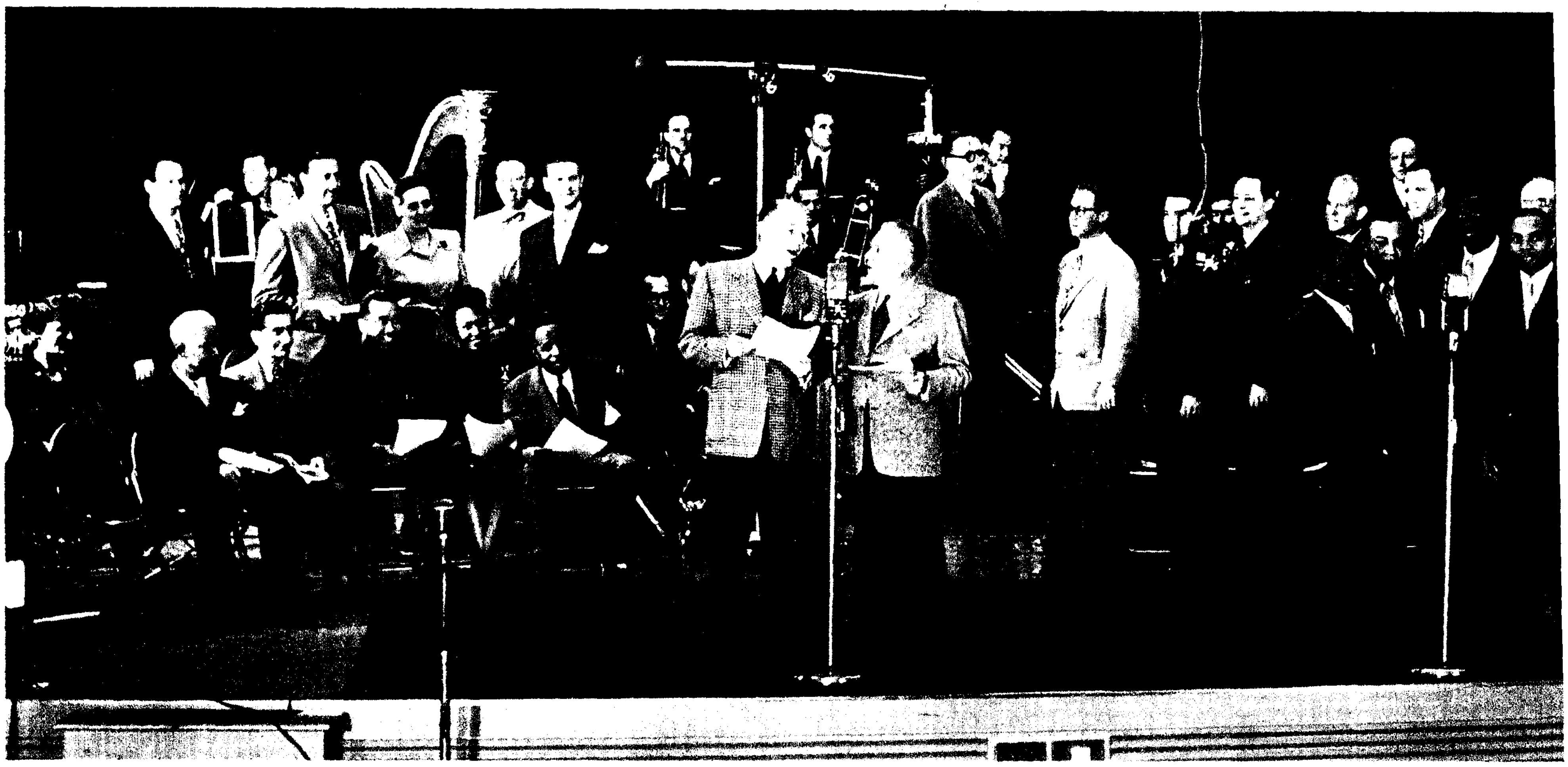
(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

As radio grew, so did its stars. Damrosch, Stokowski, Amos 'n' Andy drew the attention of even such public figures as President Hoover. Thus it was natural that the newest of the arts should seek its own temple in Radio City. No one could foresee the trouble in store



Originally Amos 'n' Andy played all parts in their sketches. Now they are assisted by a large cast. There are also studio audiences, once barred by the boys

II

THE program that gave me the greatest personal satisfaction of my broadcasting career was Dr. Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour. Yet this was a venture that, for a long period, not only failed to bring us a cent but actually cost us vast sums of money.

Radio listeners heard the good, gray doctor for the first time, conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra, on February 11, 1928. But our imaginations had roamed far beyond the conventional broadcast. We wanted to give the listeners a new type of program—one that would build appreciation of the world's greatest music.

We visualized a program in which Dr. Damrosch would sit at a piano and lecture informally to the school children of the land, explaining and analyzing the great works of music in the simple language of the people. His symphony orchestra would help to illustrate the various points.

We distributed brochures outlining our plan among the nation's top educators. They hailed the venture, but we had a discouraging struggle equipping the schools with radio sets because many of them had no money.

Despite setbacks, we presented the Music Appreciation Hour for the first time on October 26, 1928. Fifty NBC stations carried it; more than 3,000 schools and millions of homes tuned it in. Aided by newspaper publicity and the co-operation of educational authorities, we gained a weekly audience of 5,000,000 children.

NBC decided to make a test of listener reaction, and as the proving ground I chose Iowa, because I was born there. The results astounded me.

During the first year of the Damrosch program, we received more than 400,000 letters from Iowa alone, most of them in praise. I remember especially one note from a sturdy old farmer: "We enjoy good music but have very little chance to hear it. We do not like symphony or opera, but we want more of Damrosch and also of Paul Whiteman and other great orchestra leaders."

Of course, "symphony and opera" were exactly what Dr. Damrosch was giving them. But his method of presentation was so simple that even the most untutored listeners eventually became addicts.

In time, we sold Dr. Damrosch on a once-a-week program to General Electric, but his educational broadcasts continued on a sustaining basis. It cost us a fortune, but it was about the best investment we ever made.

Dr. Damrosch's success fired the imaginations of many other great musicians. Among them was my friend, Dr. Leopold Stokowski, then the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Stokie came to see me one day during the early part of 1929. He wanted to go on the air with a series of concerts, but there was just one catch. He did not believe that radio, at that moment, could convey to the listeners the true magnificence of his music. He had a startling solution for that defect.

Experiment With Glass Booth

"I shall be my own engineer," he said. "I myself shall control the sounds of my orchestra as they go out on the air."

It was Stokie's idea to have a glass booth built. From there, wearing earphones, he would regulate the sound, and at the same time conduct his orchestra.

We were not afraid of experimentation in those days; so I had O. B. Hanson, our chief engineer and one of radio's greatest technicians, join the conference. As a result of it, a short time after, Stokie and O. B. designed and built a boxlike glass cage, and it was ready for the *première* concert later that year.

During that first broadcast, Stokie knocked WEAF off the air three times! His theoretical knowledge of sound control, as translated into his fingering of the dials, somehow had not jibed with the practical requirements.

However, this did not discourage Stokie. He tried it three more times. After that, he decided that he could conduct his fellow Philadelphians just as well outside the booth.

With both Damrosch and Stokowski in the NBC fold, it was not long before my pursuit of music led me to the Metropolitan Opera. However, there were two major obstacles: Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the Met's managing director, was convinced that it would be impossible to pick up properly an operatic performance from the stage. Second, the opera's board of directors was fearful of the effect of broadcasting on the box office.

The great Gatti finally came around only after we had scattered seventeen mikes about the auditorium. At this point, the All-Highest of Broadway and 40th Street was satisfied.

Almost immediately thereafter, our technicians began to wire the gigantic opera house. They worked for more than a year to achieve perfection.

But although we spent thousands of dollars in technical work, we still had no formal contract with the Met for

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

the broadcasting rights. I was therefore terribly upset when the late Paul Cravath, a member of the boards of both NBC and the Metropolitan, phoned me from Paris.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Deac," he said, "but Otto Kahn's brother is here and he has practically closed a deal for the opera broadcasts with Paley." He was, of course, referring to William S. Paley, the energetic president of our rival network, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

I was heartbroken. Cravath undoubtedly sensed the dejection in my voice, for then he added, "I could hold off the deal until I return."

A few days after he had arrived in New York, I had breakfast with him in his town house. "What did Bill Paley agree to pay for the first year of the opera?" I asked. He would not tell me.

My breakfast usually is limited to grapefruit and coffee. But I actually consumed four bowls of cereal, to prolong the meal till I could get an inkling of CBS's bid. Whatever it might be, I would top it.

I had previously offered $60,000, so I knew Columbia had gone higher. Finally I ventured, "Perhaps $100,000 would be the right price."

Cravath, dead-pan, said, "You are quite low."

Then he asked whether I had ever sampled any of his pancakes. I hadn't; so Cravath insisted that I do so.

I did; and a few minutes later I mentioned the sum of $110,000.

"That is quite liberal," my host said, but without enthusiasm.

I decided to shoot an arrow into the dark. Without mentioning any other figures and without eating any more pancakes, I announced casually, "I'll bid $122,000."

Cravath beamed. "Now I can tell you, Deac. Paley bid $120,000."

So we got the Metropolitan Opera.

The radio audience received the Met with enthusiasm. However, despite its popularity, we were unable to find a sponsor. Some local stations were actually interrupting the broadcasts with blatant commercials.

It was my knowledge of such crude shenanigans that sent me to see Albert Lasker one day in 1933. He was the head of the titanic advertising agency of Lord & Thomas, who represented George Washington Hill's American Tobacco Company. Lasker was having a shave in his private sanctum.

"Al," I announced, "I want to go down to see Hill and sell him the opera for radio. The prestige would be terrific."

Lasker laughed so hard that the barber who was lathering his face splattered soap all over himself and me, too.

"All I ask you," I continued, "is that you don't intervene; because you'll get your 15 per cent commission if I sell it."

An Abrupt Dismissal

When I got down to Hill's office I found him at his desk. As always, he wore his little Alpine hat, with the feather on the left side of it. I began speaking but had not even completed my opening sentence, when he suddenly lifted his chapeau, put it on again and gruffly said, "Goodby!"

Completely deflated, I went back to Lasker's office and told him, "Well, I saw him, but got thrown out."

Lasker laughed uproariously.

"The hell you did! He has just bought the opera!"

During the few minutes it had taken me to return from Hill's quarters to Lasker's, G. W. had picked up the phone and closed the deal!

Thus it was that the tobacco tycoon became the first sponsor of the Metropolitan on the air.

Not all of my efforts, of course, were confined to bringing culture to the radio audience. We also brought humor to our listeners, who by this time were of all degrees of importance and influence.

One afternoon in the fall of 1929, I received a telephone call from the White House. Larry Richey, secretary to President Hoover, spoke to me.

"The President would like to meet Amos 'n' Andy," he said. "Could you bring them down to Washington?"

I told Larry that I certainly could.

The two blackface comedians were the foremost entertainment figures of the country at that time. When I called them in Chicago, they were thrilled at the news.

We met in Washington a few days later. They were straining with eagerness to provide some moments of entertainment for the harassed man in the White House. In this very eagerness I found cause for worry. I feared they might overlook a little-known and yet definite trait of the President: Among his inner circle, Herbert Hoover was known as a teller of funny stories!

I explained to Amos 'n' Andy that the President, as a gracious host, would probably want to tell them a few of his own jokes, and added, "I want you boys to do me a favor. While the President is talking, pay close attention, because Mr. Hoover's humor is apt to be pretty subtle and you comedians may not get it right away."

Hoover received us in his temporary offices in the old War Department building as the executive wing of the White House had been damaged recently by fire. As soon as we were seated, the Chief Executive revealed a personality in complete contrast to the icy figure the public knew. He began to regale the comics with gags, jokes and personal anecdotes.

As he talked, he stared at the floor and rolled a tiny pencil between the palms of his hands. This allowed Amos 'n' Andy to watch him keenly without embarrassing him. Each time one of the yarns came to its climactic point, my two companions exploded with laughter.

Hoover Enjoys Stars' Visit

Later, Amos 'n' Andy uncorked some of their best dialect stories. As the joke session sped on, other Presidential callers were kept waiting.

We sat there, telling stories for three hours! Finally the President rose to bid us goodby. As he shook my hand, he spoke wistfully.

"Deac," he said, "if the fellows on Capitol Hill only had the sense of humor these boys have! We'd have lots more fun!"

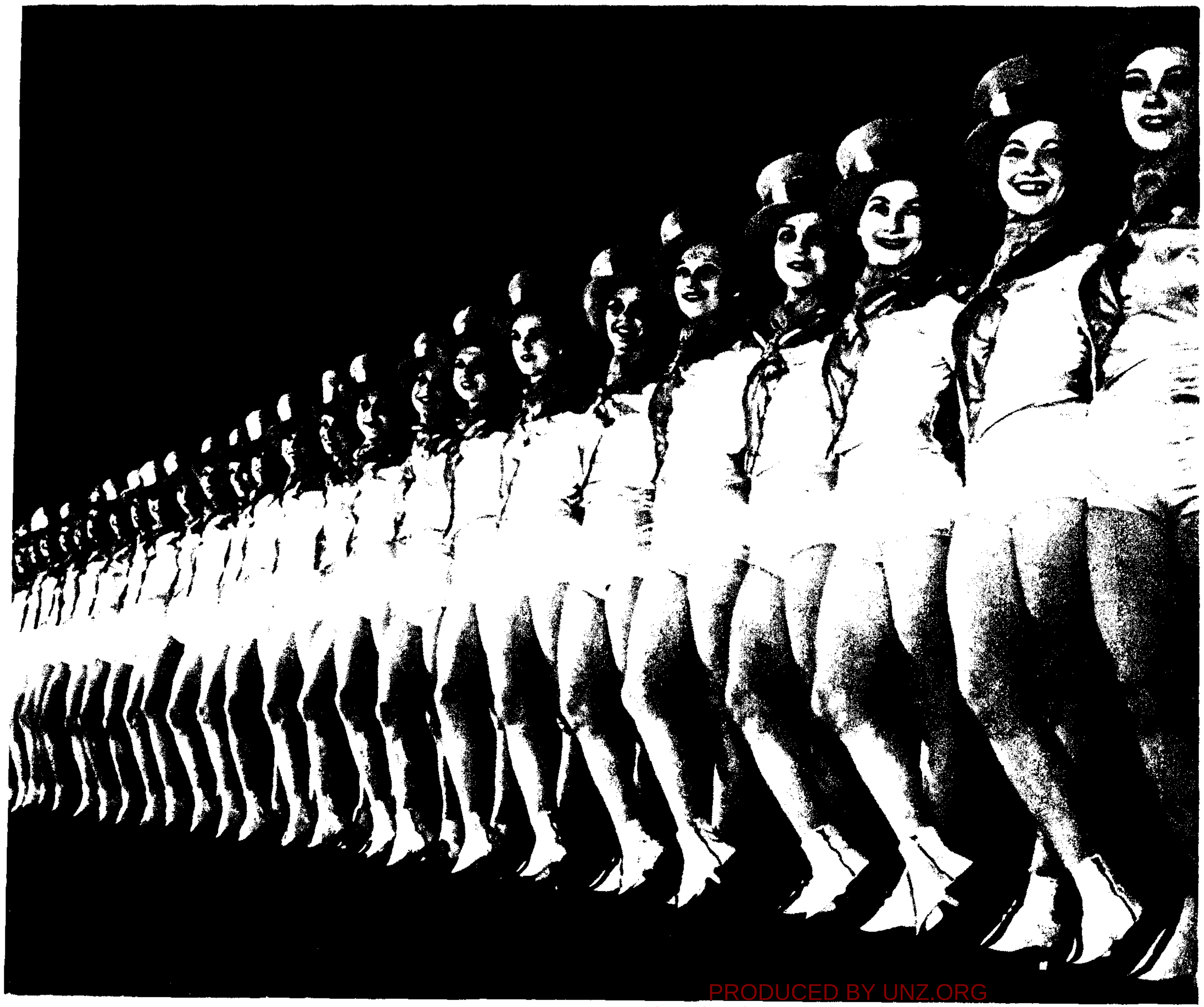
This private "command" performance was just one of the many honors that have come to Amos 'n' Andy. By the time I came to NBC, Charles Correll (Andy) and Freeman Gosden were already well established in Chicago, where they had their first paid engagement on WGN in 1925. There, a year later, they created a stir with a blackface comedy series under the name of Sam 'n' Henry. In 1928, they moved over to WMAQ, but could not use their old billing as that was the property of WGN.

Therefore, they adopted the title of Amos 'n' Andy. Within a few months, when they visited near-by cities for personal appearances, they were

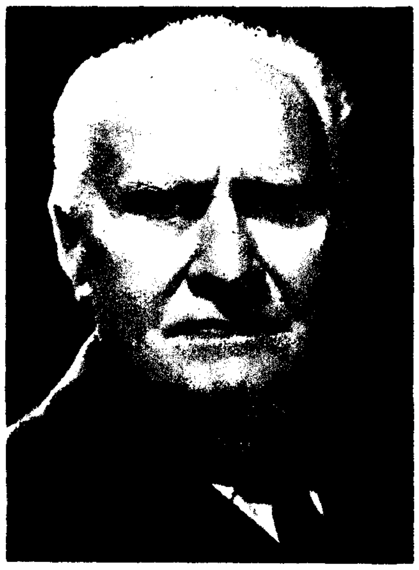
(Continued on page 96)

The Rockettes have long been one of the chief attractions at Radio City Music Hall, which is now known as one of the nation's premier movie palaces. Originally, however, the huge theater was intended to house only stage presentations

GEORGE KARGER



The late Dr. Walter Damrosch started broadcasting at the age of 65 years



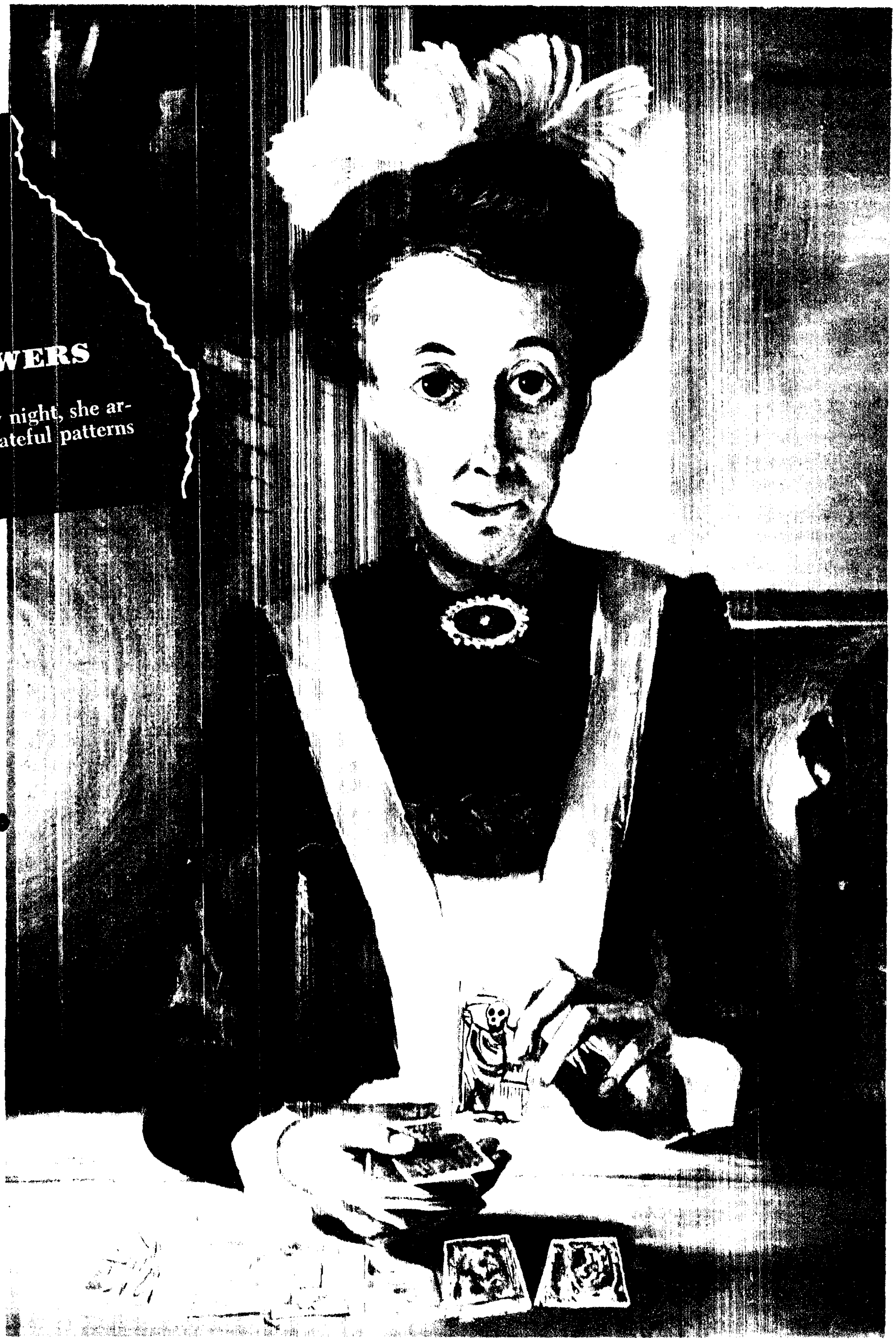
William S. Paley (below) nearly got the opera for the rival CBS network

INTERNATIONAL

VIOLET

BY FRANCES TOWERS

By day, Violet was the maid; by night, she arranged lives into strange and fateful patterns



"Death, now," Violet said, "is one thing that doesn't change. When the cards say death, death it is"

THE only person Violet couldn't handle was the mistress herself. From the very first, Mrs. Titmus refused, in her obstinate way, to accept Violet; partly, perhaps, because Sophy had engaged her without taking up her references. So careless of her, and dangerous, thought Mrs. Titmus. At her age, I could have done the work of this house and thought nothing of it. I would have been glad to do something useful. Utterly selfish, thought Mrs. Titmus, and bone-lazy, eager to grab at the first thing that offered to save herself a little effort.

But to Sophy, who had coped alone with the work for six weeks, the house had become a monster. So much so that Violet, stepping in and taking the reins in her absurdly small and fluttering hands, seemed like an angel of deliverance.

From the beginning, the monster ate out of Violet's hand. In a week it had resumed the orderly and polished look of former days. Skirtings acquired a dark glow, furniture a patina of port-wine richness, silver shone as if newly minted.

Any qualms Sophy may have had that such a large house was too much for such a bit of a thing were quieted by Violet's unruffled and competent air. But she had an effect in ways other than the merely physical.

It seemed to Sophy afterward that it wasn't until Violet came to the house that the pattern of their lives became visible. Violet was the focal point that related to each other the different planes on which they lived. She drew the design together, so that one became aware of values which hitherto had been submerged below the level of consciousness. With her nods and becks, her smirks and the sudden gleam of light in her opaque eyes, she illumined the hidden corners of their minds; she twitched aside curtains and revealed the fears and passions of their hearts; she ferreted out their secrets, pounced on them and laid them out like dead mice; and she took a hand in their destinies.

On the first morning, when she brought the early tea into Sophy's room, she was wearing a neat pink dress with turned-back white cuffs at the elbows. Sophy, aware of dense black eyes taking in her rather tousled and puffy-eyed appearance, felt oddly humiliated, as if she were unworthy of the attentions of this crisp handmaid.

She accepted the meticulously prepared tray. "But you've given me the Queen Anne teapot," she said, taken by surprise at the sight of this treasure reserved for guests of consequence.

"I like to be dainty first thing in the morning. It kind of sets the tone for the day," said Violet. "Madam's been down to see if I'd lighted the fire. When I saw your mother in her dressing gown and her little plait sticking out, I didn't know she was the mistress. I thought she was some Russian lady that had fled from the Bolsheviks. She fair frightened me. Must be nice to wake up in this room, miss, with flowers and that. They say you shouldn't sleep with flowers in the room; but I must say it's nice—ever so gentle and feminine. Makes you feel all glorious within, I expect. Madam said that there's to be only toast for breakfast—is that right? What about the master? Gentlemen like a couple of rashers and a fried egg. He looks a bit thin to me, kind of hungrylike. He was up early catching slugs in the garden, and I took him out a cup of tea. He seemed ever so surprised. Poor old gentleman, ever so gentle and kind, he seemed. I think I'll do him a proper breakfast."

"You must do as my mother says," said Sophy, sipping her tea.

"Righty-ho!" Violet tripped out on her high heels.

But when Sophy came down to breakfast she saw that Violet had tactlessly taken the law into her own hands.

Mrs. Titmus was looking down her nose. When her eyes had that pale, blind look, as if all the blue had been

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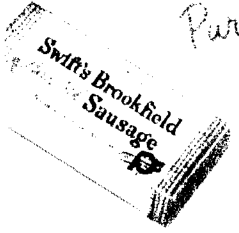
LISTEN TO ARCHIE ANDREWS
ON NBC, SATURDAYS 10:30 A.M., NEW YORK TIME

nd another famous favorite

Swift's Brookfield *Pure Pork* **Sausage**



Noted for its tasty links and wholesome freshness. Perfect for breakfast. Ideal for a main dish, that can be prepared in a jiffy!

SAUSAGE WITH THE **Just-right Seasoning!**

And **Swift's Premium Meats**

LIKE BRAUNSCHWEIGER

Made fresh daily **IN OUR KITCHENS FROM COAST TO COAST!**

The frank that's all "Dinner-Quality" Meat

Here's news—exciting news. Now you can get Swift's Premium Franks in a handy pound pack containing 8 to 10 delicious franks. Each cellophane wrapped pack bears the name Swift's Premium—assurance that you're getting highest quality, extra-flavor franks every time. So, for a treat that will win glowing praise—serve the family these plump, economical, juicy franks. So easy to serve and good to the very last nourishing, tasty bite! Ask for Swift's Premium Franks!

"You want to recommend a man? For WHAT?"

EDIE: Well, sir you know Jack—your Private Secretary? Well, you know he's leaving and I feel we might have a more *alert* man, sir. Presentable. Smart. Personable. You see, sir?

MR. B: I follow you, Miss. Please come to the point.

EDIE: Well, sir, the man I have in mind is a *fine* dresser! He wears Arrow Shirts. You know—with that wonderful Arrow Collar? Like you got on!

MR. B: I know it well, Miss. Proceed. Time is money.

EDIE: This young man is *very* handsome, sir. Has a *terrific* build, too, sir. When he sits back, he certainly does that Arrow *body-tapered fit* a favor, sir! You know that name—er—what *is* the name for that body fit, sir?

MR. B: MITOGA, Miss. MITOGA. But this young man—has he a good education? And a sound sense of values—if I am not taking you beyond your depth?

EDIE: Most certainly, sir! He saves his money in bonds. He was a marine, too, sir. He's just finished college and he wants to go to work. And—he would no more buy a shirt that wasn't *Sanforized* than jump out of the window! Arrows *are*, you know, sir. It—er—

MR. B: Yes, yes, *yes*, Miss! "Fabric shrinkage less than 1%" is what you're reaching for. Well, he *sounds* like a good prospect. Have him see me. Friday. By the way, he isn't your fiancé, is he?

EDIE: Well, sort of, sir. But what's *more* important—he's your *son!* Oh, Mr. Brown! Be calm, sir! BE CALM!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trademarks *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.50 · $4 · $4.25 · $5

drained from them, Sophy knew that trouble was brewing. Her sisters, Lalage and Bee, had swallowed their coffee and fled to catch the 8:15 to London; they had their careers.

"Someone," said Mrs. Titmus, fixing Mr. Titmus with that glazed look, "seemed to be creaking about the house all night, pulling the plugs. I couldn't sleep a wink."

Sophy began to chatter wildly about the news in the morning paper. The year was 1938.

"How silly you are, getting all worked up! You don't know a thing about it," Mrs. Titmus said venomously.

"Really, Mother, I may be allowed to express an opinion I suppose."

"I don't know when," said Mr. Titmus, seeking to throw oil on troubled waters, "I've had a nicer breakfast."

Was it possible, wondered Sophy, exasperated, that a man so dense, so innocent, could have begotten her?

"I think there'll be war, and we shall all be blown to bits," she said vindictively. The prospect of war seemed a lesser calamity at the moment than the loss of Violet, which was probably imminent.

"Well, if we are, we are. It can't be helped, and there's nothing we can do about it," said Mrs. Titmus. She rose and pushed back her chair. "Ring the bell," *she said, "for that girl to clear."*

"We must give her time to finish her own breakfast, poor little scrap," remarked Mr. Titmus.

THERE was a hideous pause. Mrs. Titmus stared at her husband. "What did you say? What term did you apply to the maid-of-all-work?"

"I know what Father means, Mother," Sophy said quickly. "She really is the tiniest thing I've ever seen—like a little marmoset or something."

"Well, I don't care for marmosets about *my* house," Mrs. Titmus said, as she went out of the room.

"Dear, dear, dear! Your mother seems upset about something. You've not been cheeky to her, my dear, I hope. You girls are inclined to be cheeky, I've noticed."

"Father," said Sophy, "you don't use a word like that about bitter females in their dim thirties." She began to clear the breakfast plates with thin, nervous hands that shook a little.

Now, what's the matter with her? wondered Mr. Titmus. He asked himself how he could have both married a shrew and become the father of shre

I don't like 'em, not one of 'em, he s wickedly to himself in the dark depth his being. This sallow girl, she's nugl an 'orse, he thought, regarding her s rowfully with his innocent, filmy b eyes.

In his deep inwardness, Mr. Titn felt vulgar and vicious. When things too much for him he had a private at cious language of his own to express exasperation *that boiled within* h They thought he was old Father Chr mas, did they? They thought he wa gentle old pet? Ho! Sometimes he v shocked at his own wickedness. Sor times he was afraid of God's punishme Suppose He were to take one of the gi When little Beatrice had pneumonia, couldn't eat or sleep, he couldn't ke his food down. If God did a thing l that, it would break his heart.

But sometimes he knew flashes glory. Suddenly a line would come ir his head: "Turns into yellow gold his sa green streams." Or he would hear t strings of his heart playing: "Sheep m safely graze," and he would feel as lig and holy as a sainted spirit.

He looked so wistful that Sophy h a twinge of conscience.

"Sorry, Father," she said. "It's becau I'm so tired. This undercurrent *drama all the time . . . do you ever wi* you were dead?"

"No, no!" said Mr. Titmus shocke "With worms that are her chambe maids," he whispered, looking into v cancy. Then he glanced at Sophy a left hurriedly, his shapeless slippe flapping at his heels.

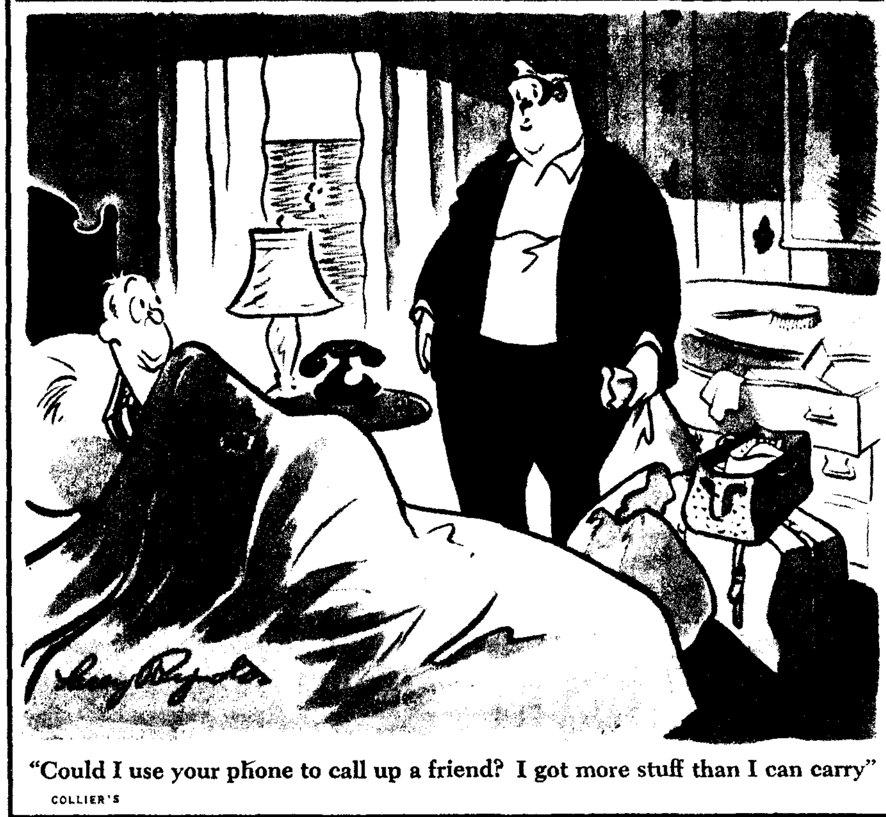
Sophy's hands had dropped to h sides. If she had opened a cupboard a found a grinning skeleton inside, s could hardly have felt more chilled.

"I couldn't help hearing what y said," said Violet, suddenly appeari with a tray in her hands. "If you wi evil, miss, you attract it to you. It wou be more sensible, excuse me, to wish get married. One never knows," s added, darkly. Her soft black eye fastened on Sophy's face, were so jett dark, it was impossible to tell if they we compassionate, or filled with brazen in *pudence.*

Sophy gave her a quelling look, an stalked out of the room with a giraffelik dignity.

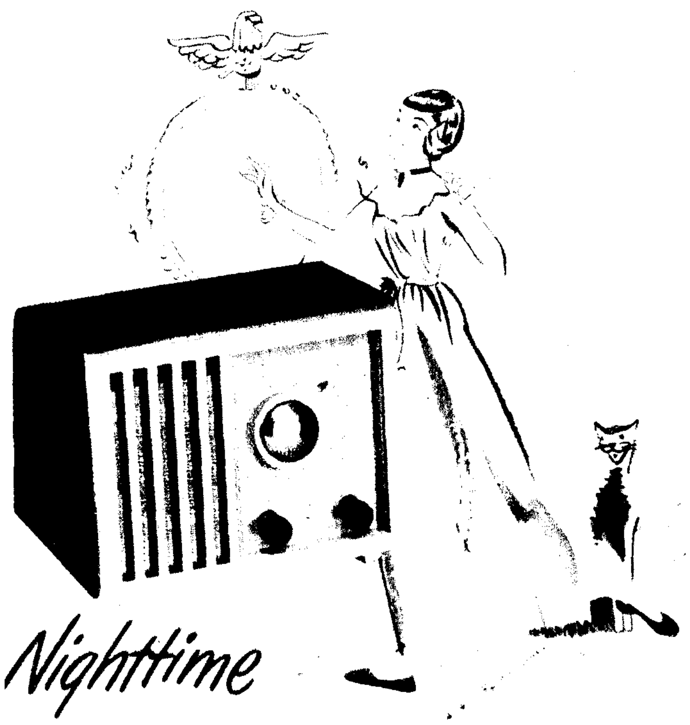
Seeking refuge, a few days later, fro domestic tension, Sophy went to he

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



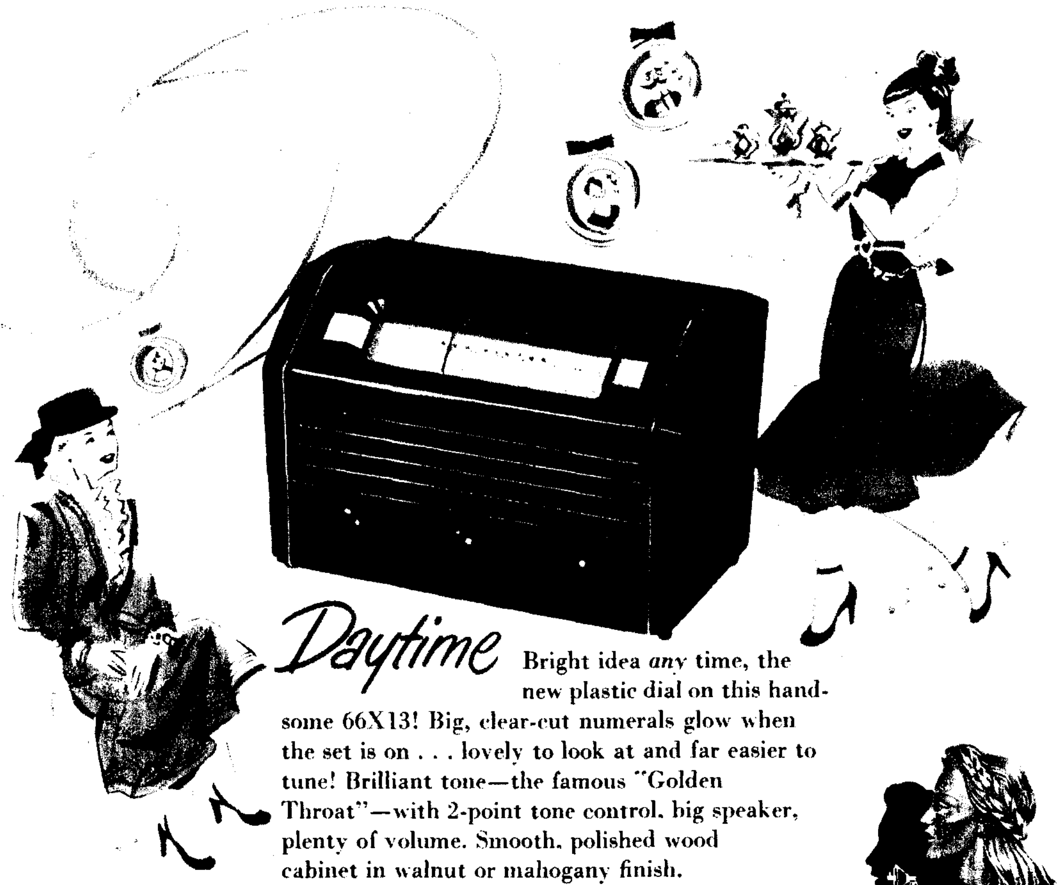
"Could I use your phone to call up a friend? I got more stuff than I can carry"

COLLIER'S



Nighttime

Sweet dreams with this tiny 75X11 at your bedside! A big 5-inch speaker brings you the clear, true tone of the "Golden Throat." And what a pretty picture! Its clear plastic dial-face glows softly when the set is on. Plastic pointer beams light to its red arrow tip, makes tuning easy. See this one!



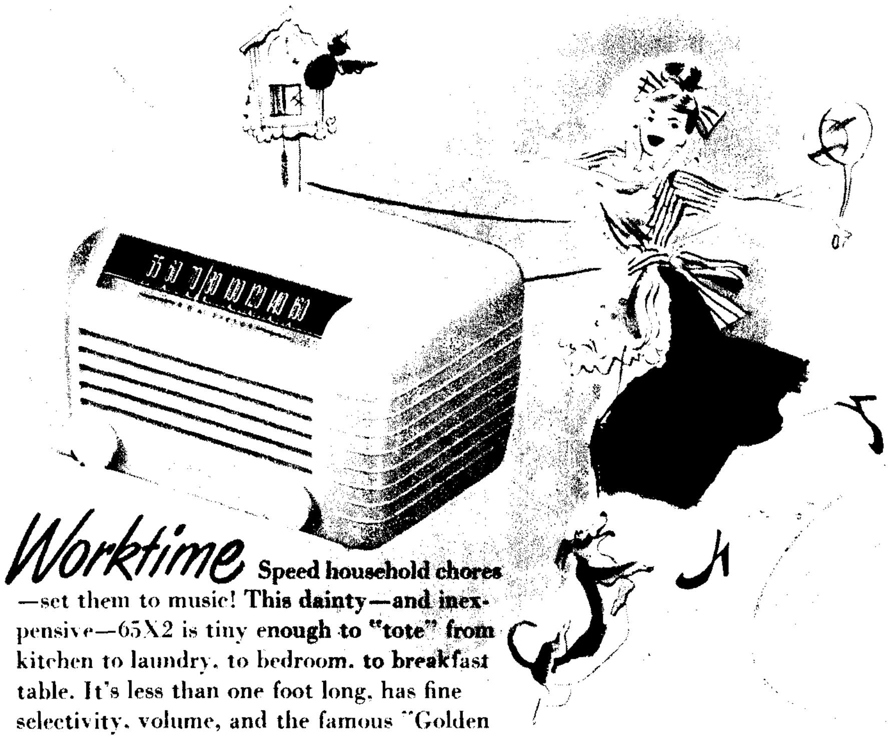
Daytime

Bright idea *any* time, the new plastic dial on this handsome 66X13! Big, clear-cut numerals glow when the set is on . . . lovely to look at and far easier to tune! Brilliant tone—the famous "Golden Throat"—with 2-point tone control, big speaker, plenty of volume. Smooth, polished wood cabinet in walnut or mahogany finish.

This 3-Way Acoustical System, the finest in RCA Victor history, is so amazingly faithful that, in public tests, trained musical ears could not tell the performance of the "Golden Throat" from that of a living musician.

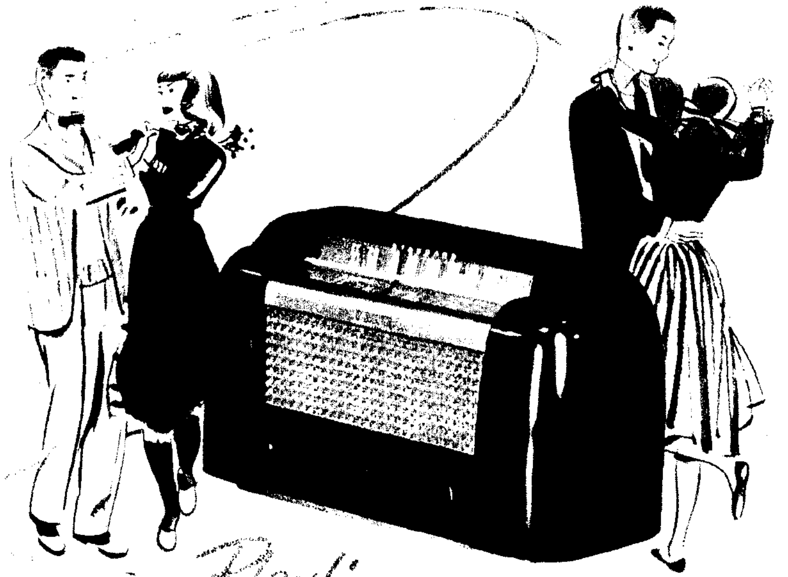
Dance Time—all the time

with the RCA VICTOR "Golden Throat"



Worktime

Speed household chores—set them to music! This dainty—and inexpensive—65X2 is tiny enough to "tote" from kitchen to laundry, to bedroom, to breakfast table. It's less than one foot long, has fine selectivity, volume, and the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. In walnut plastic or dainty antique ivory finish that's 'specially treated to make its loveliness *lasting*.



Playtime

Dial a dance band here or *overseas* with this powerful 66X1. Has built-in antennas for standard and short wave, spread-band dial, tone control. RCA Victor's exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system, smooth walnut or ivory-finish plastic cabinet. There's even a place to plug in a record player . . . like the 6J. Ask your dealer to show you the RCA Victor 6J record player when you stop in to see and hear these radios.

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DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Tune in Robert Merrill, singing "Music America Loves Best" . . . Sundays, 2:30 PM, EST on your NBC station.

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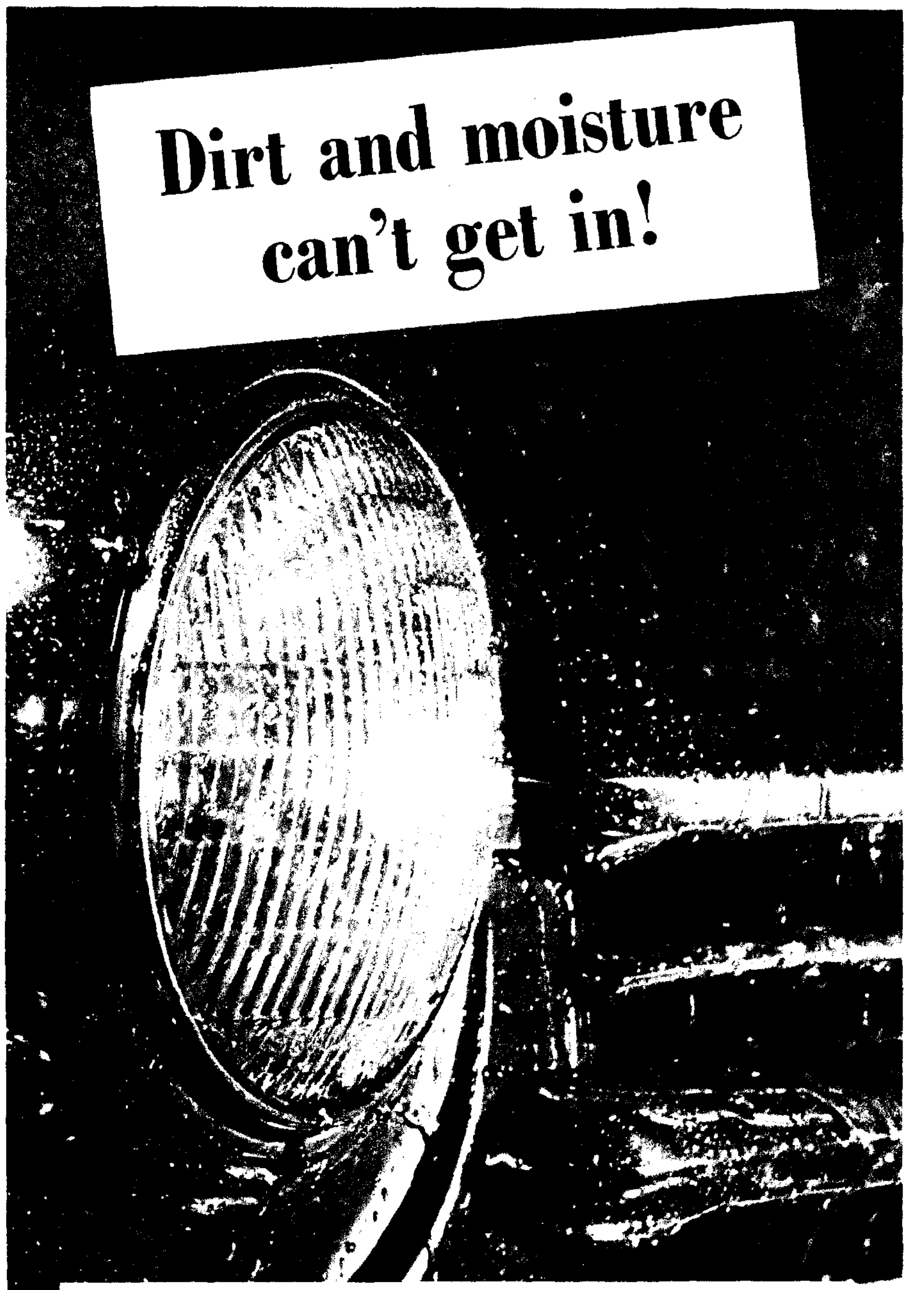
"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



That's why G-E Sealed Beam headlamps

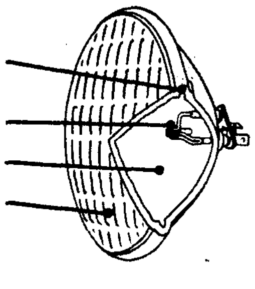
DO NOT GROW DIM

THROUGHOUT its long and dependable life, the average G-E Sealed Beam headlamp gives 99% as much light as when new!

And today's G-E headlamps give you more light than ever—12% more for driving, 16% more for passing.

For safer, easier night driving, replace burned out or dim headlamps with G-E Sealed Beam lamps! And whatever lamps your car needs, insist on G-E.

CUTAWAY VIEW SHOWS:


One-piece construction. Dirt and moisture can't get in.
Filaments held in vise-like grip.
Mirror-like, built in reflector.
Rugged, hard-glass precision lens.

GENERAL ELECTRIC LAMPS

When you leave your car for service have your lights checked

room and took a vellum book out of the bookcase. It bore the title, Morte D'Arthur, by Malory, tooled in gold, but its pages were blank except for those that were covered by her small pointed script.

Sophy sat down and began writing with the green ink she affected: *"Notre domestique* is no ordinary scullion. She might have washed up the wine cups of the Borgias, or looked through the keyholes of the Medici. I have an idea that she can hear the mice scampering furtively behind the panels of our minds. I heard one the other day in an unaccustomed place. Father quoted Shakespeare and frightened me. I know now that he is a very lonely old man. *Notre domestique* knows it too. He loves his roses better than wife or daughters. It hurts him to have them picked by careless hands.

"Lalage is ruthless. She snips where she will and fills the vases. She comes into a room and stirs up flowers arranged by someone else, gritting her teeth. She is a lazy but exquisite person and, like a saint, exudes a delightful odor. It comes, of course, from a bottle and not from her bones; but is so much hers that the latter source seems the true one. She has the most charming hands and eyebrows, and is about the only person whose bath water one could use without distaste.

"I am deeply concerned about Bee. The other day a wedding ring dropped out of her handbag. She swooped on it, and I pretended not to see. It was sinister, like finding a snake's eggs in a drawer and knowing that strange rustlings must have occurred while one slept. A mouse behind the panels. And yet her small, rather cynical face is quite untroubled, and she still laughs in her silent, inward way. It's the furtive secrecy that hurts. And yet, what would you, in our household? Violet, I fear, has heard that mouse. Yesterday, she said, 'There's something about Miss Beatrice that calls to mind a divorced lady—ever so worldly and stylish. A woman of the world, miss, if you know what I mean. Now, if y was to wear one of her hats, why, you look ridiculous!'

"I told Bee and she went into one her silent convulsions of laughter. 'Po old Sophy!' she said. 'Mind you kee Violet on the right side of Mother. Yo face is beginning to look like an o leather bag.' She meant it kindly.

"Does Mother hate Violet for son deep, intuitive reason? This morni Violet said to her, 'Lord, madam, I neve did see so many pillboxes and medici bottles. Makes one think of hospita and death. It doesn't do to dwell s much on one's health—makes the en come all the quicker, I dare say.'

"I heard Mother's voice, with an edg to it. 'You can leave my room. I pref to do it myself.' She didn't prefer i when I was doing all the housework."

Sophy closed her book and returned to the shelf. In that household such title protected it from prying eyes. I was her consolation, her other self.

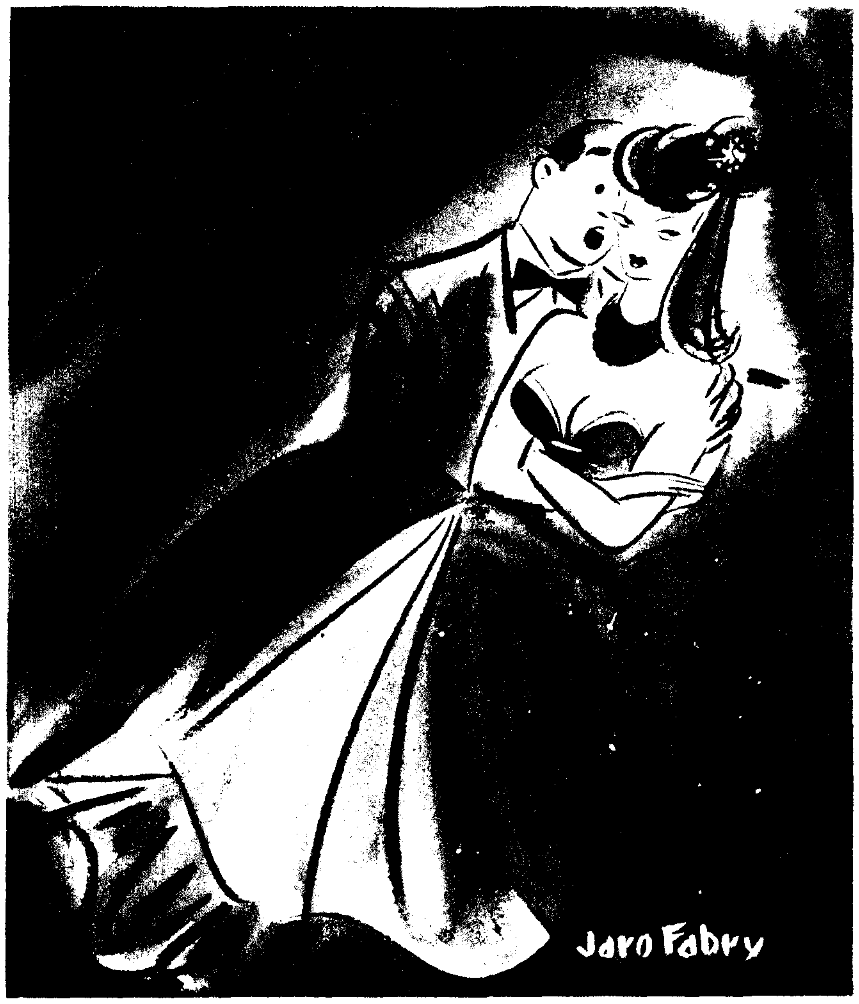
LALAGE and Beatrice continued t draw Violet out and compare notes She was a source of infinite amusemen to them.

Violet's young man had thrown he over. "That's all right. I'm not breaking me heart," she said. "It wasn't love it was lusk."

She cast a glance at a photograph o Lalage's mantelpiece. "Excuse me, miss but that gentleman's got ever such a nic face. I expect if he gives you flowers they are real nice ones, gardenias an that. But he's not one to be kept dangling He's got his pride. Never ask you twice he wouldn't." She sighed. "I never ha nothing from Bert, except a bit of drie heather he got off a gypsy. Mean he was Everything for nothing was his motto I suppose you'll be getting married, miss before long?"

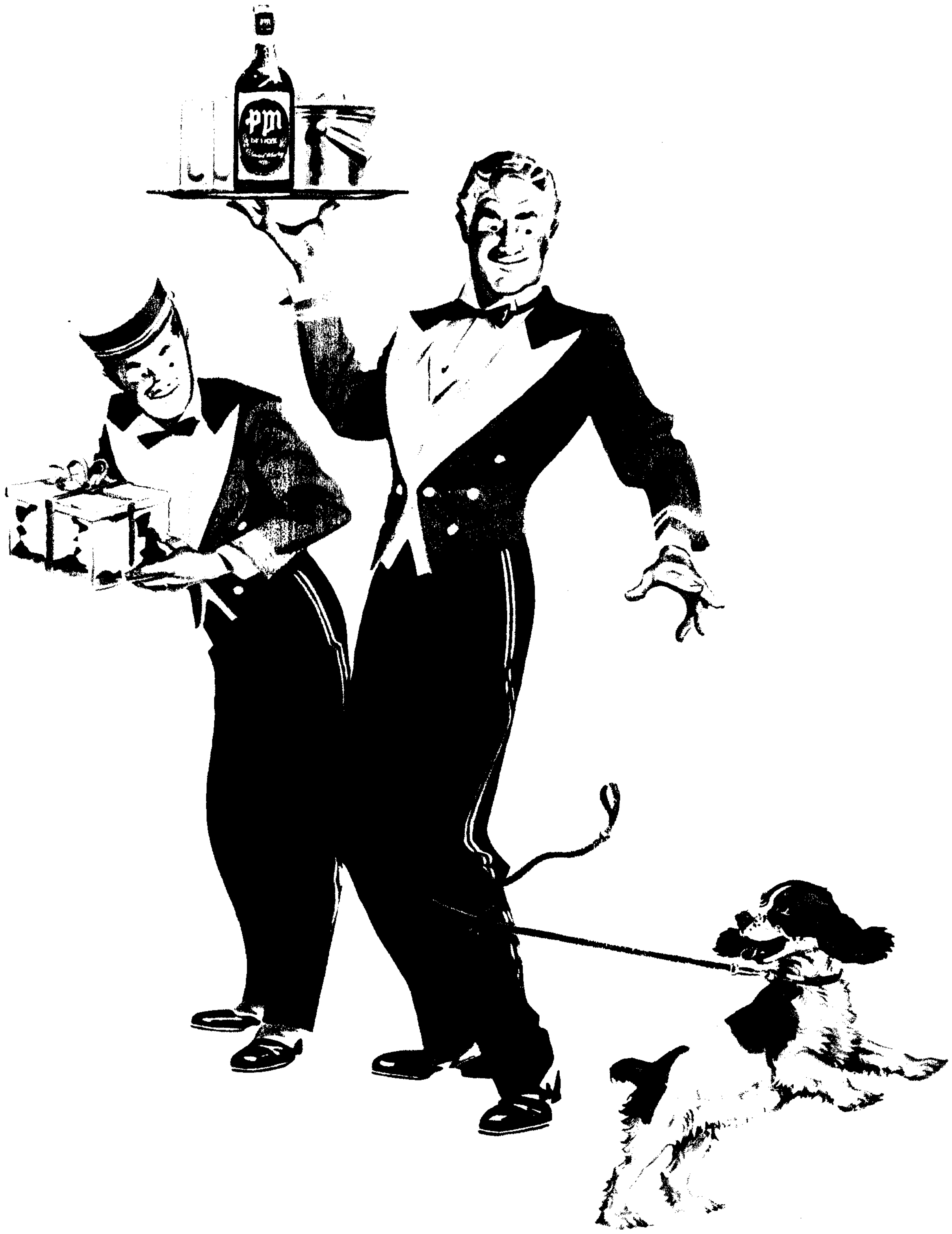
"What makes you thing so?"

"Red hair and brown eyes, and then your legs, miss—like champagne bottles. Miss Sophy, now, she's different. Only a



"Then may I put it this way—will you marry me for my dough?"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY



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Whatever could be finer
for the master of a Perfect Mixer-upper
to find at the end of the line?

PM
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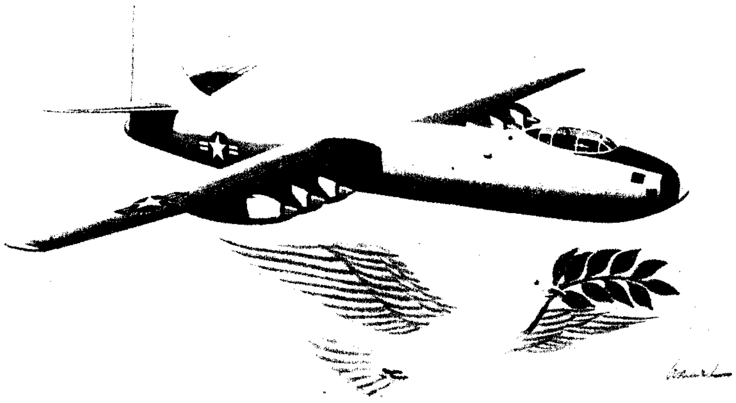
Blended Whiskey

IF IT ISN'T PM **IT ISN'T AN EVENING**

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

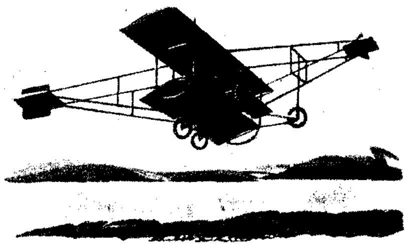
More *Air* Power to U. S. A.!



PARTNERS! Air power is peace power. With sufficient new planes like the Martin XB-48 (above) we can truly guard the peace. Last year only 1800 military planes were built for the U. S. A.

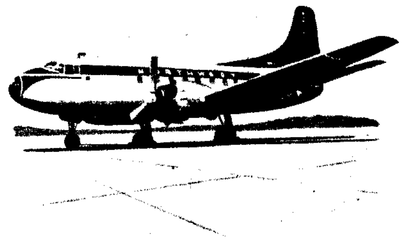
FASCINATING FIELDS

. . . are being opened by the USAF. Helicopters, sonic speeds, rocketry, probing the frontiers of outer space . . . these are just some of the fields open to forward-looking young men. Ask for details at your Air Force recruiting office.



FORERUNNER

. . . of today's Martin aircraft is this tiny plane built—and flown—by Glenn L. Martin in 1909. Now entering its 40th year of continuous operation, the Martin Company is an international institution employing nearly 11,000 men and women.



NORTHWEST ORDERS MORE!

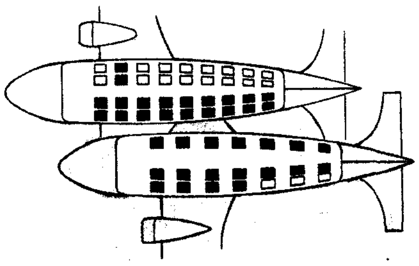
So efficient and profitable have been Northwest Airlines' Martin 2-0-2 airliners, that NWA has ordered 15 more. Delivery of the additional 2-0-2's will be completed by June, giving Northwest a fleet of 25 high-speed Martin airliners.

BIG AND LITTLE

. . . business are both cited by the Congressional Aviation Policy Board. In addition to urging a strong aviation industry, the Board recognizes that aviation's "small business man"—airport operators, sales and service men, flying schools, private fliers—"should be regarded as a national asset and be given every recognition and encouragement."

AIR POWER SUPREME!

The Congressional Aviation Policy Board reports, "To defend ourselves in the age of atomic bombs, of radioactive dust, of bacteriological contamination and guided missiles we must have air power that is supreme."



HERE'S THE PAY-OFF FOR AIRLINES!

Martin 2-0-2 can operate profitably with slightly over half of its seats filled . . . prewar twin-engine plane must have considerably greater payload in order to break even. Thus 2-0-2 offers better service to the public, economic health to the airlines. The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore 3, Md.

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Martin
AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

very spiritual kind of gentleman would single out Miss Sophy, and then he'd love her to the world's end. She's an acquired taste, as they say—and that kind's the most lasting."

"The little devil!" said Sophy, when these remarks were repeated to her, yet she looked both disconcerted and gratified.

Bee might have noticed it. Her small green eyes peeped from under their lashes with a piercing glint. "Spiritual!" she said. "So that accounts for all these attendances at St. Petroc's."

But Lalage would never guess. She was too lazy, too indifferent to notice another's cracking in two.

Strangely enough, Christian Todmarsh did send Lalage flowers one day—not gardenias, but orchids. Lalage looked thoughtfully at his photograph. Yes, as Violet had said, his face was a proud one. He could easily be lost beyond recall. She rang him up, and their engagement was announced a few days later.

When Violet heard the news, she dropped her eyelids, and said, "Things always seem to happen when I come into a house."

She looked out of the window with a duster in her hand. "The master and his roses," she said. "It's as well to have a passion, even if it's only for flowers. My last gentleman had one for pictures. Ever so queer they were. You didn't hardly like to look at them. He said a thing I've never forgotten. He said there was some foreign painter that painted women as if they were roses, and roses as if they were women. Something like that makes a difference to your life—gives you ideas. Madam isn't a bit like a rose," she added reflectively, "but Miss Lalage is. It comes out in her."

VIOLET ignored Sophy's disapproving silence and continued to skate blithely over thin ice: It seemed a shame that a gentleman with such a passion for roses should have no rose in his heart. Madam was like an east wind; she fair shriveled one up; but she wasn't going to drive Violet away. So long as there were those that appreciated her, Violet would stay put. They needed her. Oh, but how desperately they needed her! How they had ever got on without her she didn't know. . . .

She constantly seemed to be moving to some secret tune. Mrs. Titmus hated the way she laid the table, posturing and pirouetting like a ballerina; setting down glasses and pepper pots with a turn of the wrist, as though she were mincing to unheard music; stepping back theatrically to regard her handiwork, with her head to one side, as if waiting for the next beat of an invisible baton. Even more irritating was the sound of her singing belowstairs, in raucous emotion, with the vulgar scoop of a street singer who seeks to wring the heart.

But there were other and worse things.

"I don't like the girl, and I never shall," said Mrs. Titmus. "She pesters your father. I caught her taking him a cup of cocoa in the middle of the morning. He's so foolish that I've no doubt he drank it."

"But what harm in that? She meant it kindly. She isn't a bad little thing," Sophy said nervously.

"Nonsense! You girls are idiotic about her. She's *evil.* She's always *saying* things," said Mrs. Titmus, with a pinched look about her mouth. "Yesterday, when she was putting clean sheets on my bed, she said, 'Look, madam, diamonds.' "

"Diamonds?" Sophy said blankly.

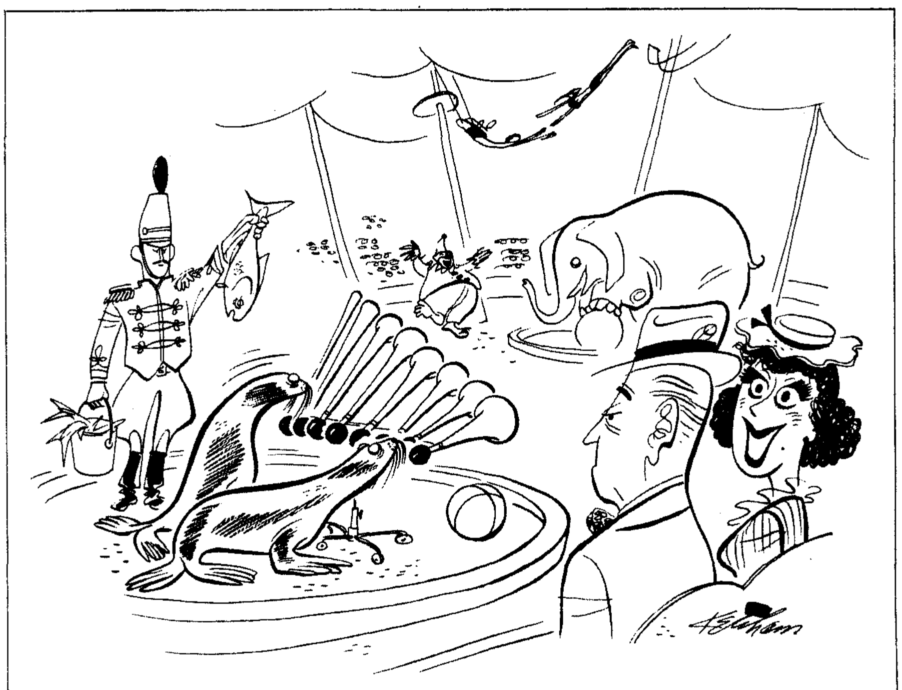
"Yes, diamonds. The sheet had been badly folded in the laundry, and there were little squares down the middle. I wouldn't have noticed them if it hadn't been for her. 'That means death,' she said. I didn't like the look she gave me. If I were ill and alone, I wouldn't care to be at the mercy of that girl."

Morbid, thought Sophy. It was a new aspect of her mother. Was there to be no end to the discoveries one made about one's nearest and dearest?

She looked at her mother's thin face, at the hooked nose and the Greek knot at the back of her head. Her head looked like a teapot, Sophy thought, or like the Indian idol of massive brass that had stood on the hall table ever since she could remember, the head of Lakshmi, the goddess.

Teapot or goddess. Her mother had something of both in her composition. She had comforted her children, and inspired them with fear. And now that one is middle-aged, thought Sophy—who prided herself on facing unpleasant facts—there is no longer need of comfort, but vestiges of the fear remain. I am still afraid sometimes that she can read my thoughts. I still tremble when her eyes go pale. This house, so shabby and so beautiful, is in part her creation, but she has long ceased to take any interest in it. She has become warped about money and won't spend a penny.

Atmosphere is a mysterious thing. Like superimposed wallpapers, atmosphere settles upon atmosphere with the succeeding tenants of an old house. The Titmus atmosphere, Sophy felt, owed some of its richness and duskiness to its predecessors, who dated back to the days of Queen Anne. The sound of the harpsichord, she liked to think, had gone into the old wood. The scent of pomander



COLLIER'S "Darling, they're playing our song!" HANK KETCHAM

Served in the Connecticut Home of
Miss Gladys Swarthout
and her husband
Mr. Frank Chapman

HOLIDAY for MISS SWARTHOUT, *and You*

WHETHER it's MISS GLADYS SWARTHOUT, relaxing in her sunlit music room after a strenuous operatic role—or you, at leisure in your favorite easy chair, you'll find Pabst Blue Ribbon always a pleasant, friendly companion.

That ever-faithful, *real beer flavor* you enjoy in Pabst Blue Ribbon was achieved by 104 years of pioneering in the *Art of Brewing* . . . and the *Science of Blending.*

By tasting, by comparing, you will understand why millions the world over have settled down to the *real beer* enjoyment and satisfaction that come with blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon

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BEER

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STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES—GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

balls was, perhaps, part of the peculiar Titmus smell—faintly peppery, with a hint of Russia leather and petal dust—that permeated their belongings, and even stole out of parcels sent across the seas. All their selves had left slimy invisible trails.

Even the furniture, dumb but sentient, looked as if something of people's personalities had fed and enriched it. Was it too fantastic, Sophy wondered, to imagine that lately the old wood had taken on a darker, stranger glow, a glint as of the reflection of soft black eyes?

ONE sound had certainly haunted the house since the day it was first built, the sound of the bells of St. Petroc's. Now this had a magical significance for Sophy, as did the aromatic poplars in the churchyard and the light that shone through the east window.

"The Reverend Chandos is in the drawing room with Madam. But it's you he came to see, miss," announced Violet, bursting into Sophy's room one afternoon. Sophy's heart turned over, but she closed her book slowly.

Violet stared at her with soft black eyes, the faintest trace of a smirk on her face.

"Did he ask for me?" Sophy asked.

"Not *asked*, miss but there are some things that are known without words. Madam doesn't go to his church, does she? He preaches lovely, I think. Ever so deep. The silver tea service, I suppose, miss? And I'll soon make some scones."

Sophy went slowly down the stairs. If she had been summoned to meet an archangel she could hardly have felt more frightened, more inadequate. Never had she sought the acquaintance of this man who had been so much hers in dreams that she could not bear to face the bleakness of reality. She could not rid herself of the feeling that unwanted love is the basest kind of treachery toward the beloved.

She had made herself free with his mind and his heart without his knowledge. How could he ever forgive her? She had created a world in which he was her lover, because she could not help herself. She knew that one breath of reality could blow her, and her world, to smithereens. And yet there was a terrible, painful excitement in her heart.

It was odd, but when Sophy came into the room, Mr. Chandos' heart gave a sudden leap of recognition. A voice deep within him seemed to say: "This is the face I have been waiting for. This is the woman for me." There was something sculptured and medieval about her.

But Sophy, as she looked into the bright pale eyes that were the color of the sea, that were as cold as aquamarines, was thinking: I shall not be able to endure the agony of loving this man. The touch of his hand seemed alien and terrifying, and left her hand cold and tingling, as though contact with the strange flesh of the beloved had frozen it. She rubbed it against the folds of her skirt, yet the queer, icy glow remained.

Sophy, thought Mrs. Titmus, is behaving like a fool. If one could only *teach* them. For in her reveries, Mrs. Titmus was still the girl she had once been, vivid and vivacious. She remembered the dress she had worn to the Hunt Ball that year. He had kissed her shoulder in the dark. She could never hear the "Invitation to the Waltz" without remembering. But she had lost him a long time ago; she never identified him with *old* Mr. Titmus, though they were one and the same person. It seemed strange now that she should be married to this old changeling. Once she had overheard him talking to himself in the bathroom. "Now, where has she hidden my razor, the old puss!" She had been shocked to the heart.

She came to the rescue of her awkward, helpless child: "My daughter says the singing at St. Petroc's is so beautiful. She is very musical, and has absolute pitch—which is quite uncommon, isn't it? So they tell me."

MR. CHANDOS smiled and looked at his Sophy. Her face was of a pattern that fascinated him, like an ancient map, with its warnings of dragons and other strange indications. It was a unique face. New faces are seldom unfamiliar. They do not come upon us with a shock of strangeness but are easily relegated to the different categories of faces which we draw up in our minds. Only out of history does a face sometimes look out with a hint of alien ineluctable charm. To Mr. Chandos, the face of Sophy Titmus had that quality.

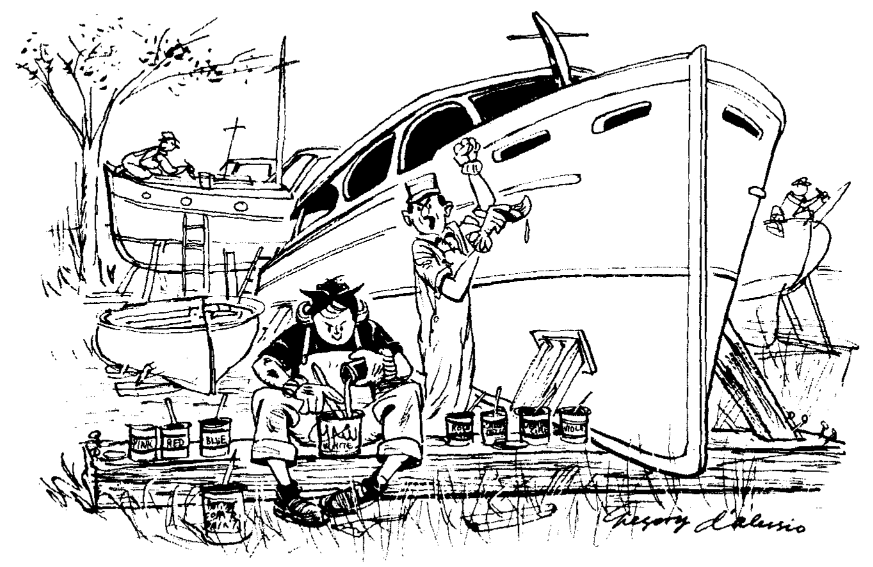
"You are not a communicant. I should have remembered you," said Mr. Chandos, making a pyramid with the joined tips of his fingers and resting his chin upon them.

"No. I am a lost sheep. I came in one evening to hear the anthem, and then you preached, and you quoted Donne. And then I had to join your congregation. But how did you know?"

"A member of your household, Violet Wilson, told me. Did you like my sermon, Miss Titmus?"

"Have I not already told you? I see that priests have their vanities, like other artists." Her voice sounded hollow and

THE SHORE FLEET **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



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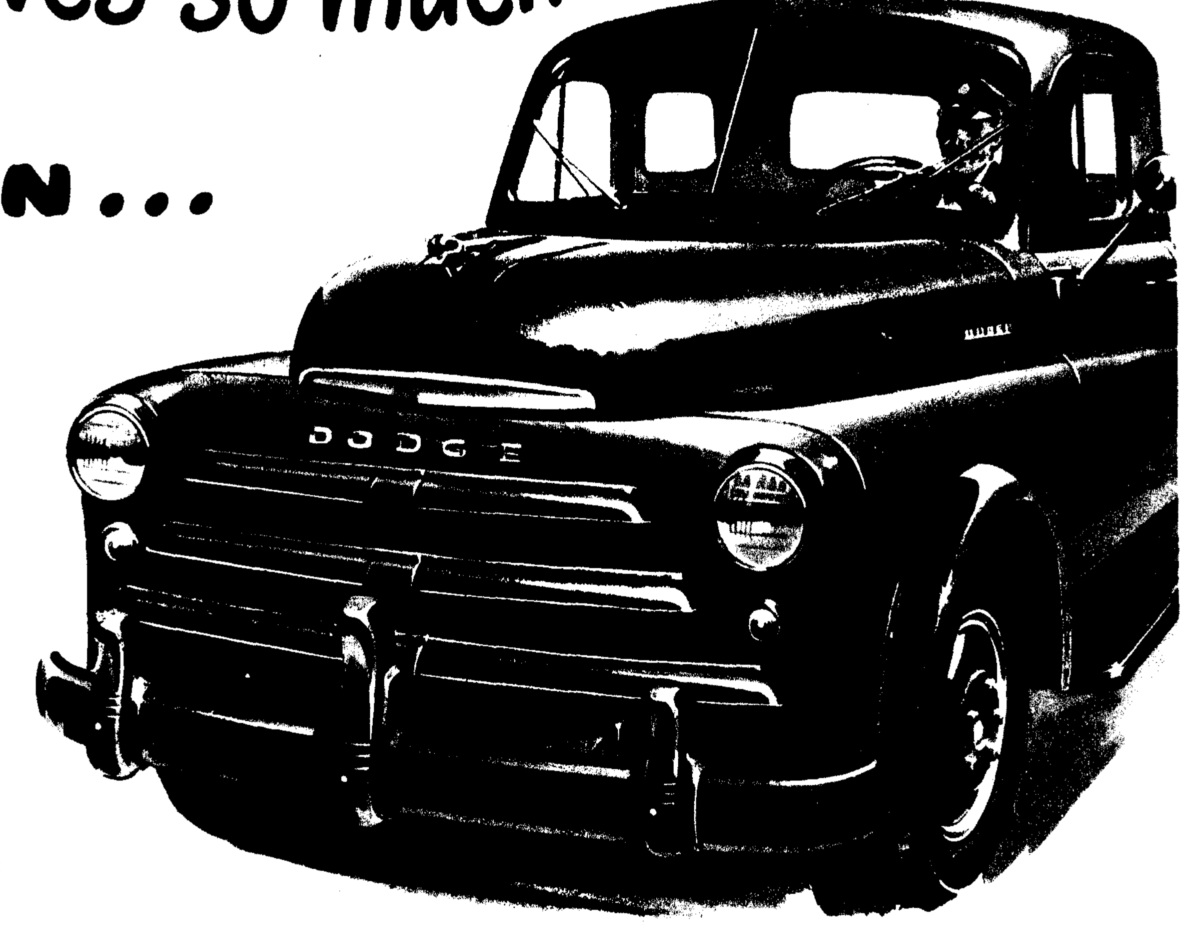

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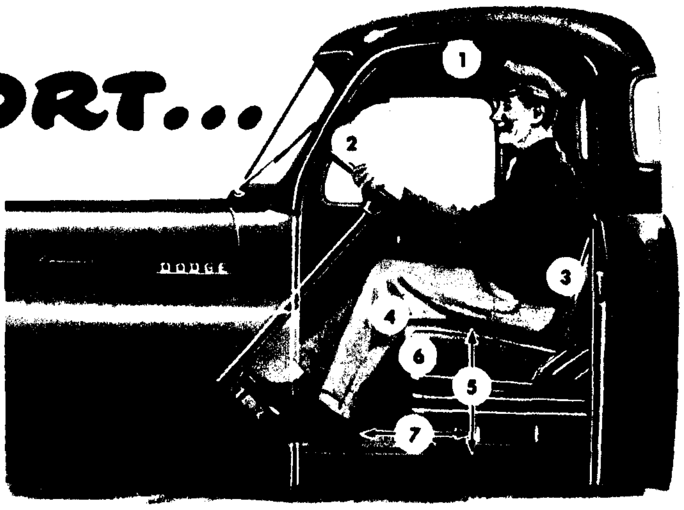

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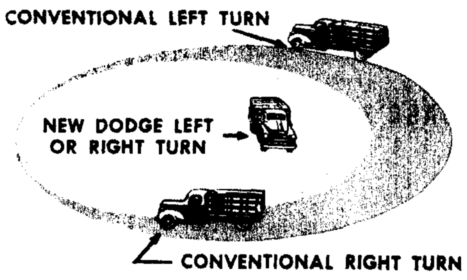

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faraway, like the voice of a stranger echoing in a cave.

A few weeks later, she was thinking amazedly: I had no idea it was as easy as this. I had no idea. I had no idea. For the unimaginable had come to pass. He was no longer an archangel, but her Paul.

She had thought everyone must know it when she came into the house, when she floated in with the moon in her hair. But when she looked in at the drawing-room door, neither Bee nor Lalage seemed aware that something tremendous had happened. Engaged in silly, unimportant things, the poor earth-bound wretches glanced at her indifferently.

SHE retreated and caught Violet carrying a tea tray out of Mr. Titmus' study. The old gentleman had been treated to his wife's best china and the silver muffin dish, which still contained what was left of the forbidden milk toast he enjoyed so much.

A little posy of wild flowers in a wineglass added to the general effect of festivity and loving-kindness. Violet was playing her favorite game of circumventing the mistress. She was watering his withered old heart, shedding the beams of love upon it and reawakening it. She was queering the old cat's pitch.

"Poor old gentleman!" she said, with a sidelong glance. "He does like a little attention." She smirked righteously, and then, catching sight of Sophy's face, nearly dropped the tray.

"Oh, miss! Whatever is it? Your heart's desire come true—that's what it is! I'm *ever* so glad."

There was a strange look of triumph on her face. Then her exuberance faded and her eyes stared past Sophy. Her voice had dropped to a whisper as she said, "Things always seem to happen when I come into a house." Her tone held a curious note of finality, devoid of any wonder.

It really was her doing, thought Sophy, telling Paul about me. I wonder what she does in the evenings? Probably passes the time with that greasy pack of cards I saw in the kitchen.

Violet had never seemed so sympathetic or pitiful to Sophy as she did at that moment. Sophy put her arm about the girl and asked, "Do you play patience alone down here in the evenings?"

"Not me," Violet said. "The cards fall for me the way I want them. It's wonderful to have the gift, and know what they tell you."

Sophy felt a slight chill at the boast and let her arm fall from Violet's shoulders. Her vague apprehension disappeared, however, as she thought again of Paul.

"I shall never forget what I owe you," she said softly.

Violet dropped her eyes. "That's all right, miss," she said. Her face was confident with some secret knowledge as she went on: "And now there's Miss Beatrice, but the cards don't come out right for her. Not yet they don't. A married man, I think, miss, and it'll take some doing to work the cards around that."

"What do you mean? You mustn't say such things! I've never heard such nonsense!" Sophy tried to keep alarm from her voice, but it was difficult as she remembered Bee's recent behavior, and the wedding ring which had dropped from her purse.

"Oh, it's all right, miss. You can trust me. I'm secret as the grave. Miss Beatrice, she's one to be happy. And things may change." She turned to go, but stopped at the green baize door leading to her own quarters, "Death, now, miss," she said. "That's one thing that doesn't change. When the cards say death, death it is." Her bright, black eyes looked steadily at Sophy for a moment, and then she was gone.

Gone back to the ace of spades and the mice, Sophy thought, with a little shiver. She tried to recapture her earlier exhilaration, but, failing to do so, she wearily started up the stairs. Lost in her questioning thoughts of Violet, she failed to notice her mother until she reached the top step and collided with her.

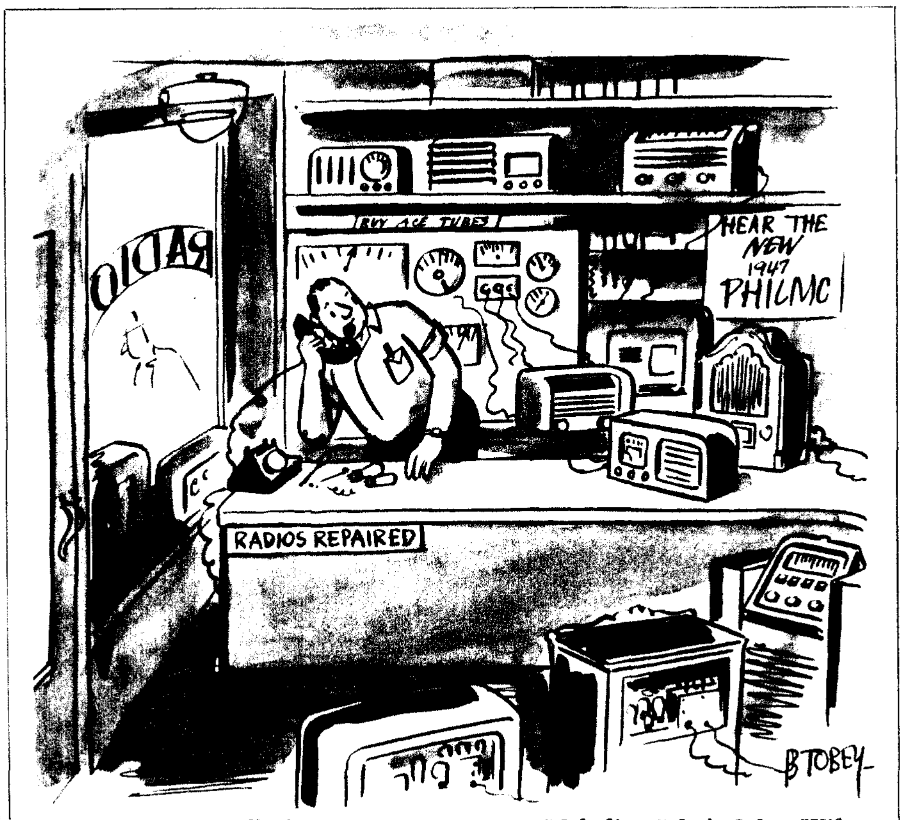
Sophy was shocked at the look on her mother's face. Mrs. Titmus clutched Sophy's arm and leaned on her heavily. She looked as if her pride had crumpled within her, and with it, her strength.

"Sophy," she whispered furtively, her voice breaking. "That girl—that Violet—she must go. I saw her in my room. I saw her *pinching* diamonds in my bed linen. I saw her . . ."

"Oh, darling Mother, she must go at once!" cried Sophy, flinging her arms round the gaunt figure.

For she knew now that Violet with a death-wish in her heart was about as safe to have in the house as a tame cheetah.

THE END



"Oh—Hooper! Well, I'm listening to Matinee Melodies, John's Other Wife, Chambermaid for a Day, Triple or Nothing, and the baseball game—"

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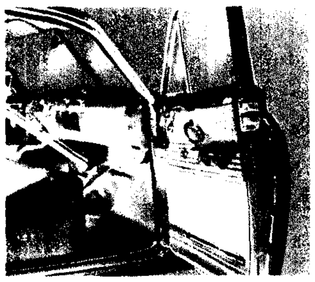

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THE SHEARING AT NELLO

Continued from page 21

even if I was younger. Like all of us they knew that shearing two hundred and fifty sheep a day would kill a cobber on the booze. You can't stand eight hours in the woolshed, unless you're up to the chalk in fitness.

"Time for that when the last fleece is lifted," my Da would say and throw the grog out.

I said the same and got away with it. We weren't being old auntish, either. Every caravan worth its hire left the spirits behind. Even Chap Goron, sot that he was the rest of the year, was too smart to take spirits into the bush. He'd have boozed if it had been there but he was safe out back. There isn't a drop to be had on the stations. It wasn't the will power Chap had, just the cunning. He made up proper for it once he'd finished shearing.

It was my plan to make an early start and get to the first station as the stock was mustered and driven in to the homestead. If I beat Chap by a half hour, the rest of the stations were mine. It was as safe as eggs, for he was a slow starter. So I lit out for Nello, bright as a stockman with ten quid in his pocket.

NELLO is a big station, just off Toowoomba. I'd always liked it there and Dan Terril was square with me and my Da. I'd timed it to the hair. When the wagons pulled over the last crest to look down on Nello's great, rambling homestead, the stockmen were just driving the sheep in from mustering. Watching those flocks flooding through the grassland to the big pens, I thought of the work ahead for the cobbers. They began when we finished. After the shearing, the Merinos are dipped and punched. Then there's a half million or more pounds of wool to be burred and baled before the weaning starts. It's no life for a weakling.

"Well," I said to a mate on the seat beside me as we wiped the dust from our faces, "there's fifty thousand Merinos waiting for our shears and not a bloody sign of Chap Goron!"

"Gor, Benjie," he shouted, "we haven't swizzled him! There's his wagons crossing the rise away there!"

I looked where he pointed and for certain it was Chap! The bongo had got the spoor of my plan in some way and had arrived when we did. I larruped the horses a good welt. We rattled down through the gums and the she-oaks and pulled up at Terril's homestead. But Chap drew in almost alongside us, shouting and waving.

"A smart sprout, aren't you?" he sneered, climbing down from his wagon. "Thinking to dazzle me by jumping the season. You'd have to drive that caravan faster than a bush fire to get the wind of Chap Goron. Pack up your traps and get home, sonny. I'll do the shearing at Nello!" He shook his fist in my face.

"That's to be seen, Goron," I said. "The hiring's up to the station. I'll stand by Dan Terril's say-so."

We went up the walk together to see Dan Terril. He'd come out on the veranda when he heard the commotion; he was still all dust and lather from the mustering. Beside him was his daughter Mavis, as rumpled as he was from helping the station hands. She was rare stock. I'd seen her many a day before, about the woolshed. Today, with the sunlight glinting deep in her hair, she was like something from a picture book. Chap Goron passed by his cursing when he saw her with her father.

"Well, mates, what's the dust-up?" said Dan Terril pleasantly.

"It's for the shearing," Chap said loudly. "I've come to Nello to lift your fleeces, and this bucko has been thinking the work is his."

"Who got here first?" asked Terril.

"We pulled in together," I said quickly before Chap Goron could give him the lie.

Dan Terril didn't say anything then. Much as the work meant to me, I felt sorry for him. He was in a sticky spot. He wanted to give the shearing to me but he didn't trust Chap Goron. If I got the job of work, and the blower pulled my mates from me, or caused trouble so that I couldn't finish the job, he'd be in the devil's own boots. A station owner has a lot of brass sunk in his sheep. There's the store to keep up, stockmen to feed and pay—besides many a quid for the brood rams and ewes. It's all from the wool. If it stays on the jumbucks through the season, you're ruined; you can throw in the counters.

He looked from one to the other of us and my heart sank. I could see he was planning to play it sure and give the shearing to Goron. Coo! How I wished my Da had been there!

"Well," he said uncertainly and looked at Goron. The mucker grinned like a sick kelpie.

"Wait a bit." It was Mavis who broke in, mad at the way things were going. "They both came at one time. The best man should have the shearing." My heart lifted, for I could tell she was for me.

"That's no trouble to decide," said Goron, swaggering before the veranda. "I can beat the tad any way you've a mind to. I smashed him once in Warwick and it would be pleasant to do it again here." He started for me with a mean look, the brown teeth sticking from his face as he snarled.

"Hold on!" said Dan Terril sharply. "There'll be no roughing at Nello! You can settle it shearing. We'll run off a trial tomorrow, just you, Goron, and Benjie Shackler. The winner will do the shearing at Nello by contract."

"That's what I had in mind," said Mavis and gave me a great, broad wink. I smiled back like a daft one.

"Righto! Smashing or shearing, I'll beat him either way." Goron spat and swaggered back to his wagon.

"Thank you, Dan Terril," I said. But I smiled at Mavis. "I'll do my showing in the woolshed." They were brave words but foolish. I didn't have a squatter's prayer in a trial. Mavis smiled and winked at me again. She was a fine sight of a girl and I was grateful. Then I went back to tell the news.

OUT back, a shearing trial is thicker than a race meet. When two top shearers have a go, there's more than the glory in it. The one who wins is the man the mates will work for and the one who gets the contracts. In the spot Goron and I were in, there'd be nothing for a loser. The mates would leave him for the better man. There'd be no more work at the stations. He might as well sell his traps and take up fence mending, or be off for a swagman.

The mates were down when they saw me, though they didn't want me to know it. They could call my chances as well as I could.

It was a glum show at our caravan that night after tucker. I could feel the mates staring at me edgewise, all of them sorry, but ready to shear for Goron when the trial was over. No one even had the heart to bring out the accordion, though over at Goron's they were singing and howling like dingoes.

I lay out away from the wagons and thought about the trial. I had the hand for lifting a fleece as well as Chap Goron and, if anything, a better way with a sheep. It was the sticking I wanted. It doesn't take a big clod to shear, but if a man is heavy he can stay with the

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clipping. That's what tells in a trial when the time is measured—the wind and the grit to run steady, clipping thirty-five or forty brutes every hour. Usually I could spell out a breather at work but tomorrow there would be no time for mooning.

I was lying there wondering whether to chuck it all then, or stay and take the beating, when I heard someone call.

It was Mavis at the edge of the fire. I got up and went over to her. She was my age, I'd guess. I'd always thought of her as a kid in braids. But now I saw her different. She was tall, high-breasted and slim—a woman in spite of her shirt and stockman's breeks. Her hair was bunned tight in the back. In the firelight it was as golden as a wattle blossom.

"Cheero, Benjie Shackler." She smiled soft. "I've come to wish you luck in the trial."

"Thanks, Miss Mavis." The words tumbled all over in my throat, looking at her so pretty. "I'll need more than luck to pin Chap Goron."

"You can trim a jumbuck as well as him! I've seen you shear often at Nello."

"It isn't the style, it's the sticking," I told her. "He's half again my weight. In prime he'll outlast me. It's the lasting that will settle the trial."

"I know, Benjie," she whispered. "You're strong. Keep at Chap till you wear him down!"

"As soon wear a stone with a feather," I said grimly.

"Come off it, Benjie. You may be surprised." She laughed with a sureness I wished I felt. "You must have some trust in yourself. I'm for you, at least, and I'm laying you'll trim Chap Goron tomorrow."

She squeezed my hand and went whistling off in the night. Though I didn't know why, I turned in feeling better.

It must have been two or three hours later when the noise woke me. The mates in Chap Goron's caravan were howling like bloody banshees. Singing, cursing, dusting up with one another—like a pack of Bushmen they were. The squalling was a lullaby to me. Mates don't take on like that unless they've got spirits. Chap Goron would never stay away from spirits in his own caravan. I hoped he felt cocky enough to get a proper swill and be dotty in the morning. I'd have a chance with him fuddled. True, it was his own pelt, but he was a rum sot to be boozing in the back country.

Coo! But I turned over and slept happy.

THE next morning we had a quick tucker and the mates went with me down to the pens. The red dust came up in clouds from under our boots. Already the sun was hot and burning, so early in the day. It was going to be a fair sizzler. The heat would be cruel on a man in the woolshed. We met Chap Goron and his mates on the way and I've never seen a more sour lot. They'd been boozing for certain, Chap Goron with the rest. His eyes looked like dry bush holes, his face was flaming and he was in a vile temper.

"Cheero, Chap," I said civil-like. "It's a blazing day for the trial."

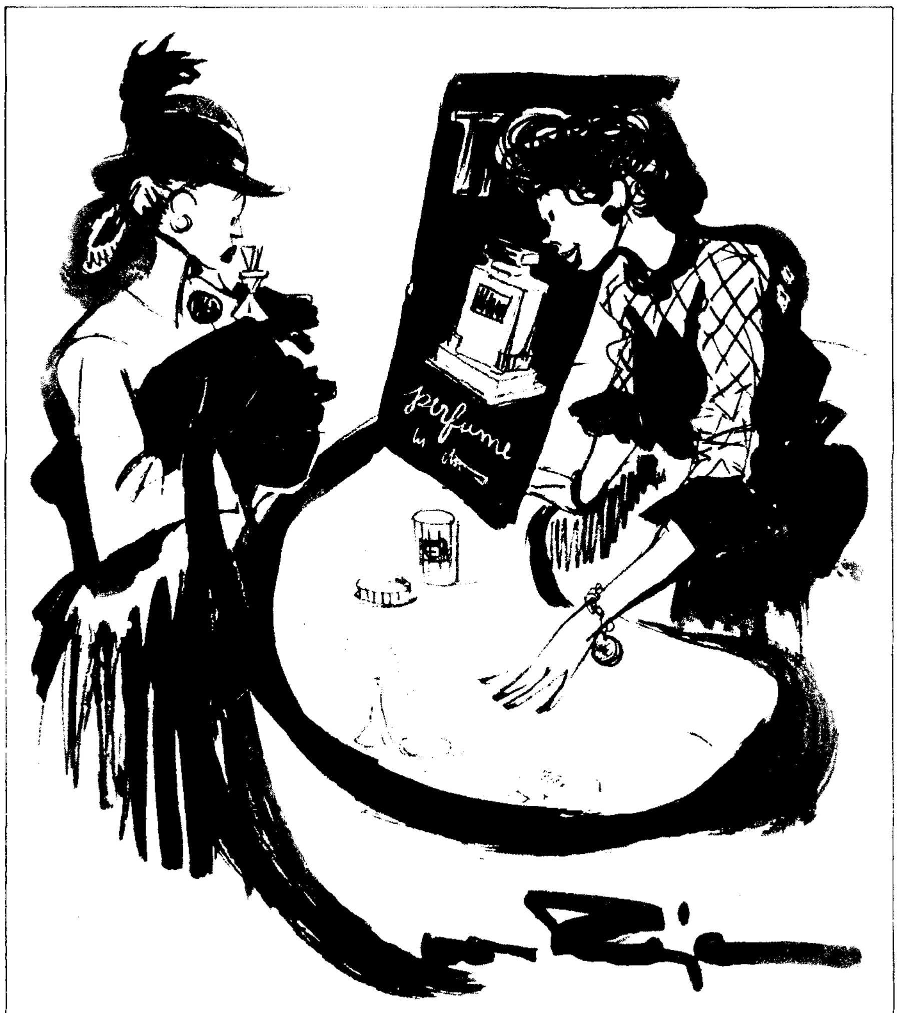
"Blast your bloody tongue!" he growled. "I'll teach you shearing proper, Shackler! And smash you in the bargain when I've finished."

I didn't answer but walked on, wondering why he'd been fool enough to get fuzzy, but proper thankful that he had.

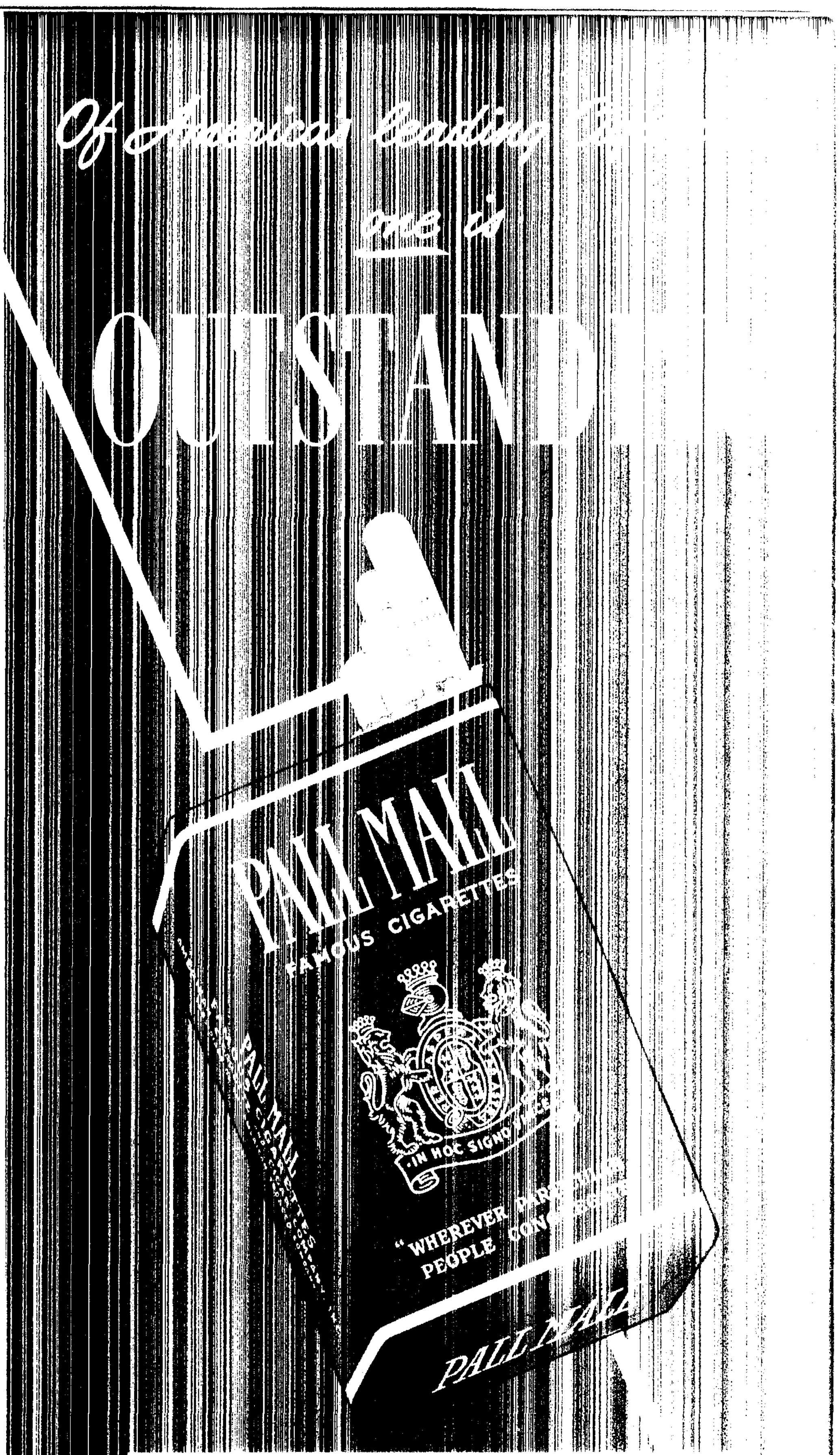
We stripped to the waist outside the woolshed, plugged in the shears and were ready. We shear with power on the downs now. In the early days, when my Da was starting, it was all hand clipping and twice the work. As it is now, there's still no lark to it. The handler keeps the brutes in the chute and trots them over as you're ready. When they're shorn, two stockmen seize them for the dip, paint the flock mark on the rump and hustle them to the pen. There's little stopping when the work's started and it grows worse as the day wears.

There's one secret of a good shearer.

"Benjie," my Da would tell me, "a jumbuck's jumpy enough without mauling. The flock's been mustered, driven and penned till it's crazy. A jumbuck stands in the chute with the wind up and



COLLIER'S "It practically whistles at the men" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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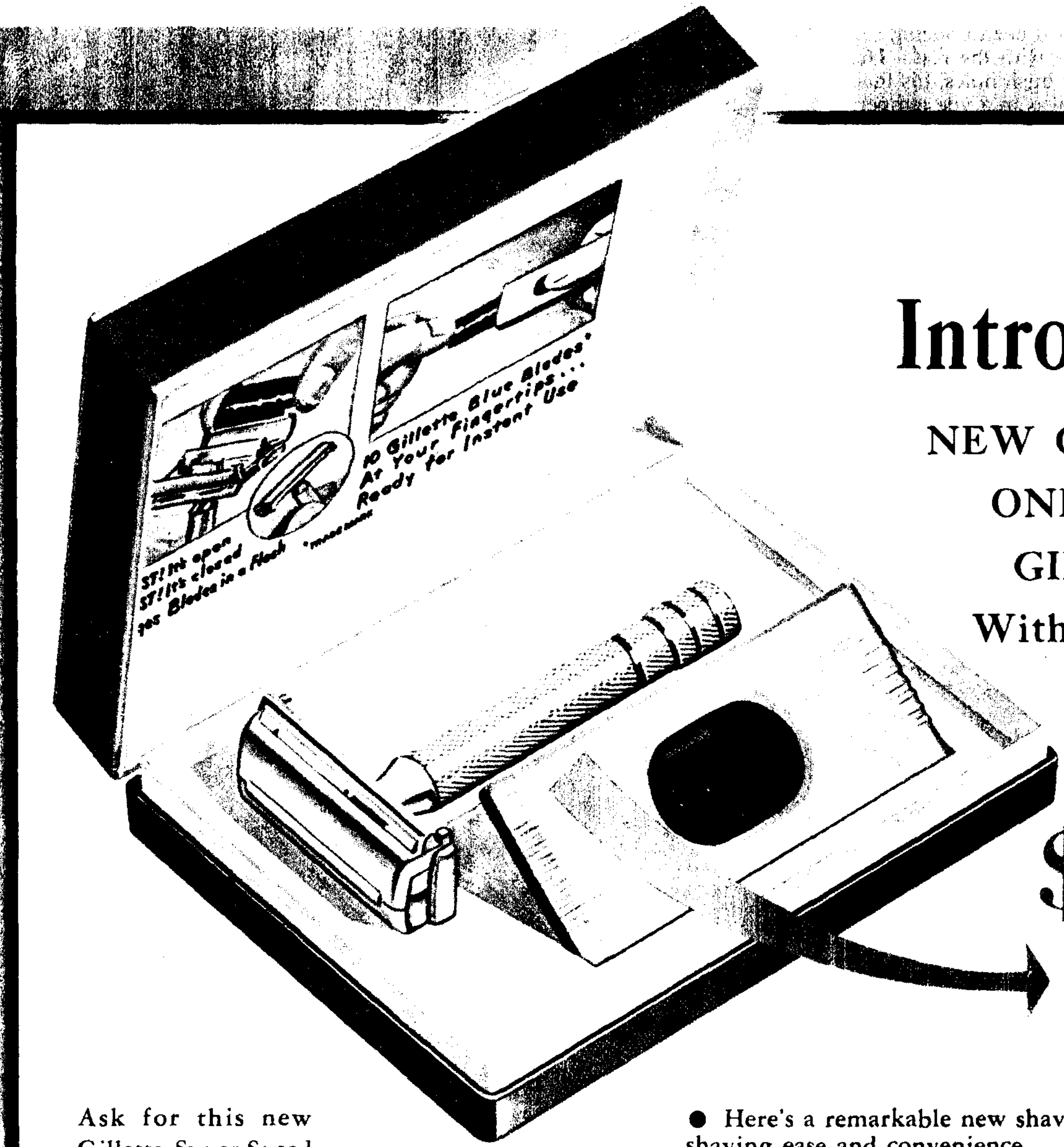

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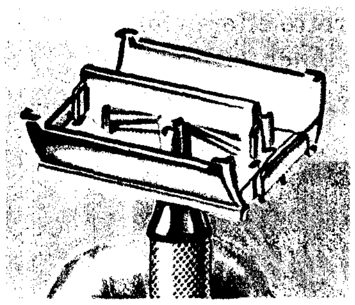
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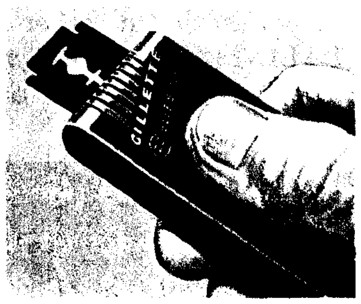
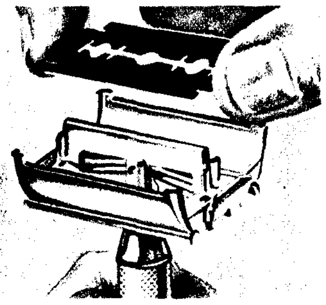
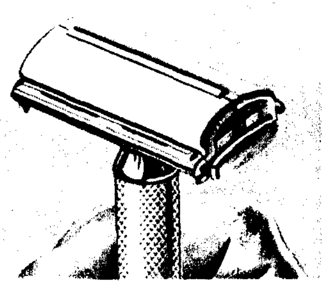
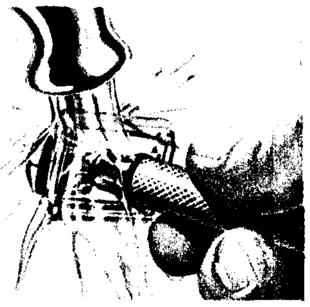

Zip...
There's a New Blade!

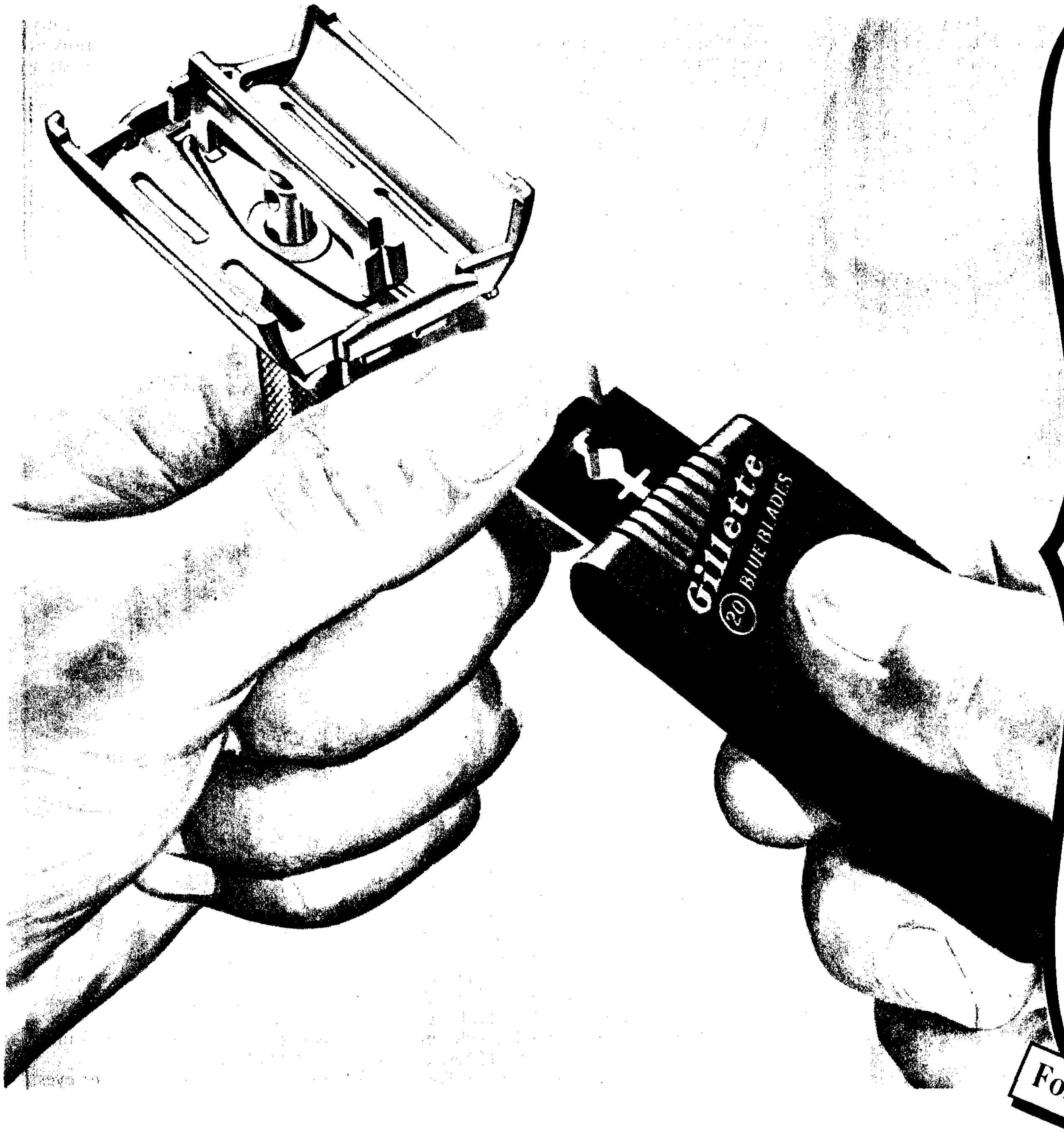

Presto...
Your Razor's Loaded!


Twist...
You're Ready to Shave!


To clean...
Loosen, Rinse, Shake!

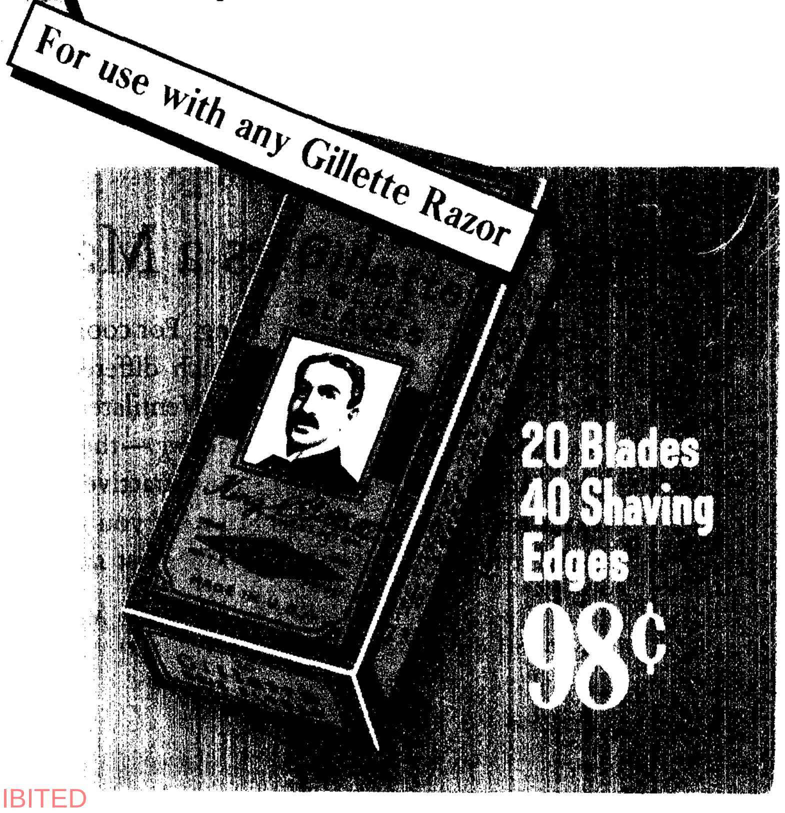
look *SHARP!* **feel** *SHARP!* **be** *SHARP!* **use Gillette Blue Blades** WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

Dispenser



ZIP!

and there's a new Gillette Blue Blade unwrapped and ready for your razor



Handy Container Puts 20 Gillette Blue Blades—40 Easy-Shaving Edges—At Your Finger Tips. You Save Time and Bother—Shave Far Quicker

NOW Gillette introduces the revolutionary new Gillette Blue Blade Dispenser to make blade changing a cinch and shaving faster and more convenient than ever before. Just think, the Gillette Dispenser deals out 20 Gillette Blue Blades—with 40 super-keen shaving edges—one at a time, unwrapped and ready for use! A simple thrust of your thumb and ZIP—there's a new blade. The handsome plastic container holds the blades firmly. Their beautifully finished edges cannot touch the case even while being ejected. They're perfectly protected, reach you *factory-sharp* and stay that way until used. You pay only the regular price of the blades alone . . . nothing extra for the Dispenser. And when it's empty, just throw it away. Get a Gillette Blue Blade Dispenser and enjoy extra shaving convenience.

Gillette Safety Razor Company

(Prices apply in United States only.)

The Cordova
Style 376
Ventilated
Two-tone Combination

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

In These Shoes a Man will *Live*

Comfort is vital to effective living. For cool foot comfort in warm weather it is amazing how much difference a few holes make! Treat yourself to Nunn-Bush Ventilateds. With Nunn-Bush Ventilateds you get *Ankle-Fashioning*—the ingenious Nunn-Bush development which makes shoe attractiveness last through many extra miles of enjoyment. See what you get when a maker earnestly strives to build the world's most *satisfying* shoes for men.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant
NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

wants to fight through the shearing. You've got to show the brute you're kind and doing a favor. If it feels that way in your hands, the job's half over."

I was thinking of that and the other points my Da had told me and trembling a bit waiting. Chap Goron looked as big as a house. I knew I'd never best him. But I liked the way he rubbed his eyes and snarled with ill temper. His head must have felt a fair twister.

"Are you ready?" said Dan Terril, waiting to give the handlers the word.

I nodded and Chap Goron shouted. Mavis was standing by her father, looking even prettier than she had the night before. When she smiled, it was like the sun on the bush in the morning.

"Remember," said Dan Terril slowly. "This trial will run eight hours. You can stop or work as you like, but at the end of that time the one who's lifted the most fleeces has the Nello contract. It will be fair play here, lads."

WITH that he called to the handlers and the trial started. It's a fine thing to lift a fleece tidy. You take the sheep between the knees, clip the belly wool separate, then peel the rest of the fleece in a piece. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back! Throw the fleece and bawl for another. In the rhythm of shearing you feel you're a part of the sheep and the wool it's growing: Get a thinnish one, you decide it's the blood strain; feel a wool break, there's been drought or bad country; lift a fifteen-pounder, you're proud as a peacock.

That's the way I feel shearing and it was that way at Nello, trial or no. I stood there in the dust and sun, lifting them easy. The heat didn't bother me, or the noise, or the slippery feel of wool grease on my arms and fingers. As for Chap Goron he might have been in Brisbane! I thought of nothing in the world but the wool and its lifting. Each sheep was part of the run, yet each one was different. There were big rams I coaxed and ewes I comforted. There was burry wool and clean clipping, Merinos and Lincoln-Merinos, scared sheep and mad sheep, bleaters and dumb ones.

We broke for elevenses and the mates crowded around me.

"Keep it up," they whispered. "You're riding his tail and he's tiring proper. The grog he had last night is slowing him."

I bolted my tea and we went back to the woolshed. Chap Goron had stopped sneering now. He was sweating and his big chest was heaving with exertion. But he was still leading me.

I got into the rhythm again and forgot all about him. The sun was hotter and the dust drier but the sheep kept on coming. I didn't hurry or maul a brute. If you start that, you'll nick the pelt and what a bloody time that is! The jumbuck bleating and twisting between your legs while you're trying to clip him. No, the thing is to run steady, hold them easy, lift the fleece tidy. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back!

When we stopped at one o'clock for tucker, I was tired. But Chap Goron looked fair winded. We flopped in the shade of the woolshed to eat and Mavis Terril came to talk to me. Her eyes were shining.

"You're running a nailing good show, Benjie," she said. "You're ten behind but you'll beat him!"

Looking at the bulk of Chap Goron stretched out on the ground, I believed it for the first time. He wasn't boasting now and his eyes looked panicky. The long muscles in his back were twitching with weariness. I knew that the pits of his knees ached, that the breath was like fire in his lungs. Let him once get the wind up and the Nello contract was mine.

Da, I thought, I'll trim the mucker for you or drop in the woolshed trying!

The afternoon was bloody hell. The air was like a furnace. The sheep were bleating with fear and heat, milling about the pens to send clouds of brick-red dust drifting into the woolshed. The wool grease stuck to our bodies, and the dirt caked on the wool grease. My arms began to ache now. My spine felt as if it would snap, and my eyeballs burned in their sockets. The only comfort I had was the thought of what Chap was going through, with the booze like poison in his system.

I didn't hurry a bit, but Chap began to. I could see him in the tail of my eye, fumbling now and not sure like he should be. After a time I heard what he got for his haste. Chap's sheep were bleating, high and fierce, which meant he was nicking them. You can pick out the cry of a hurt sheep above all the noises at shearing. His jumbucks were twisting against the shears. Once that begins, there's nothing to do but fight them. The extra strain began to tell on Chap. Coo! He was cursing like a ruddy navvy!

At four o'clock I thought I'd never get through the last hour. My arms were like lead, the shears felt like a slippery stone in my hands. I thought my knees would buckle with the ache in them. I dragged the air into me with gasps, and with every one, my chest exploded. The motes of dust were wheeling like pin wheels in the sun. I stopped thinking of Chap, of the Nello contract. of the run off St. George. There was nothing in the world but my sore body and a chute full of sheep with their fleece to be lifted. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back!

I was fumbling for the next one when I heard the mates yelling. Five o'clock. The trial was over.

"Did I trim Chap?" I croaked, licking the crust of my lips. The faces were reeling before me, I was that stoned.

"Trim him and more, Benjie Shackler!" shouted Dan Terril. "He crocked out the fifteen minutes past. You've clipped two hundred and ninety sheep and my hat's off to you, bucko!"

All I thought was: Da, I've done it! Then I fell like a stone on my face in the dust of the woolshed.

WHEN I came round, Chap had nipped off and his mates came over to my caravan. He was finished on my runs, pegged out as a top shearer in the down country. He'd got what he'd sung for, no less. While we finished the shearing at Nello I'd sit on the homestead veranda at night after tucker, talking to Mavis about the run off St. George. The moon was all spangles on her hair through the leaves of the gum trees.

"Benjie," she said one night, "it sounds like a fine spot of sheep land."

"It's that." I looked deep in her eyes. "And someday it will have the tidiest homestead that's ever been seen on a station." The look she gave back made me cocky and bold, so I gassed on a bit about my prospects. "It's all thanks to you, Mavis, for standing up for me with your father. And"—for I had to be honest—"to the thickness of Chap Goron who was daft to bring spirits with him."

"Shhh!" she laid a finger on my lips and looked back through the open window. "It will be hard enough explaining when Father finds out. There's four tins of methylated spirits gone from the storeroom. And we're the only two who know where the key is kept." She smiled when my jaw dropped open.

"Don't worry," she said, "I sold them to Goron the eve of the trial for enough to replace them and more."

I used to think my Da was pert. Coo! There's not a cobber in Queensland or New South Wales could match tricks with a woman!

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

mother of three nurses, say that the fault lies in the schools of nursing. The cost of training is too high. Because they lack the $350 to $400 for tuition, plus enough money to take care of clothes and other necessities during their three years of training, would-be nurses must turn to other work. The answer? Free tuition and a small remuneration each month: not more than $10 per month.

Mrs. J. J. Crowley, Avoca, Minn.

BREAK UP THE YANKEES

Dear Sir: It would be a relief to pick up a magazine or paper without hearing about the New York Yankees.

On your cover for March 6th you picture Frank Shea and proceed to relate in The Week's Work why he is the undisputed Rookie Pitcher of the Year in the American League. Mr. Ted Shane, who is probably another narrow-minded New York sports writer, says Shea had a mark of 14-4 last year. Actually he lost 5.

In my opinion rookie Bill McCahan, who won 10 and lost 5 for the Philadelphia Athletics, is just as good or better. He also pitched a no-hit, no-run game which the New York writers tried to overlook. Besides, McCahan was pitching for a fifth-place club while Shea was working for the world champs. You probably won't print this for fear of offending some smug, mite-minded New Yorkers.

Jerry Cao, College High School, Pittsburg, Kan.

Shane, a Yankee fan, hates Philadelphia, deliberately falsified Shea's pitching record and doped all New York sports writers into overlooking the no-hitter.

SHARE THE CAPITAL

Dear Sir: Referring to the next ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Washington Party Line (Mar. 6th), you say, "Robert Butler, Minneapolis banker, etc." For your information the Robert Butler referred to lives at 1347 Summit Avenue, St. Paul. Your informant, like many other people, thinks there is only one city in Minnesota; they, like you, are mistaken.

H. G. Brant, St. Paul, Minn.

Why not unite the rival cities—St. Minnie-Paul? Too many partitions now.

TAFT-HARTLEY FLAW?

Sirs: Collier's rendered a distinct disservice to fifteen million Americans by Senator Taft's article Toward Peace In Labor (Mar. 6th). Taft, as an avowed aspirant to the Republican nomination for the Presidency, received valuable publicity and at the same time struck another telling blow for the reactionary forces which would undo all the good that has been achieved by social reforms of the past two decades.

Ralph White, West Monroe, La.

. . . Strangely, Senator Taft's article didn't irritate me. I only thought of something the late Senator George W. Norris said: "No matter how temporarily dark and depressing the skies may be, social progress, despite its setbacks, always has been upward and onward. Each reverse resulting from a reappearance of reactionary practices and thought has been followed by new peaks of enlightened social conceptions."

Mrs. William R. Knott, Decatur, Ill.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

Gentlemen: Enjoyed the fine description of Santa Anita (The Track That Doc Built, Mar. 13th) by Cameron Shipp. However, if your reporter checks back he will find that On Trust did not win the Santa Anita Handicap on March 1, 1947, but that Olhaverry, the eight-year-old from Chile, was first. Stitch Again was second and Père Time finished third.

I was one of the 85,000 present that day.

Paul Haugen, Minneapolis, Minn.

Right. We had the right race, the wrong horse. On Trust won the Santa Anita Derby the following week. Maybe Shipp was there the same misty day that Bunny McLeod, enveloped in fog, ismed, "It's so foggy I can't see my face in front of me!"

CHAFIK AS IN TRAFIK

Gentlemen: Am curious about the pronunciation of the Inspector's name in the Charles B. Child stories illustrated by John Pike. Does it rhyme with traffic? Regardless of the sound effects, I wish to offer my compliments to both Mr. Child and Mr. Pike.

Norman E. Cooke, Los Angeles, Cal.

PRIZE CONTEST

Dear Mr. Littauer: Please accept our most cordial congratulations for the work that Collier's is doing in the field of promoting better intergroup relations. Two fiction stories which appeared in Collier's have received first and fifth prizes in the last quarter-annual contest of the bureau.

This brings to four the number of Collier's stories which have been awarded such prizes during the last year. Keep up the good work.

Hila Thompson, Contest Editor, Bureau for Intercultural Education, New York, N. Y.

Winners: First Prize, The Outcasts, by B. J. Chute, Oct. 18, '47; Fifth Prize, The Girl He Brought Home, by Hortense Lion, Nov. 29, '47.

DEFENSE OF CANADA

Gentlemen: If Mrs. Rogers of Atlanta, Georgia, would set aside her spleen long enough to learn something about Canada she would not write insulting letters about our best friend and close neighbor (The Week's Mail, Mar. 13th).

Canadians enjoy as much and perhaps slightly more freedom than we do. Statistics prove that the Canadian standard of living is higher.

Canadian universities have such a high standard of education that professional graduates are eagerly sought after by our industries.

Without Canadian uranium we would not have an A-bomb.

Lastly, since there is so much mistaken opinion to the contrary, does Mrs. Rogers know that Canada paid cash for all materials bought from this country during the war? That they did not receive one cent of Lend-Lease and that per capita their contribution in blood and money was a great deal higher than our own?

Shamus O'Hagan, Canton, Conn.

NITHE MITH BLYTHE

Sirs: Too much dog, not enough girl on your Mar. 20th cover. Can't you lock up the dog somewhere and show us more of Miss Blythe?

Eric Platt, Newton, Mass.

It's a pleasure.

SHERM CLARK

HEADS A CORPORATION...

...but he's heading for failure

He is doing a great job today . . . laying strong foundations for his company's future. Yet, he has no clear plan for his family's tomorrow. Meanwhile, if anything happens to him, his family's security will be swept away. There's a way to prevent this failure.

HEADS A DEPARTMENT...

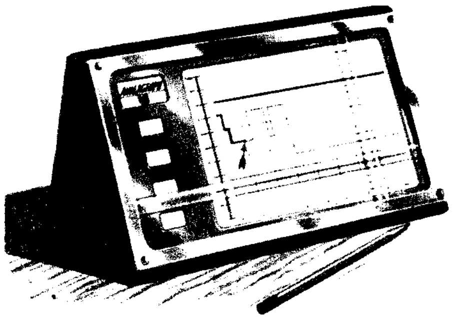
...and he's heading for success

He is climbing the ladder. His modest assets . . . life insurance, war bonds, savings, Social Security . . . are the basis of a plan for the future. It can be developed step-by-step. A debt-free home, college for his children, and his retirement are all charted the *Analagraph** way.

Don't guess about your future...

Analagraph it!

■ With the Mutual Benefit's exclusive *Analagraph* you can chart a practical plan for your family's future . . . a plan easily adjustable to changing income and needs. You will see clearly exactly how much all your property, including life insurance, will bring as income... for your family's protection if you die . . . for your retirement if you live.



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ORGANIZED IN 1845 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

*TRADEMARK, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

...GIVES A BRILLIANT LUSTRE!

Exclusive DuPont formula speeds car polishing

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is shown still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with Du Pont NO. 7 POLISH.

DU PONT Nº7 POLISH

CONTAINS "STROKE SAVING" METHYL CELLULOSE

Car polishing doesn't have to take all day. You can do the job quickly and easily with NO. 7 POLISH. It is made by a patented, exclusive Du Pont formula . . . removes dirt and grime quickly, without tedious scrubbing. And it cleans up *fast*, leaving a dry, brilliant shine. Use NO. 7 POLISH as a short-cut to "showroom shine"!

DU PONT POLISH AND CLEANER FOR ALL CAR FINISHES

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Attention . . . NEW CAR OWNERS! Here's a wax-polish made especially for *new* cars—and others whose finish is in first-class condition. It cleans and wax-polishes in one easy operation. Gives a brilliant lustre. Keeps cars looking new.

DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

OUT WHERE THE WEST ENDS

Continued from page 22

forward-thinker dubbed the place the Oregon Caves, with the emphasis on Oregon. This saved it from becoming a California attraction and being annexed to Los Angeles.

The Department of the Interior may think it owns the caves, but the real boss is old Dick Rowley, a lithe, spry Colorado hard-rock miner, who has practically lived in them for thirty-seven years. Dick guides tourists through all summer and hacks out more passages all winter. He estimates he has made fifty thousand trips through the caves, covering about a hundred thousand miles underground. He started back in the days when visitors lighted their way with pine torches, worked up through candles and miners' lamps and now parades through two miles of electrically lighted aisles of stalactites and stalagmites.

There has been one marriage in the caves, no deaths and no births, although several imaginative ladies have tried to have babies in some of the more spectacular halls inside the mountain. Mr. Rowley always keeps a sharp lookout for this sort of thing, however, and has won every time up to now. No one ever got lost in the caves, either, for longer than overnight. Timid trampers through the tombs are reassured that "We always get better than 90 per cent of the tourists out safely."

The caves are publicized by a group of about forty businessmen at Grants Pass, the nearest city. They call themselves the Oregon Cavemen, dress in coyote skins, carry clubs and elect a Cave Queen and several princesses each year.

In fact, almost every girl in Oregon has been a queen of some sort, or will be one if she doesn't watch out. This is due to the large number of local fiestas staged by Oregonians to catch the tourist trade. Visitors are always happy to participate, particularly if something is being given away, which it usually is, somewhere. Newport, Oregon, for example, draws crowds every summer by handing out 12,000 free crabs. There are primrose and rose shows, salmon derbies, and potlatches celebrating azaleas, flax, cheese, oysters, strawberries, beans, lumber, huckleberries, turkeys and gladiolas.

Coos Bay runs a Pirate Regatta, Pendleton a Roundup, Hood River an Apple Blossom Festival, Albany a Timber Carnival, Ashland a Shakespearean Week, with handouts for guests. Taft, on the Coast, even runs a Redhead Roundup, but no samples are given away.

By watching dates a tourist in wester Oregon can boon himself with most any thing in the animal, vegetable or minera line.

Western Oregon is a strip four hundred miles deep and about a hundred an fifty wide, with the Columbia River o the north, the California line to the south the crest of the Cascade Range to th east and the Pacific Ocean to the west. I this rectangle you can find almost an sort of climate from lush, semitropica rain forests and all-year green valleys t sand dunes and snow peaks. Parts of i have only fifteen inches of rain; othe parts on the north coast more than a hundred, some years.

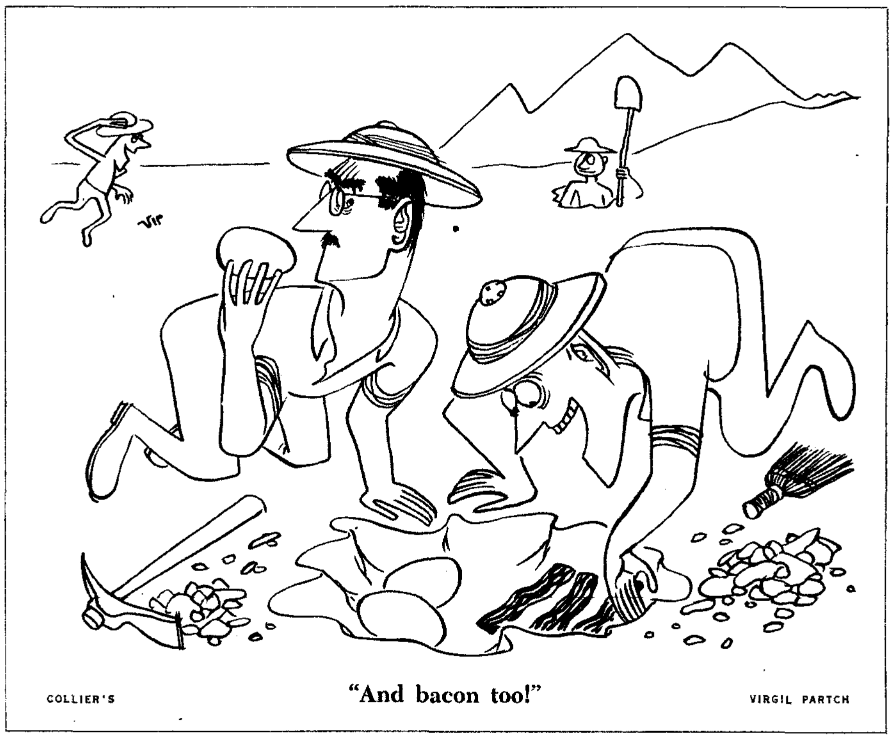
Across this territory from east to wes flow about twenty rivers, fed by more than two thousand creeks rising in the Cascades. These wind through the central high valleys and spill through the Cascade Range passes into the Pacific . . . the Chetco, the Siuslaw, the Rogue, the Pistol and the Nehalem and Umpqua, the Yaquina and the Alsea. Other shorter streams—one of them only four hundred yards long—plunge down the steep slope of the Coast Range into the sea.

What Delights the Tourists

Several surveys—including one by Collier's—have been run to find out what tourists want, and they all come out the same; the tourists just want to look at things. They will look at anything, especially if someone will point it out to them, and are delighted by mountains, sea lions, gold-bearing creeks, lover's leaps, clam beds, pioneer graveyards, rockbound coasts, big trees, caves, lakes and signs saying Watch Out for Deer on Highway. If there is nothing better they will settle for the Oldest Inhabitant, with or without beard.

Oregon is full of Oldest Inhabitants, and their memories (and their fathers' and grandfathers' memories) paint a colorful picture of the state's history. An important part of this was centered around the settlement at Champoeg.

The site, now set aside as a state park about 25 miles from Salem, Oregon's capital, dates back to the first white settlement in the Willamette Valley and before that to an Indian village. A Hudson's Bay fur trading post was established here about 1811. In 1841, history says, there were not many Americans in the Oregon country, which included



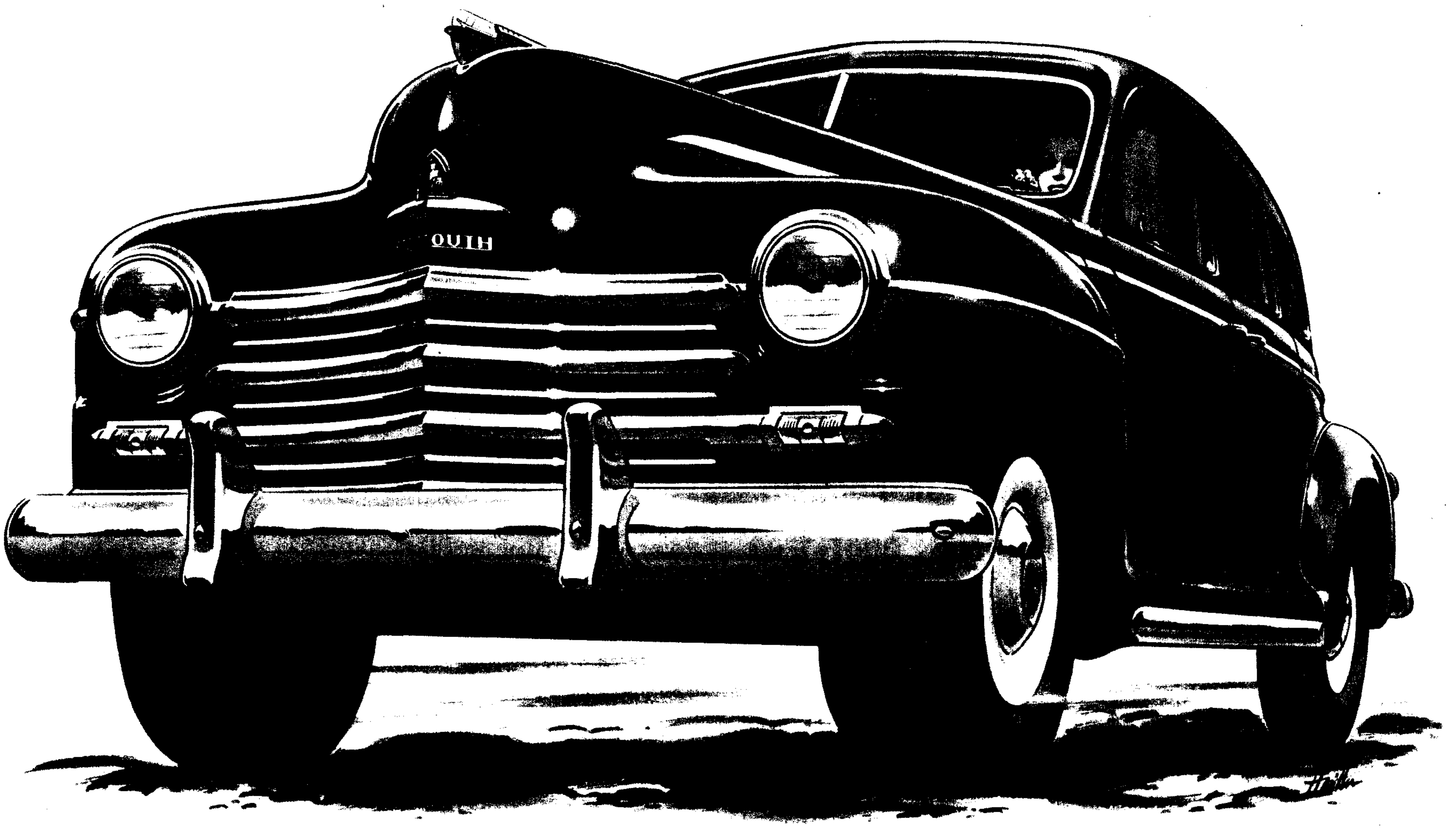
COLLIER'S "And bacon too!" VIRGIL PARTCH

Only Plymouth

GIVES YOU THIS NEW

Safety-Comfort Advancement

IN THE LOWEST-PRICED FIELD



NEW SUPER-CUSHION TIRES ON NEW, WIDER SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

You get far greater driving safety and comfort from this sensational new Plymouth "First"—*Super-Cushion Tires* on *New, Wider Safety-Rim Wheels.* Of the lowest-priced cars, *only Plymouth* offers you both of these great features. And Plymouth gives you *both* as standard equipment.

The new tires are bigger, fatter, softer—require only 24 pounds of air — soak up road shocks from the side as well as from below. They make stopping easier and surer and give you *one-third more tire mileage* than ordinary pre-war tires.

Because these new Super-Cushions run cooler, your chances of tire failure are greatly reduced. But should trouble occur, you have the added, positive protection of Plymouth's famous Safety-Rim Wheels. Patented retaining humps are designed to hold the tire straight and tight on the rim so you can slow to a sure, safe stop.

This combination of Super-Cushion Tires and New, Wider Safety-Rim Wheels — *provided only by Plymouth in the lowest-priced field* — is just one of the basic advantages you get when you get a Plymouth. Your dealer will be glad to show you the famous Quality Chart which proves *Plymouth is the low-priced car most like high-priced cars.*

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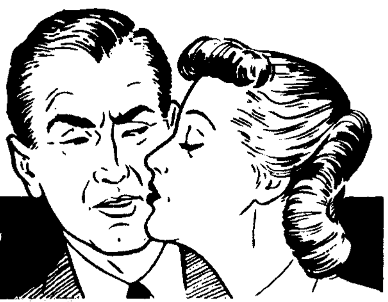
GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



False Teeth?

DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"

You can't Brush Off Denture Breath

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free

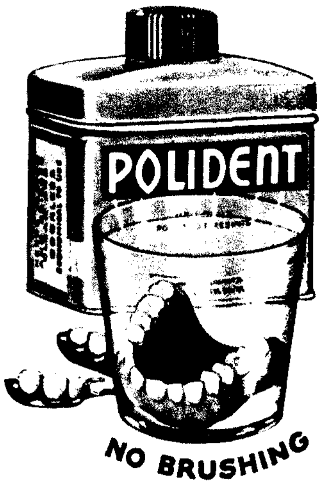
MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser.

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily*

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

POLI·GRIP

Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT

Washington and Idaho, as well as portions of Montana and Wyoming.

Ewing Young was one of these. He had acquired considerable stock and property. When he died in February, 1841, there were no heirs. Nobody knew exactly what to do with his cattle and land, but everybody agreed this situation emphasized the need for some sort of government other than the questionable authority of the Hudson's Bay Company. Besides, the cattle looked good to more than one settler.

In the meantime, Young's stock ran wild and ere long, as they wandered away into the hills, they fell prey to wolves, cougars and such. Then the varmints became more bold and began attacking stock in the settlements themselves.

Meantime the feeling for provisional government grew, and so did the opposition to it. The latter was of such strength that meetings to form or discuss provisional government were discouraged by its supporters, lest the movement be nipped in the bud.

Thus it was that a meeting of the settlers was called under the guise of taking action against the wolves. The first "wolf meeting" was held at the house of W. H. Gray, February 2, 1843, when a small committee was appointed. The next session was held in March and a third soon after in Oregon City. May 2, 1843, was set as the final organization date.

To many the meeting was to be another "wolf session"—especially to British subjects or Hudson's Bay followers who came. It was at first called in the office corner of the Hudson's Bay warehouse at Champoeg. When the true purpose of the meeting became apparent, company employees kicked out the session, which they figured was being held for seditious purposes. So the Americans withdrew to a field not far away; the others came along.

Big Joe Meek yelled: "Who's for a divide? All in favor follow me."

So when the choosing of sides was over, there were 50 on Meek's side for provisional government. There were 50 on the other side to save the region for Great Britain.

That's where Étienne Lucier and F. X. Matthieu, French Canadians, came in. As a pair they were undecided. They hadn't gone to either side. Lucier figured a vote for U.S.A. would mean taxes on everything, but Matthieu, who lived with Lucier, talked him into coming over to the U.S.A. side. So by a majority of two votes, "local" or provisional government went into effect for the great Oregon country.

In a big flood of 1861 most of the Champoeg settlement was washed away, with the exception of two saloons. The town was never rebuilt. Back in 1900 the last survivor of the Champoeg meeting, François Xavier Matthieu, who saved Oregon for the U.S.A., determined the site of the historic palaver. Today a monument marks the spot. A museum is near by. Sons and daughters of pioneers now come to the park every year for ceremonies paying honor to the old-timers.

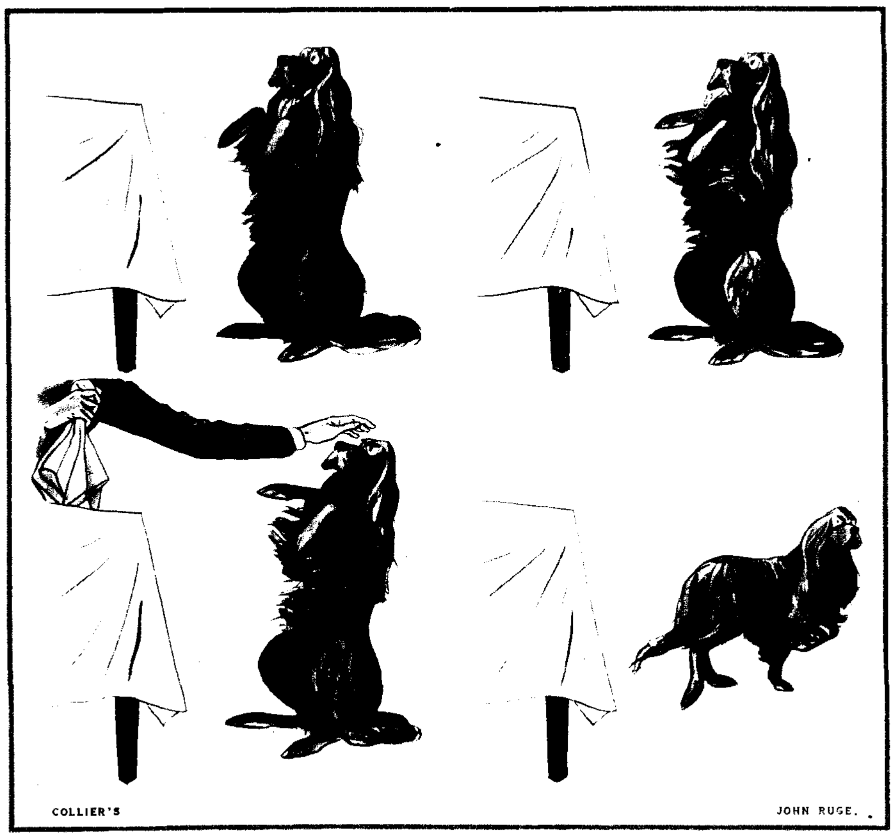
So it was on the basis of the Champoeg activities that the territory of Oregon was established in August, 1848, about the time the emigrant wagons were converging on the Oregon country. A state committee was appointed by the late Governor Earl Snell to work out 1948 observances and celebrations for the territorial centennial. Governors of Washington, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, all once part of the Oregon territory, have been asked to participate.

Pirate Treasure Believed Buried Here

Modern reminders of the old days still exist in Oregon. Treasure hunts for pirate gold are still going on, with searches under way on the slopes of Neahkahnie mountain along the northern Oregon coast on a scale much larger than ever before. A number of lives have been lost and much money has been sunk into the sands. Legends say, and many believe, that pirates came by here in the early 1600s and buried a treasure chest. Maps have been handed down from generation to generation.

At least one group of treasure hunters were hard at it all through the summer and fall of 1947, using a caterpillar, bulldozer, shovel (steam) and donkey. One of the group, Milo Merrill, is credited with 17 years on the job. Merrill hasn't said much about what he is hunting for, but reportedly he has found a lot of beeswax lost by some ship wrecked along the northern Oregon coast. Now, with summer coming on and the treasure-hunting season just beginning, the hole the men have dug is 300 feet wide and from 25 to 30 feet deep. Drills have gone down another 60 feet, but generally speaking one doesn't find beeswax buried like that. So, of course, the rumor of treasure persists.

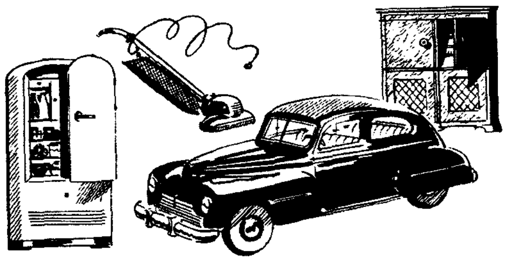
Another treasure hunter made a real contribution to history. Back in 1853



What's in it for you?

1. You've often heard the saying, "Great oaks from little acorns grow." And that certainly holds true in business. Most of America's successful, growing manufacturing concerns started as tiny "acorn" businesses—with hardly more than a good idea or a new product that people might want to buy.

2. You may say, "That's very interesting, but what's in it for *me* when business grows?" To get the right answer to that question, you've first got to consider what makes it *possible* for a business to grow.



3. The only way any firm can grow is by giving better and better service and making better and better products. Which is just another way of saying that the more business grows the more you **and millions of others benefit in terms of better** products at lower prices.

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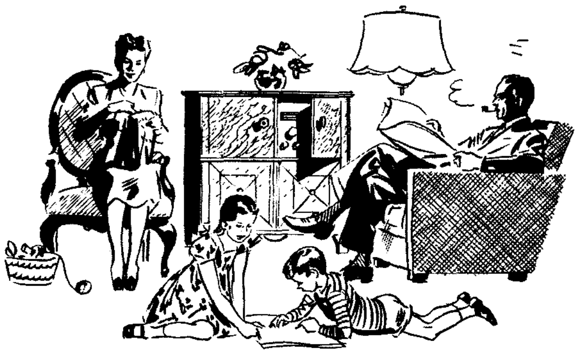
4. It's good for you in other ways, too. Growing business means more jobs for you to choose from—*steadier* jobs with greater security for you and your family. And when the firm you *work for* grows, you have the chance to grow along *with it.*



5. In addition, even the profits earned by successful firms—whether they are small or large concerns—**benefit you in terms of better living.** For a big share of these reasonable profits goes to pay for the expansion that brings more products, more jobs, and greater opportunity for you!

***Most Americans** say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. Government figures show that industry averages less than half that much profit.*

And about half of what industry does make is plowed back to pay for the progress and development that give Americans more good things than any other people on earth!

NATIONAL SSOCIATION OF ANUFACTURERS

Composed of the 16,500 large and small companies
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John Wesley Hillman came to Oregon's gold-rush town, Jacksonville—now the queen city of Oregon's golden yesterdays. He followed a party of Californians into the Cascades to look for a "lost cabin" mine of fabulous wealth.

The search went on for days and days. Finally, on the last day Hillman was going to devote to the search, his trusty donkey followed up a deep slope. All of a sudden the donkey stopped at the edge of the crater of an extinct volcano. Its steep wall ended in a deep blue lake. Thus Hillman discovered Crater Lake.

Crater Lake was "discovered" two or three times after that. A pioneer scouting party came by. They didn't know Hillman had been there and neither did the Fort Klamath soldiers who wandered onto the scene in the early sixties. Hillman might have predated Kilroy if he had had a pencil or a brush.

By 1869 the lake's discovery was permanent. That year it became officially known as Crater Lake. Hillman never gave it a name. He died in Louisiana and never again saw Crater Lake after he discovered it.

Charley True of Medford was the first man to drive a car to the lake's rim. This he did in 1907. Incidentally he is still working at Crater Lake, driving a truck in season. That makes Charley the Crater Lake old-timer, in a way replacing the late Judge William Gladstone Steel, who spent numerous years of his life to have Crater Lake National Park established in 1902.

Charley remembers when teams and buggies came, and how the horses huffed and puffed along a one-way road up steep mountainsides to the rim of the crater. Later he remembers how the early cars hardly made it at all. Now a paved boulevard encircles the lake for 32 miles, with viewpoints along the way for visitors to stop and drink in the beauty.

It's a mile and a half down the crater-wall trail to the water, where hardier visitors can go fishing, boating and launch touring. If they feel ambitious they can climb up Wizard Island, a little volcano inside the big volcano, pushing itself up out of the blue depths to a height of about 700 feet. On the other side of the lake is Phantom Ship, an eerie mass of stone, much like a ghostly ship at anchor. Indians used to think it sailed in the moonlight. Legend says that an Indian princess of long-ago time, when old Mount Mazama filled the heavens with its snowy mass before it was destroyed, pilots Phantom Ship on nights when the moon is bright as she sings of forgotten years and aboriginal glory.

It wasn't so long ago when a tourist asked a ranger who Mr. Crater was. She figured he must have been a great man to have had such a beautiful lake named after him. Then there was the visitor who wanted to know if the containers of gasoline the boat boys were taking down the crater-wall trail to the launches didn't contain bluing to keep the lake blue. There was another visitor who wanted to know if visitors could be naturalized at the park naturalist's office.

One summer ex-President Hoover came to the lake to spend the night at the lodge. A ranger urged him to try fishing Crater Lake. He spent most of the day angling for trout. The ranger met him at the end of the lake trail to drive him to the lodge and inquired about his fishing luck.

Hoover smiled wryly and said, "Those fish must have recognized me." He never had a bite.

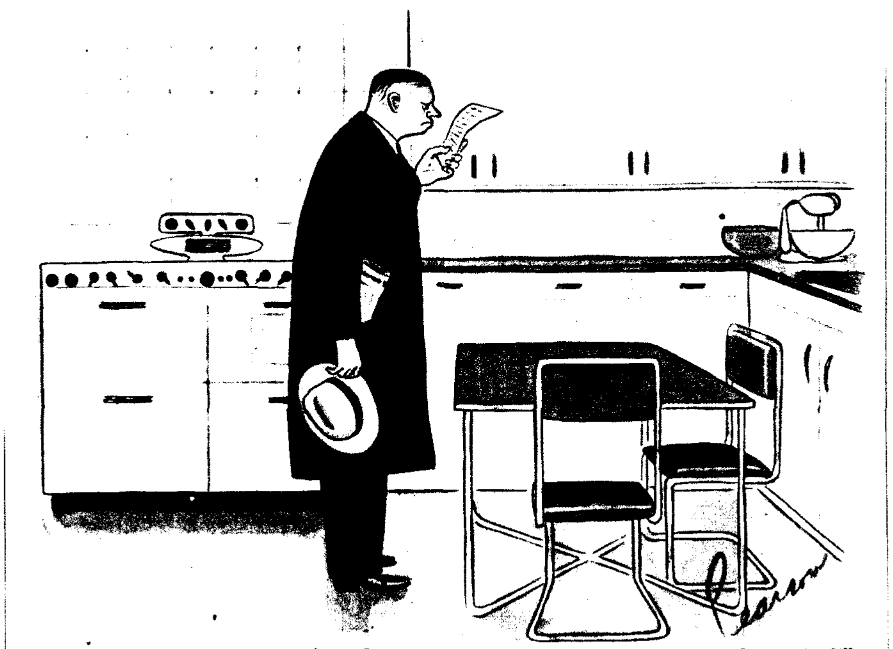
The Vortex Is a Leading Attraction

One of western Oregon's best attractions is its smallest—merely a circle 165 feet, 4½ inches in diameter on Sardine Creek, four miles off U.S. 99 near Gold Hill. This is the Oregon Vortex, as the scientists call it; its tourist name is the House of Mystery. The vortex is either "a spherical field of natural electromagnetic force" or an optical illusion, depending on how scientific you are.

If you stand inside this vortex and look out, people and things appear to grow larger as they recede. If you are on the outside looking in, people grow smaller as they approach you, in defiance of all optical laws. Furthermore, the minute you step into this field of force, you slant toward the magnetic north, and so does everything else—and you can measure the slant with a plumb line.

The vortex has been studied for thirty-seven years by John Litster, a Scot who came to Sardine Creek in 1908, with an M.A. and a B.Sc. from Glasgow. The peculiar phenomenon of the circle he picked up from William McCullough, a Wells Fargo man who came to the creek in 1864. McCullough in turn heard about it from the Indians, who wouldn't go near the place, and won't yet. Neither will birds or animals.

Litster, who says he still doesn't completely understand it, explains that, roughly, the vortex is a huge atomic lens. If you stand inside it, it magnifies; if you stand outside, it minimizes. Yet there is nothing there except clear air. There probably are other vortexes in the hills and, in fact, Litster says he discovered one back in the mountains thirty-five



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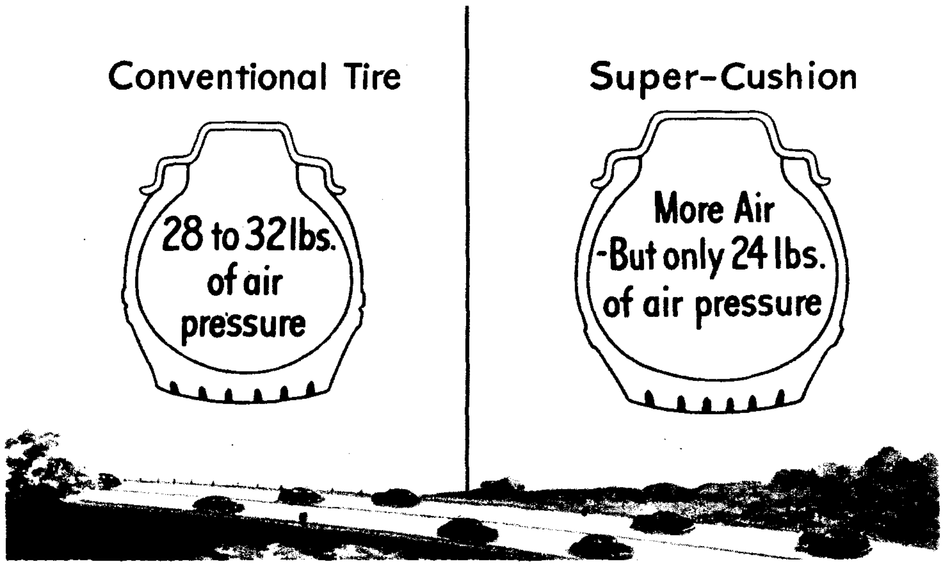
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More Air -But only 24 lbs. of air pressure

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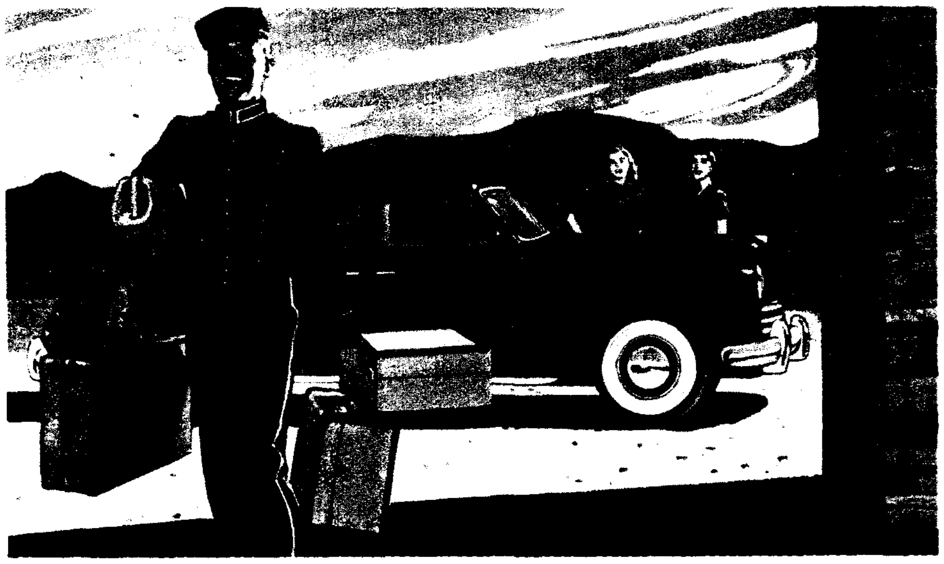
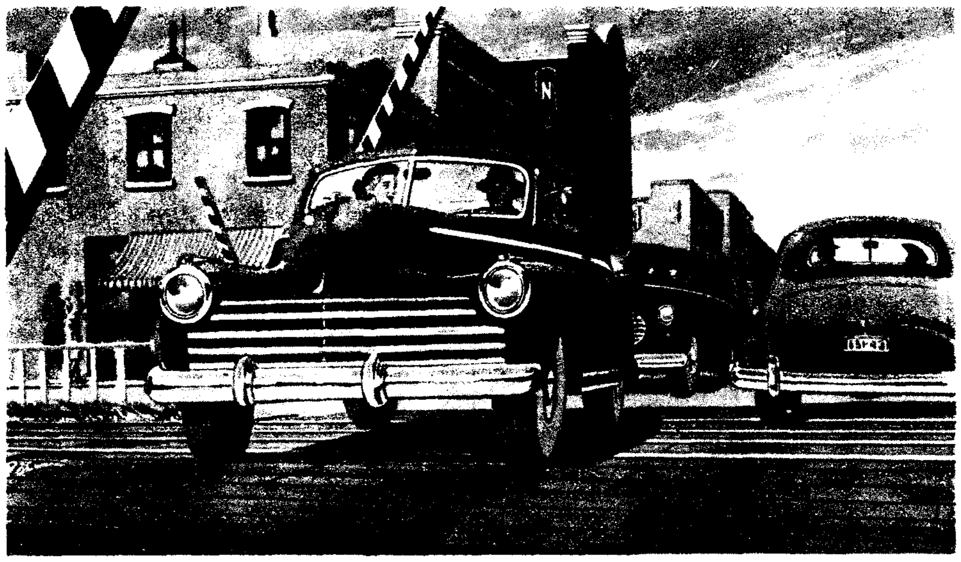
With Super-Cushions on your car, it seems to *hug* the road, to *float* through traffic, to *flow* around curves. You get a new driving ease, a wonderful new feeling of safety and stability!





4. *Greater mileage!*

Super-Cushions run cooler, build up less pressure. (Heat, you know, is a tire's worst enemy.) *Thus Super-Cushions consistently average more mileage than the best standard tires!*

5. *Extra blowout resistance!*

Because they're softer, Super-Cushions "roll with the punch." They're harder to break, bruise, or cut. They have extra resistance to blowouts!

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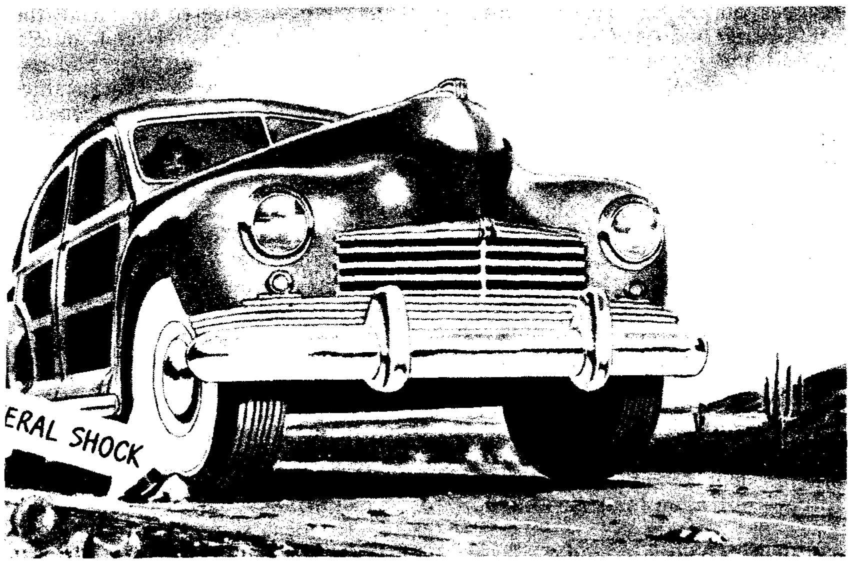
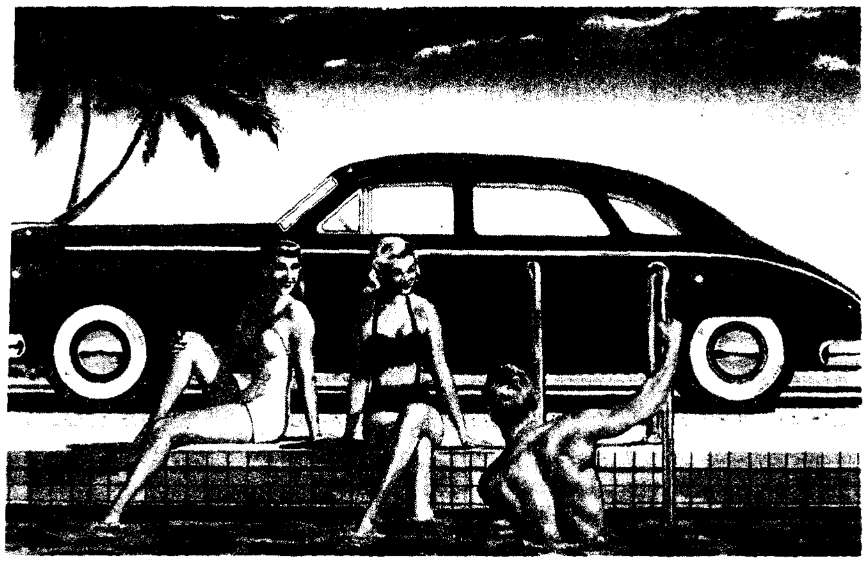


3. Fewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

Pillowy Super-Cushions are the first tires ever made that satisfactorily absorb lateral (*crosswise*) *shock!* They *soak up* jolts and vibration. Results: fewer rattles, fewer repair bills, longer car life!



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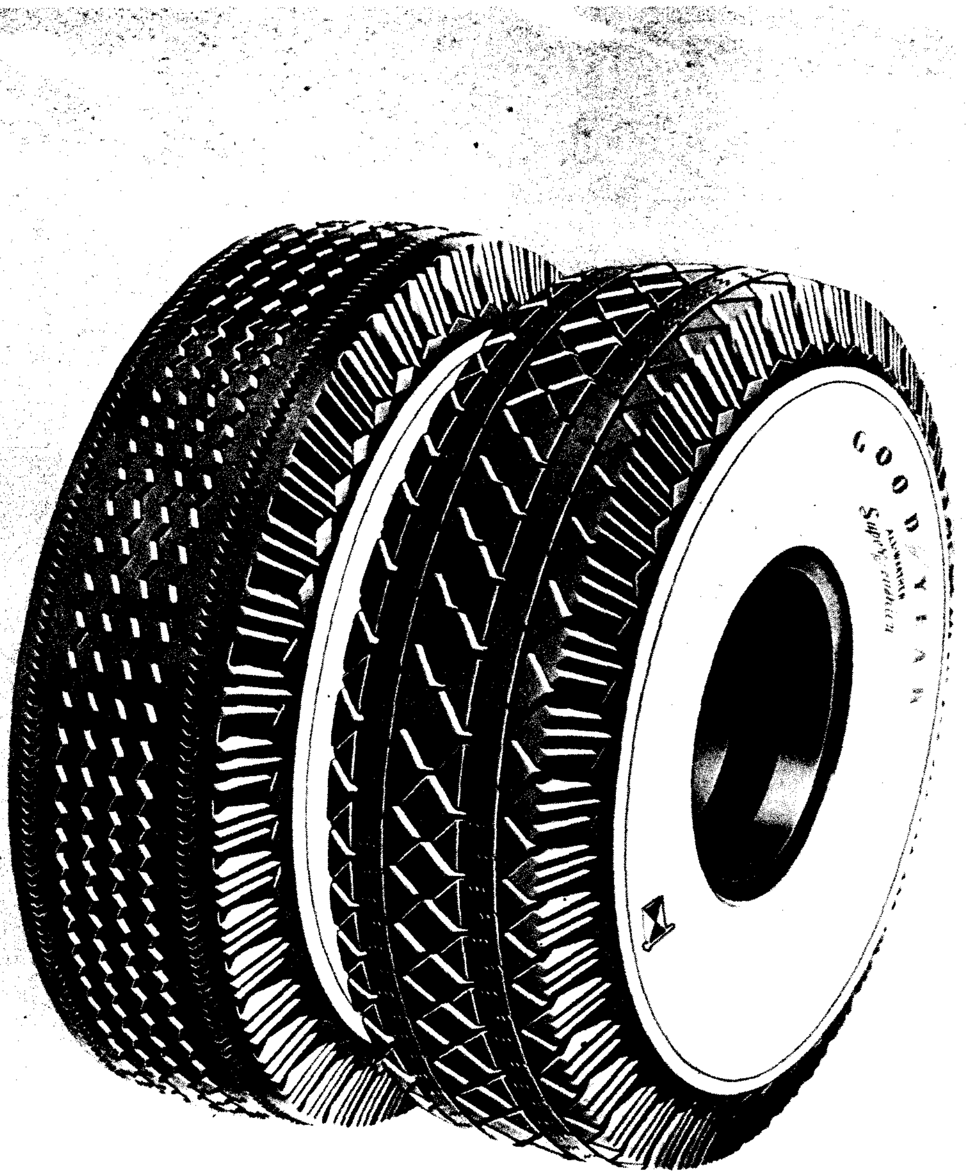
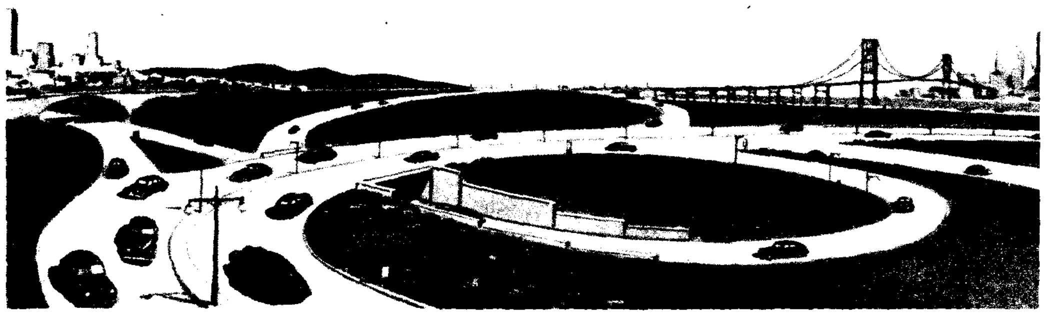
These bigger tires really dress up the appearance of your car, whether it's large or small. And you can get them in the De Luxe Rib Tread, or in the famous All-Weather Tread!





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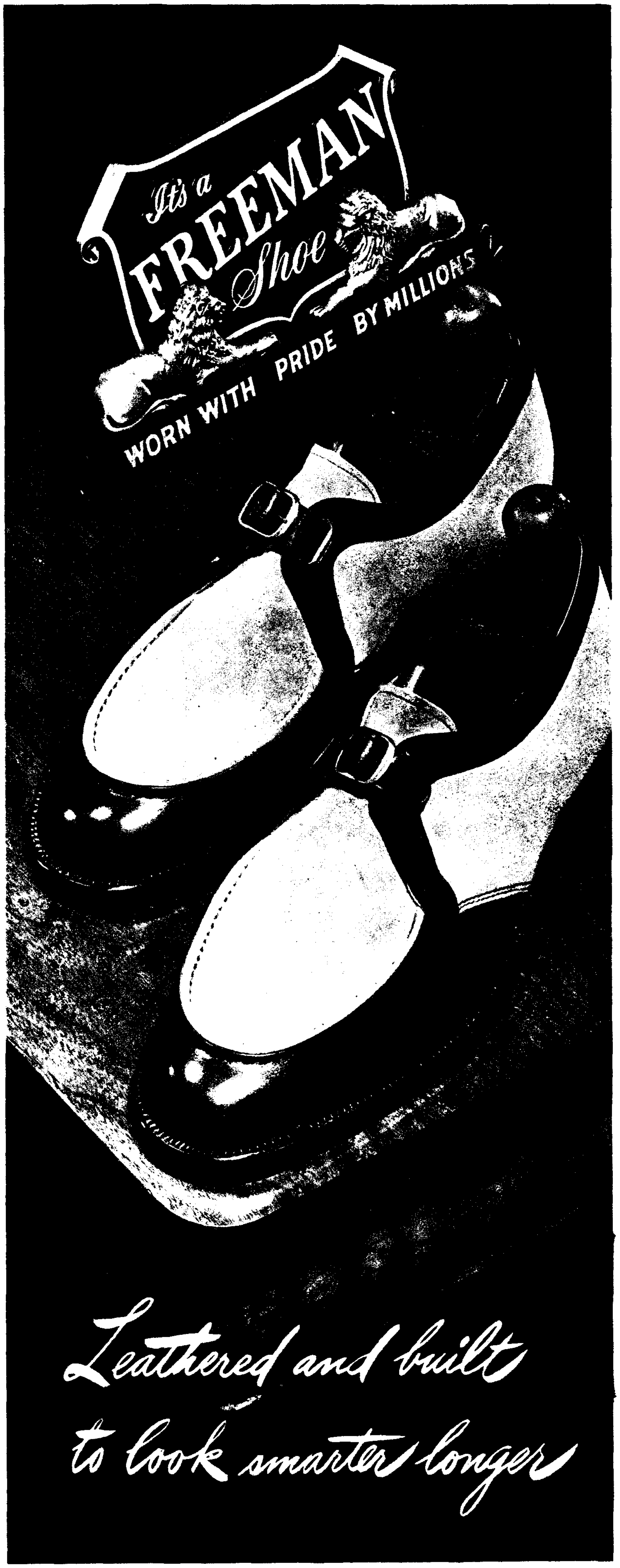
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miles away. We asked him if he wasn't afraid other people might discover vortexes and set up opposition exhibitions. He said no, because he'd discovered a way to neutralize the force. He did things with a small instrument about as big as a watch case, and it neutralized the thing, all right.

Most people who have written about the vortex keep their fingers crossed. Ours are, too—but just how the thing could be all trickery we can't see. Some high-domed physicists can explain it, but their explanations are so abstruse no one but another physicist can understand the explanation.

Compasses and dip needles aren't affected by the vortex. This is strange, if the magnetic force is great enough to push human beings and trees seven and a half degrees out of the perpendicular, which it apparently does. Human beings lean against the force, northward, due to overcompensation, but trees, being unable to compensate, lean toward the magnetic south—which may, after all, be due to the prevailing wind.

The House of Mystery itself is an old two-room board shack that slid down the hill years ago, coming to rest at a crazy angle. Its slanting floor and askew walls undoubtedly create a confusing picture, and some scientists who have used instruments say the whole thing is an optical illusion. Some of the physicists at the California Institute of Technology, who have read Mr. Litster's "scientific analysis" of the show place, are inclined to be skeptical, too.

Still, blind people seem to succumb to the "forces" just as normal persons do.

Settled by New Englanders

Most of western Oregon was settled originally by New Englanders, who named their villages Salem, Albany, Medford, Marion, Sublimity, Amity, Springfield, Oswego, Portland and the like. Legend has it that Boston men and Portland, Maine, men tossed a coin to name their settlement on the Willamette, and Portland won. Boston never did get on the Oregon map.

The Oregonians are really very cheerful and hospitable people, but photographs of pioneers might lead you to think otherwise. There are thousands of these old pictures in such early-day studios as that of Emil Britt of Jacksonville. Mr. Britt's father set up the first studio in the old gold-rush town, which got started in 1851 when gold was found on Jackson Creek. Mr. H. L. Davis, the Oregon historian, has remarked that his state's pioneers presented facial expressions which seemed to have been nailed on by professional horseshoers—as might be expected from having their heads clamped in a vise for three minutes.

Early Oregonians loved picturesque names and so you find Butcher Knife Canyon, Dead Indian Road, Eight Dollar Mountain, Lookingglass Valley, Calapooya Springs—which somehow ring truer than the modern rash of Idlewylds, Phantom Lakes, Mystery Groves and Shangri-Las.

All Oregon rivers are beautiful and most of them provide good fishing, but the Rogue has had most of the publicity, mainly because movie stars have flocked there, led by Clark Gable and Ginger Rogers. The less-known Umpqua, Siuslaw, Pistol, Sixes, Siletz, McKenzie and half a dozen others, plus uncountable north forks, south forks, middle forks and plain creeks are just as attractive, and some of them have better fishing.

The highway system of western Oregon forms a ladder, with U.S. 101 and U.S. 99 the uprights and about ten connecting roads, the rungs, following rivers through the Coast Range passes. U.S. 99 runs up the valley; U.S. 101 hugs the coast.

This Oregon coast highway is perhap the most spectacular four hundred mile of shore-line road in the country. Mos of the way it keeps along the beach, going *outside* capes and heads and crossing rivers and bays on huge and ornate bridges, winding through heavy timber sand dunes, azalea patches and fishing and resort towns.

Along this road are a score of state parks, free for visitors. And all but thirty miles of the 400-mile stretch of beach also are free. You can drive down anywhere there's a road and build a fire, picnic, swim or sleep. This is the longest publicly owned beach anywhere in the world.

If you can stand a little rain and wind, the late fall is very pleasant in western Oregon. The tourists have gone home and the "No" is covered up on all the "Vacancy" signs on hotels and motels. Most of the parks, caves, lakes and rivers are operating, crowdless. The weather is mild, the grass and trees are green, the highways uncluttered.

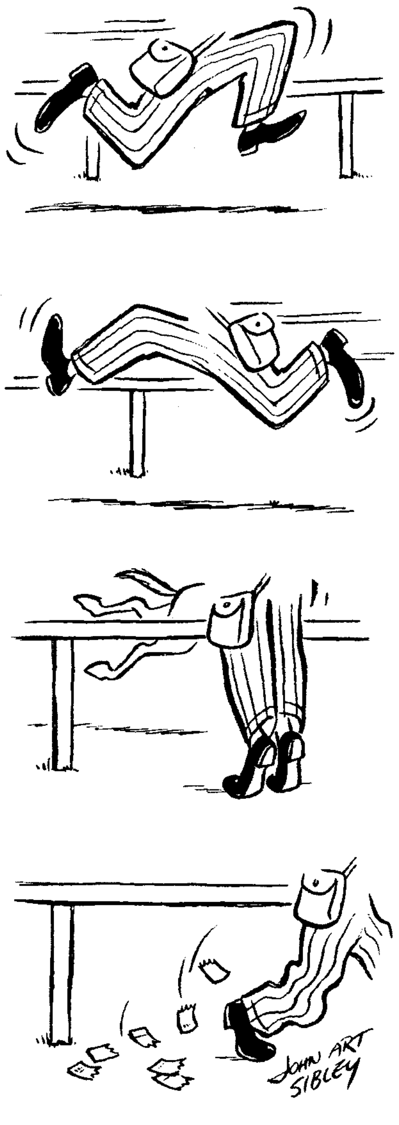
After the tourists go home, the Oregonians unscramble themselves and settle down for the winter. Many of them watch the weather forecasts, and when the storm warnings fly, drive over the Coast Range and down to the sea at Seaside, Gearhart, Taft, Depoe Bay, Newport and a dozen other places to watch the winter storms send the long Pacific rollers crashing against the rocks. That's some sight—and afterward you can pick up agates on the beach.

When the storms die, the Oregonians drive home through their rain-misted forests, sit around roaring fireplaces and rest up for next summer's tourist-hosting. They'll be glad to see you.

THE END

FEET FIRST

Hot Tip



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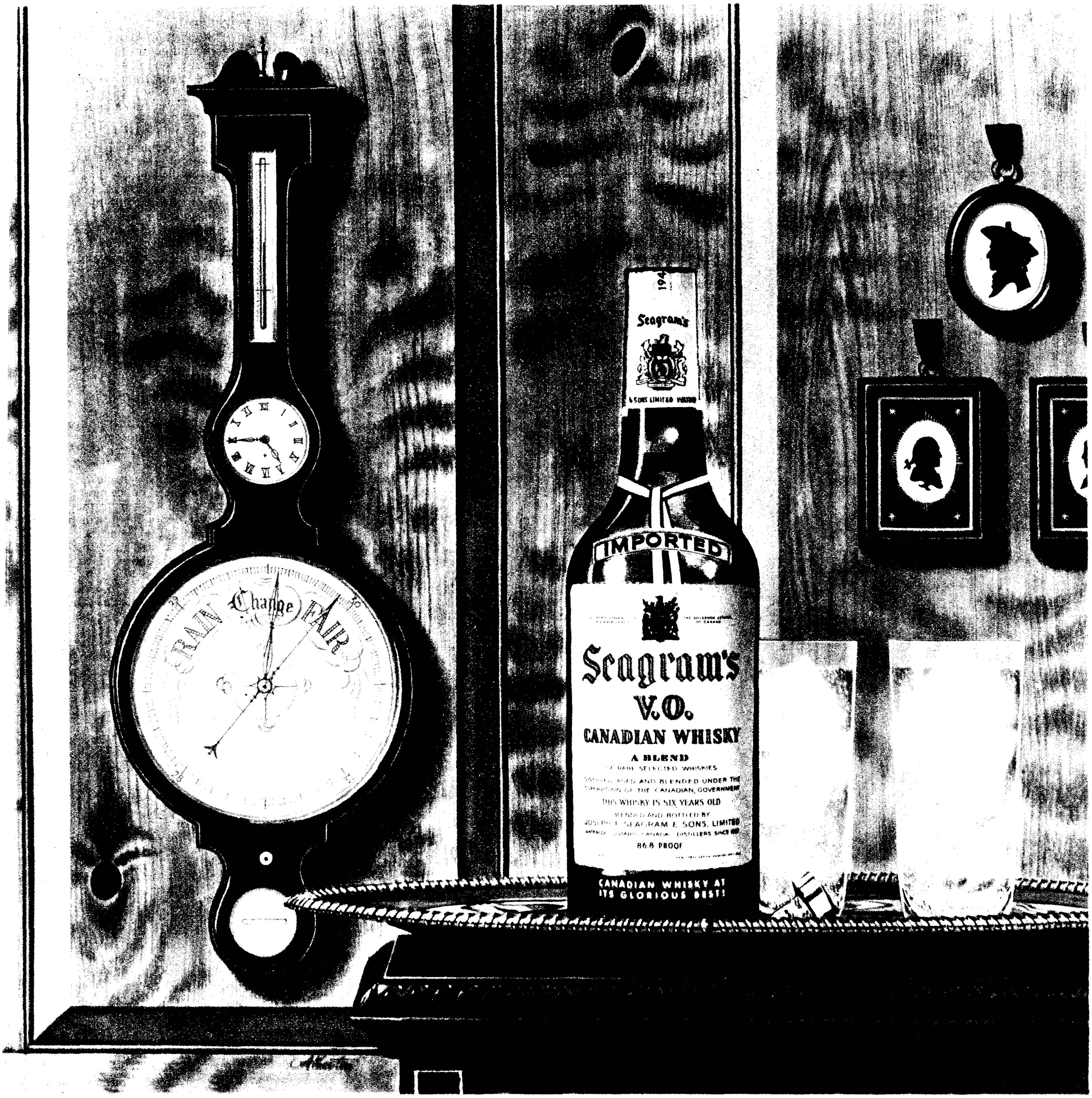
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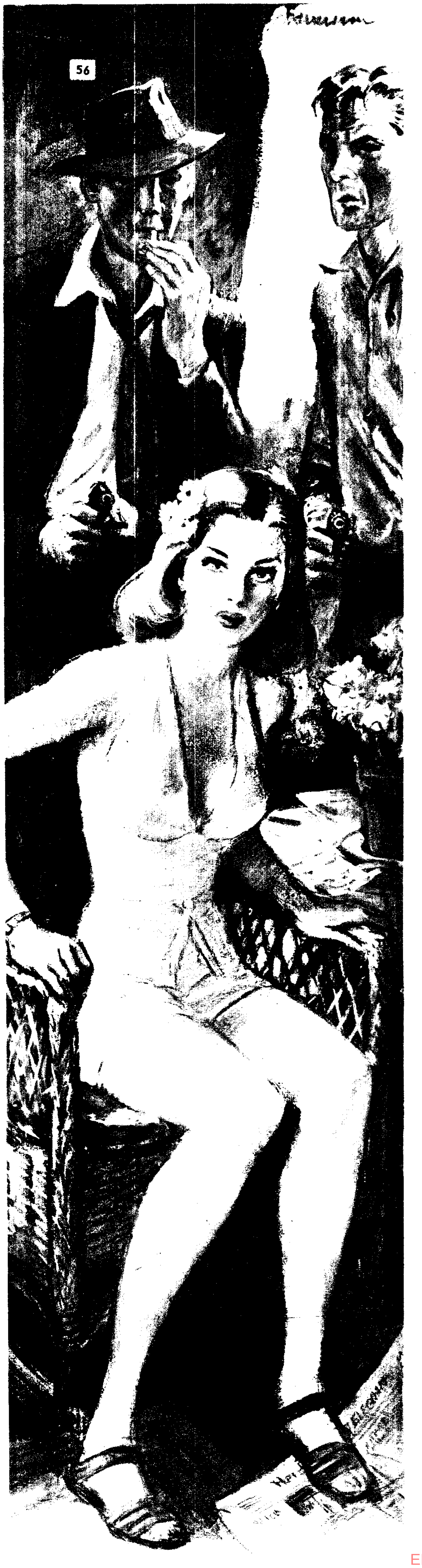
MY SISTER MARY

BY KEITH EDGAR



“Surely one of your friends could help me,” I said. Then I realized the men behind Mary were holding guns

I WAS tooling our jalopy over what they untruthfully call a road in the northern Michigan woods, a little worried about leaving my sister Mary alone in the cottage. You know, Mary isn't very bright.

True, she's much prettier than I am, and I'm not hard on the eyes. Her hair is a nicer shade of red, her lips are what you'd call luscious, and her figure has mine beat any way you look at it. But when it comes to brains—well, I have to look after her.

The car dragged its boiling radiator out of the woods onto the shore of the lake by our cottage. I loaded my arms with groceries and staggered up the steps to the porch. When I tottered into the living room my sister Mary was sitting in the wicker rocker. She had on a bathing suit with some front, but little back, and daisies tucked in her red hair; she looked very girlish and cute. Her brown eyes were turned toward me worriedly.

Suddenly I saw the young men standing behind Mary and I blew a fuse. “Well, Mary! Surely one of your *gentlemen* friends could help with the parcels!” Then I realized that both men were holding guns, pointed at me. I dropped the parcels.

Mary said, “Gee, Sally, I didn't invite them in, honest.”

I opened my mouth to scream and the man by the door slapped me so hard my head rang. “Stop that,” he said in a harsh, husky whisper. “Pick up the packages.”

Mary jumped to her feet and snapped, “Hey! Don't you touch my sister, you tramp!” The other man grabbed Mary by her red hair, yanked her back down into the chair again. His voice was high-pitched and nervous. “Bud, we better gag 'em.”

The man who'd hit me said, “No. The troopers are working around the lake. They'll be here soon. We need these chicks.”

“We're not chicks, we're ladies!” Mary protested.

The man slapped me again, hard, knocking me to the floor on top of the groceries. My anger changed to pure fright. There was a sullen, vicious air about these two. Their faces were taut and their eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep. Bud said low-voiced to Mary, “That's for being a wise babe. I don't hit *you* because the marks would show, see?”

Mary was looking hurt and bewildered. She said, “I don't like you.”

His lips drew back off his teeth and he raised his arm again. I flinched. “Take it easy,” I said. “Can't you see she isn't acting?”

He hesitated, then nodded. “Pete, help this dame take them packages out to the kitchen, quick.” When I didn't move fast enough he said softly, “Baby, you'll look nice with a black eye.” I picked up some of the parcels and stumbled out to the kitchen. Pete came after me with the rest, piled them on the table and snapped, “Make some coffee.”

For a moment I had a wild notion about dumping some rat poison into the coffeepot, then Bud, who seemed to be the boss, called quietly, “Pete, here come the cops. They've stopped at the next cottage up the lake.”

Pete gave me a shove back into the living room. “They won't touch us if we threaten to shoot these dames.”

Bud shook his head. “Get into the bathroom and pump some water into the tub. Hurry up.” He waved his gun at me. “You—come here.”

We all listened for a second or two as the hand pump in the bathroom started to squeak and wheeze, and water began gushing into the tub. Bud swung me around to face Mary and prodded me with his gun. “Look, baby, you want me to kill your sister?”

Mary shook her head dumbly.

“Then listen to me, baby. You're going to stay here and let the cops in. Your sister is going to be taking a bath, see? No state trooper is going to look into a bathroom when a dame is taking a bath, and we'll be right in there with her. One wrong word out of you and we kill your sister, understand?”

Mary's lower lip quivered. Bud studied her for a second. “You should be reading a book.”

Mary raised her big brown eyes. “But—I don't read books. Only picture magazines. And Sis wouldn't let me bring any.”

He gestured at the manicure set on the low table. “You can be doing your nails then. That'll give you an excuse to keep looking at your hands and concentrate on what you're saying.”

Mary said, “Oh, no, I've already done my nails.”

He slapped me across the mouth, backhanded. My head rocked and my mouth tasted salty. Mary cried out, “What did you hit her for?”

Bud said tightly, “Stop acting so damn stupid.” He swung to me. “Undress and get in the tub.”

I was half mad with rage and pain. “I won't. You can shoot me first.” I knew a shot would bring the troopers on the run, and he knew I knew it.

The sound of the pump suddenly stopped and Pete hissed, “They're coming!”

Bub grabbed a handful of Mary's red hair and twisted until she moaned. “Remember, you send the cops away, satisfied or we kill your sister. Start painting—we'll be watching you through the door.”

He shoved the manicure set toward her with the barrel of his gun, then propelled me into the bathroom, whispering to Pete, “Splash, damn you!”

I was grabbed from behind and whirled around, a hand over my mouth. The door was open a bare inch and I was looking through the narrowest of cracks along the hinge side. Bud's breath was hot and fetid on my cheek.

There was a tap on the screen door. Mary—I could see the back of her head bent over the table—called, “Come in!”

TWO troopers entered, removing their hats. One of them said, “Good afternoon, miss. Are you alone here?”

“Yes—well, no—my sister is here. She's taking a bath.”

They both glanced idly toward the bathroom and Bud stopped breathing. Then he took his hand off my mouth and his gun nudged into my back. I didn't need a blueprint. I called out, “Who is it, Mary?”

Mary said, “Just some policemen, dear.”

The gun nudged me again. “Policemen?” I put a lot of surprise into the word. “What do they want?”

Both the troopers were looking down, probably feeling slightly embarrassed. They kept their eyes off the bathroom and one said, “It's all right, miss. We're looking for a couple of bank robbers. Have you seen any strange men around?”

My sister Mary shook her head. “You're the first *real* men we've seen in ages.” She called over her shoulder: “You ought to come out, Sis. They're handsome!”

The gun pressed so hard into my back it hurt. “I can't come out now.”

The troopers looked at each other, and they started toward the door, one of them saying, “Well, we've got to search over on the other side of the lake. Take care of yourselves.” They left; we heard their car move off.

The gun in my back relaxed and Pete, with a shaky sigh, stopped sloshing water.

Mary called, “They're gone. Did I do all right?”

Bud pushed me ahead of him out of the bathroom, and Pete lurched after us. He looked as though his knees would barely hold him up.

Bud said, “You did okay.” Then he asked me, “How much gas in that jalopy?”

“Half a tank.”

He nodded. “If they're headed for the other side of the lake, we'll scram.” Then he smirked at Mary. “For a dumb babe you ain't too bad. Come, Pete.”

They turned and went out the door. I sank into a chair and shut my eyes, listening to the car grinding over the trail in second gear.

I figured it had reached the bend where the road swings into the wood, when I heard a *crack!*—then a series of shots. I jumped to my feet and ran to the door. The police car swung into the clearing, backed, turned, stopped, and the troopers got out and walked into the trees. They walked as if they had nothing to worry about.

I turned to my sister, feeling a little faint. She looked up at me tremulously, then slowly moved her manicure set. I saw, painted with nail polish on the table: CAREFUL 2 MEN WITH SIS IN BATHROOM.

She said, “He told me to start painting—so I did.”

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Veri-thin
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THE HORSE LATITUDES

Continued from page 25

my count there are four females and one male and it is quite obvious they have been celebrating in the manner of the wine and food society.

Since meeting Professor Van Hayden, I have given my ideas of professors a complete overhaul. I don't know how tall he is because I never had the nerve to put a tape measure anywhere near him. Among our crew there is considerable money bet on the matter. My own dough lays on seven feet two inches. Manelli guesses a conservative six feet nine inches. Not only is the Professor tall, he is wide. He has in addition to his other disgusting qualities, big popeyes with a wild look in them and a considerable black beard which you can be sure nobody ever yanked to see if it was real. Malone looks like a shrimp beside him and he visibly cringes when the Professor swats him on the back.

"Oh, ho! So you're the pilot, old boy!" the Professor booms. "Magnificent night for flying, what?"

Malone mumbles that if we don't get going pretty quick there won't be any flying. The Professor ignores him.

"Great, old boy! Have no concern. I flew in the first World War and if you run into bad weather you can depend on me."

Nothing can make a modern pilot who is very busy with many intricate devices madder, than having one of those characters in his hair. Also the Professor is probably a liar because in those days there were very few airplanes powerful enough to get him off the ground.

AFTER much backslapping and yoo-hooing, the Professor whacks the last girl on the fanny and we get him in the ship. His personal luggage includes three cases of whisky, which leads me to believe we will be gone for quite a spell. At this time I did not know the Professor.

"The staff of life, old boy!" he says to Malone. "Whisky is the blood of man. Who knows what this next week will bring?" If Malone knew he would have turned in his license right then.

I take the tail post out very gingerly because wherever the Professor is in the ship, the center of gravity is—and I do not want the poor old C-54 to rear back on its haunches and smash the tail. And the Professor is everywhere. All the way to Gander he is in various places. Once, he uncorks some of the blood of man and brings it up to the cockpit. He leans over Malone's shoulder and washes down the salami with gulps and gurgles you can hear above the engines. According to law, Malone can land and put him off the airplane if the Professor gets drunk, and by the calculating look in Malone's eyes I can see he is thinking of this very thing.

But the Professor obtains only nourishment from this bottle, it seems. When the bottle is finished and he goes back to the baggage compartment for another, we open all the cockpit windows even if it is minus ten centigrade outside. Manelli says it is useless sticking his head up in the astrodome, because the Professor's breath collects therein and fogs the glass so he can't see the stars, as well as making him woozy.

"Someday I'm going to find out if Savage knew what kind of a professor this guy is," says Malone bitterly. "And if I find out he did, I will then crush his head between my two hands." He grabs the wheel like it was Savage's head and starts our letdown into Gander which is reporting low ceilings and very lousy visibilities. But I will not dwell upon the details of our eastbound flight. Suffice to say that the weather was very unpleasant and I was extremely busy turning the de-icer boots on and off, shooting alcohol to the carburetors and trying to keep the heaters going so we would not freeze to death. I had no time to keep track of the Professor who had made himself comfortable in Malone's bunk with a map of Iceland spread out across his stomach as a sort of napkin. At intervals he would bite off a chunk of salami and follow it with a blood transfusion. I went back once to transfer some oil to Number Three engine, and the pump for this operation is right under the bunk.

When I was finished with the pump, the Professor asks me very friendly-like how many times I have been to Iceland.

"About fifty times. Mostly during the war."

"Do you realize," he says, "this may well be your most important visit? Historic, in fact?"

I admit that I do not realize any such thing.

"We are going to bring back stones, old boy. Fabulous stones of great antiquity. They were inscribed by ancients of unknown origin and their writings may well be a vital key to the cloudy beginnings of Northern civilization. You may tell your grandchildren you had a small part in bringing these stones to the light of modern archaeological science."

I digested what I could of this mouthful and said I thought that was fine. In a more or less direct way he was paying my salary—if I could just get it out of Savage.

Then to my surprise he confesses he has never been to Iceland and wants to know what it's like.

"It's on the gloomy side sometimes."

"I am told it is also on the dry side," he says. "Besides this hideous prohibition law, are there towns and villages?" It is truly surprising how even professors have the wrong idea about Iceland.

"Reykjavik's not a bad town. You may get some surprises," I said, thinking how certain things in Reykjavik might appeal to the Professor, besides stones. Little did I know.

WE ARE in Reykjavik for twelve days during which time very little of the Professor is to be seen. This is somewhat puzzling as the only life in the town after six is the Borg Hotel where there is sometimes dancing of a desultory sort. Many Icelandic girls attend these functions and it is the policy of the crew to sit drinking coffee and thus have an excuse to admire what the Vikings did so long ago—all of the crew except Malone that is, who lies up in his bed reading about Hepplewhite furniture night and day, dreaming of Isabelle, and cussing out Leo Savage. We are thus engaged on the twelfth night when Malone appears at our table all smiles and full of bounce. "Start packing, boys," he says brightly. "We're leaving as soon as we can get to the airport."

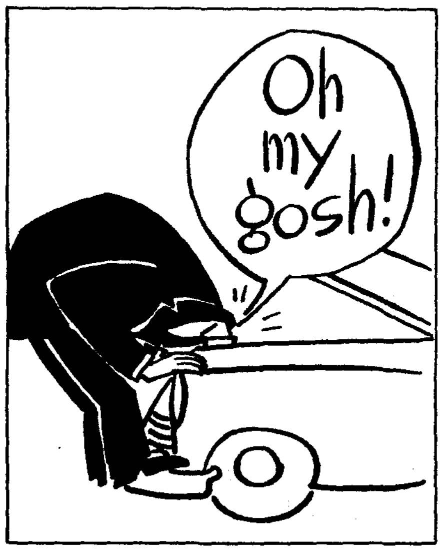
"The Professor must be out of whisky," says Manelli.

"Anyway we're going—fast," says Malone. "And I'm sorry to say this will be my last flight with you. Isabelle and I are definitely going to get married when I get back."

We all felt like making a speech, but on such occasions it is very difficult for the type of guys you find in air crews to express themselves; therefore we just went up to our room and packed our bags.

The Professor had a crew of Icelanders waiting to load the stones when we arrived at the airport. He was surprisingly co-operative, having the Icelanders put the stones which were in big bags right where the weight and balance sheet said they ought to be. There were about fifty bags, all very heavy. Sitting here on the Gold Coast I can see that this night was the actual beginning of this tragedy,

by don herold



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Just get in there and look around and you'll think you're inside a miniature sewer.

The whole place is fouled with crusty, clingy rust, oil, old anti-freeze, hard-water scale and other filth.

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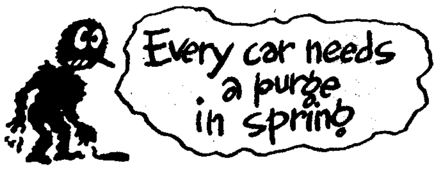
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nd all that I have told heretofore is best efined as inconsequential.

Malone was in such haste to get back to is Isabelle that he decided to steer away orth of the regular course and ride the op side of a big low-pressure area entered around Cape Farewell. Our ctual course would be longer and take s over Greenland where we would have o stay high, but we would cover the dis- ance faster with favorable winds. Ma- one loved the looks of that low-pressure rea. He was bound fast in the right irection—for Isabelle.

We are boring through the dew at welve thousand feet when Manelli says he time has come to climb higher be- ause we are approaching Greenland by is calculations and it is likely to be very nhealthy hanging around hereabouts at ny altitude less than fourteen thousand. ur poor old C-54 would not even put dent in one of the mountains below, hould we be so unfortunate as to con- ect. Therefore when Malone calls for limbing power I richen the mixture, trail the cowl flaps, and we all relax as the engines start to wind up. We are on instruments and it is very comforting to know there is now a safe distance between us and the mountains. However, we are picking up some rime ice and I can tell by the way Malone moves his eyes from the artificial horizon up to the windshield that he does not feel enthusiastic.

"Bring me the Aldis lamp. I want to see how our wings are doing," he says. I hand him this light which is very bright and he shines it on the wing behind him. "This is going to slow us down," he says with a very unhappy expression on his face. Which proves to be true because the airspeed is already down to one hundred and fifty. Such speed will never get Malone back to Isabelle fast enough to suit him, but I am not especially worried since I have seen Malone handle a load of ice before.

We are staggering along about as well as anybody could expect with the ship sinking only a little bit now and then, when the Professor comes up to the cockpit. What with the ice banging off the props like someone was throwing rocks at us, we had temporarily forgotten about the Professor. He taps me on the shoulder.

"Can't you do something about the heat in the cabin, old boy?" he asks. "It's very cold back there." His teeth are chattering and he looks blue. His beard has tiny icicles hanging from it. Wrapped up in a blanket the way he is, his general appearance could best be described as woebegone. But I am reluctant to leave the cockpit at this moment to undertake any cabin heater repairs.

"It will be better if you stay up here with us," I explain to him. "Various things are happening and to fix the heater will take me some time which I do not have to spare just now."

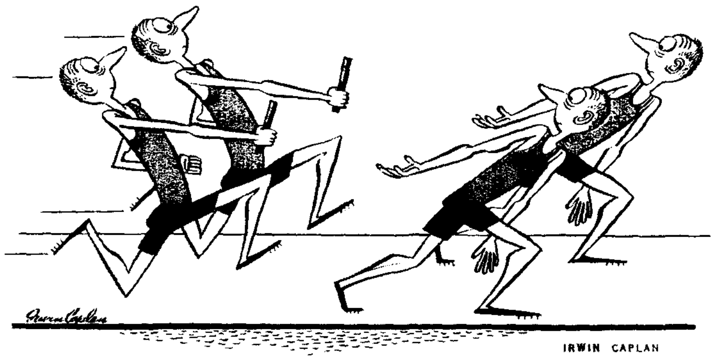
"No," he says. "I prefer to ride back in the cabin." There is no reason that I can see for the Professor to be so choosy at this time. He would have nothing to do with the cabin on the way over to Iceland and I point out that this change of heart is very inconvenient, at least until we get past Greenland. He lays one of his gigantic paws on the back of my neck and I look to Malone for help; but Malone is giving out help to no one. He is very busy trying to keep the ship in the air.

"It is absolutely necessary, old boy," the Professor says, "that there be some immediate heat in the cabin or there will be what some people call an accident."

I AM in the process of squirming away from him when an accident really occurs. The Number One engine, which only has ninety-seven hours on it and has no business misbehaving, elects to go berserk. It is suddenly jumping up and down on its mount very violently. Numerous things happen fast. The fire-warning light comes on. Malone pulls back the throttle and the prop control.

"Feather Number One!" he yells to me. I punch the red feathering button on the ceiling. The ship yaws to the left. Malone yanks out the fire-wall shutter and I chop off the mixture, the ignition and the gas valve. Bob Drew switches the vacuum pump over to the right side. The ship stops shaking as Malone adjusts the rudder flettner.

"A master rod, surer than hell!" he says. "Oh, lovely!" This is no time to



IRWIN CAPLAN

SPORTING ODDS

In the winter of 1924-25, Boys High of Brooklyn met DeWitt Clinton of the Bronx in a track meet at the 13th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn. Boys' colors, then as now, were red and black. So were DeWitt Clinton's. In the 440-yard relay (110 yards for each man), Boys High was well out in front, its third man leading by a solid five yards as he came around searching for his anchor man. Awaiting him was a red-and-black-clad runner, so he thrust the baton on him and sent him away. The anchor man sped around, breasted the tape and was declared the winner. Then the judges discovered that Boys High had passed the baton to a Clinton runner. They solved the dilemma by giving the medals to the Boys High four and the points to the Clinton team.

—Arthur Weyne, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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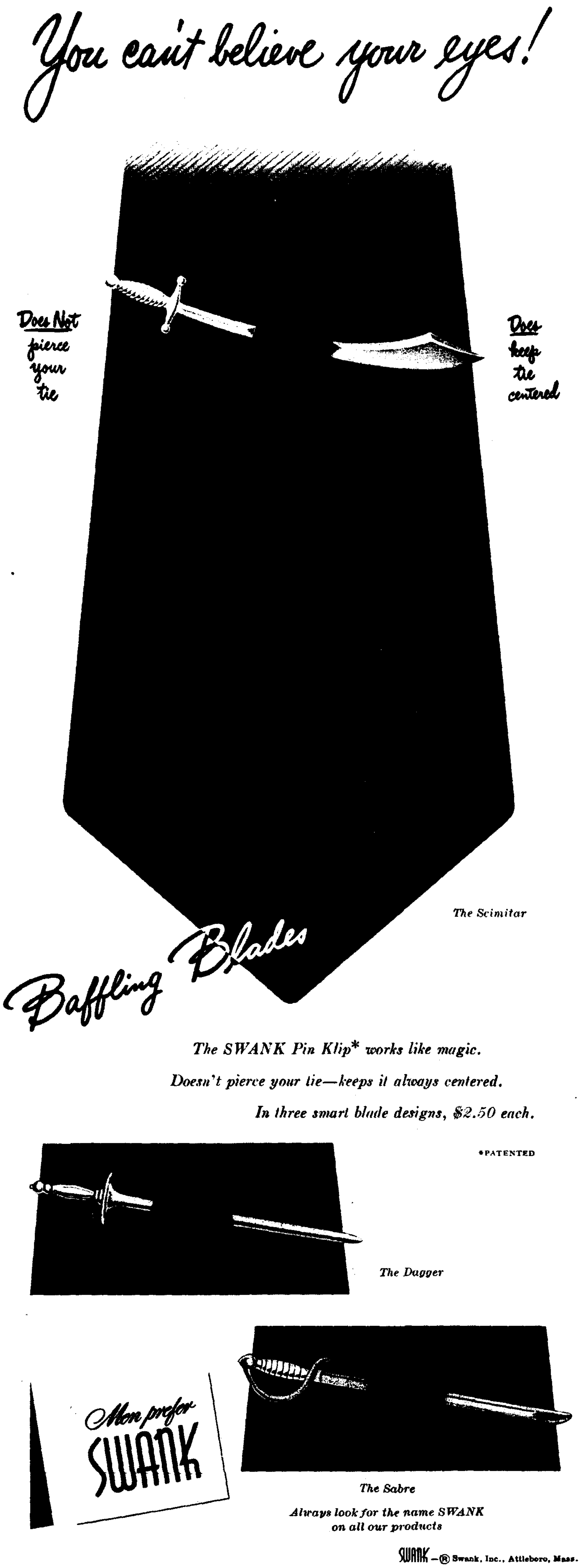

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debate the matter with him. We are very lucky there is no fire.

"Give me lots more power!" says Malone. "She won't hold her altitude with this ice and only three engines!" One look at the altimeter causes me to oblige at once. We are already down to twelve thousand feet and there are no St. Bernards wandering around Greenland with rum under their necks for such adventurers as we.

Being such a wise old aviator you would think the Professor would appreciate our grievous condition. No. My neck is in a vise again.

"Heat in the cabin, old boy. *Now!*" This time Malone stops the Professor from carrying me away like a babe in arms.

"Professor," he says, hardly taking his eyes from the instruments. "I have some very bad news for you. We are going to throw some of your stones overboard to lighten the ship. Can't hold our altitude!" The Professor drops me at once.

"You can't do that!" he yells. "History will never forgive you!"

Malone is patient in spite of his problems.

"If we don't get rid of some of your stones right away, history will never hear about any of them. In addition to which, you personally will be dead. Pick half the stones of the least value and get them out the door immediately. Maybe we can save the rest."

THE Professor is yanking his beard in great despair. "But I don't know myself which are the most valuable. It may take years to decipher them!"

"We haven't got years to spare," says Malone, getting mad. "Ten minutes is more like it." He motions to Manelli and me. "Get going, boys! Get half of them out quick. Hurry back and I'll let you know what to do about the other half." No second invitation is necessary. The altimeter shows only eleven thousand five hundred and the engines are doing all they can. We beat it back to the cabin with the Professor right on our heels. There are two bags standing alone near the door so we grab them first. We are dragging them to the door when the Professor yells as if he had caught his beard in a propeller.

"No! No! Not those, old boy! For the love of God, not those!" I am about to ask him what difference does it make if he doesn't know one stone from another, when the two bags begin to move. And since when do stones wiggle? think. I take three seconds to tear op the top of mine, and Manelli is simila engaged. The Professor shoves us awa

"Not those! They are specimens the greatest value to science!" he screa But the bag tops are open. The Pr fessor's specimens are now doing the own thinking. Two very tasty exampl of Icelandic beauty shove their love heads up and start squirming out of t bags. They are cold and jabberi angrily in Icelandic, and all tousled—b they are still very easy on the eyes, eve to one who is not a scientist. Now understand why the Professor is so co cerned about the heat. Once the girls a out of the bags, he changes his attitu completely. He lays to with a will an helps us throw the real stones out, all t time talking in a most friendly fashio

"This is just a little secret between u isn't it, boys? No reason to worry t skipper by telling him, is there?"

When the stones are half gone, Manel asks him point blank what the hell diffe ence does it make if Malone does kno

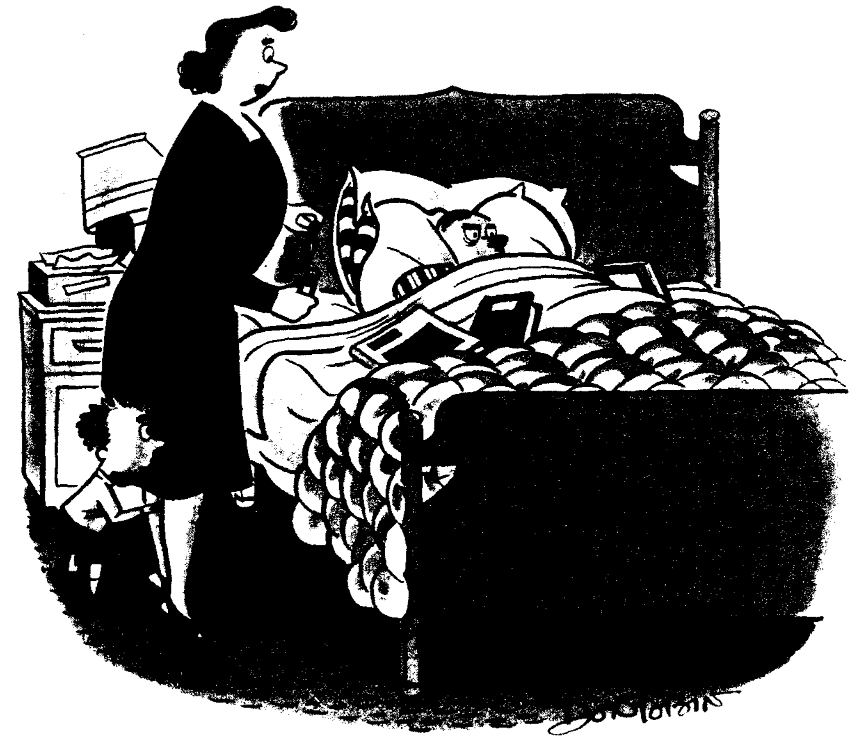
"A little matter of papers," explain the Professor. "You see our departu was necessarily rather hasty and ther just wasn't time to get all the papers . . .

"Like passports?" asks Manelli wh has a world of nerve because his chin i just about even with the Professor's be buckle.

"And the like," answers Professor Va Hayden without a shred of bombast le in him. Manelli looks at me and I look a him. This is going to be very sticky—i we live through it. Especially for Malon who is entirely responsible for whom ever he brings into the United States.

"You won't tell him, will you, boys? The Professor is now in a pleading mood "In a moment of largess, I promise Hertha here and Tina; they will love th United States." Little Hertha snuggle up to the Professor and her pal does likewise, but they are not billing and cooing. They are only trying to get warm. "Professors must be very careful of thei reputations, understand? It would be unfortunate if the newspapers ever learned of this and created certain misconceptions in the minds of my colleagues."

"Why didn't you think of that when you were so full of largess?" I ask, getting bold myself. "Anyway, these specimens of yours will be frozen specimens unless we get them up forward. Besides which, Malone is going to know about it sooner or later and he may have to make some



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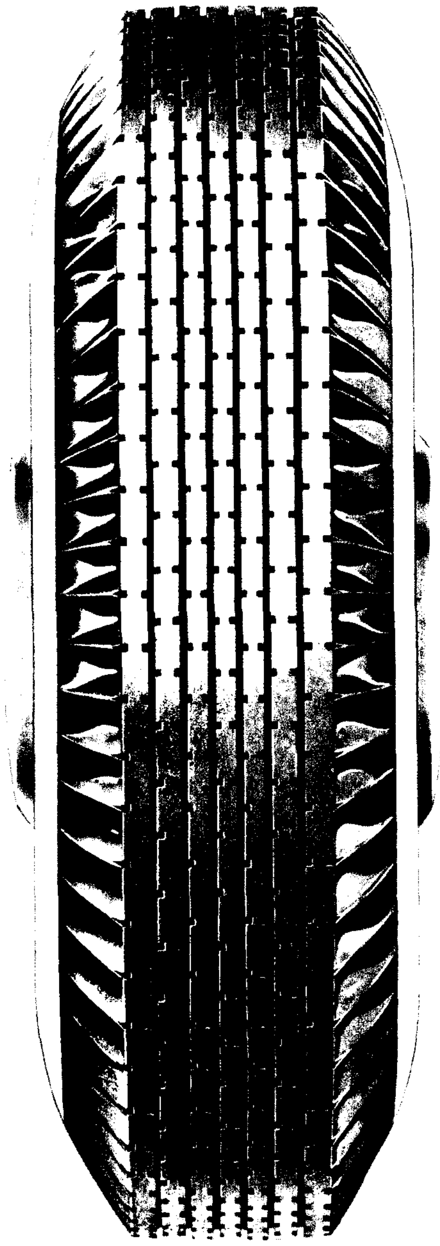

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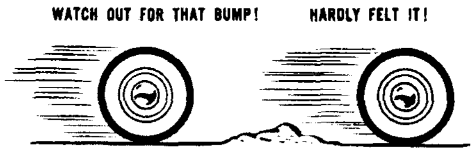
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new decision such as turning back to Iceland, because if the specimens haven't got a single paper, the immigration authorities will never let them in the United States of America without causing much hue and cry."

Now that several thousand pounds of rocks were no longer with us, things were going much better up in the cockpit. We are holding our altitude and gradually working past Greenland. In a little while we will be able to let down and get rid of our ice and look somewhat less like a frozen-food locker. As yet, I do not wish to distract Malone by telling him about the specimens who are now chattering away back in the crew compartment. But Malone is a very alert pilot with all his senses strictly up to CAA physical standards.

"I smell a woman," he says and wrinkles his nose suspiciously. It is true that although the specimens are back where Malone can't see them the perfume they are wearing is wafting through the ship like in some boudoir.

"You smell two women," I explain. "By names, Hertha and Tina. Do you want me to tell you the rest now or shall I save it until life is treating us better?"

"How did women get on this ship?" he demands. "We have no passenger list except for the Professor. What is going on here behind my back?" There is a slowly rising tone to Malone's voice usually heard by copilots who have no respect for the stress limitations of landing gears. I had always hoped he would use a little of that tone on Isabelle.

"It seems the Professor collected more than rocks in Iceland. I would have no opinion as to how valuable these specimens will be to history." Malone's voice goes a little higher.

"Do you have any idea what this means?" he says. "Does *anybody* have *any* idea?"

"Exactly, no. But isn't it possible you will become involved in some litigation?"

"I will become involved in more than that," says Malone. "For the reason that besides the regular radio message to Savage, I sent a cable to Isabelle stating our arrival time. It is more than likely she will meet us at the airport."

"Without a doubt you are concerned as to what Isabelle will think of this Hertha and Tina," I said, mouthing the obvious while I am searching throughout my mind for some means to comfort him. "Surely she will understand you have nothing to do with these girls whatsoever. Surely even Isabelle will not be so obtuse as to doubt the word of a professor?"

"Although she is most beautiful and wonderful, Isabelle can be very hasty and skeptical at times," he says.

After we finally land at Newark we taxi back up the runway very slowly. Not only is Savage standing there waiting, but of course Isabelle; and in addition a delegation of some kind in which are intermingled newspaper photographers and numerous men with beards not unlike the Professor's. I smelled calamity very strongly and I think Malone did too. I chopped off the inboard engines and except for the dying whine of the gyro instruments, the ship was quiet for the first time in fifteen hours.

"Now," says Malone with great weariness, "the roof will cave in."

I MISSED the first part of what might be called the massacre at the gate because I was busy setting the control locks and making final entries in the log book. When I finally climbed down from the ship, Malone was in the center of much confusion. The immigration inspectors were very unhappy about Hertha and Tina. They were waving their hands up and down and sidewise very rapidly.

The Professor was making out better. Various of the delegation were congratulating him, but their enthusiasm seemed to have affected his brain. Not once does he so much as mention Hertha and Tina, nor does he even recognize their existence. His popeyes have suddenly developed a blind spot to anything or anyone but the stones.

"Gentlemen! Colleagues!" he announces in that booming voice of his. "Your greeting overwhelms me, and I am thankful that nature has endowed me with the physical strength to prevent a complete loss of our stones."

"History will reward you, Professor Van Hayden," says one of the beards. Whilst they are unloading the stones and the Professor's friends are ohing and ahing over each one, and Malone is arguing with the immigration inspectors trying to keep them from placing the girls in his custody, the newspaper photographers are very busy men. It seems they have been sent to take pictures of stones, and the dim view they took of such subject matter has been changed since Hertha and Tina consented to sit on the stones with their skirts pulled above their knees. And don't think nylons are not fashionable in Iceland. I must say they made the stones very, very interesting indeed. I am observing all this with pleasure when Isabelle spies me beneath the wing and comes running around end with the ball under her arm. Of all the persons I do not wish to bandy words with at this moment, Isabelle is the one. It is useless to pretend I have just discovered there is something the matter with the landing gear.

"WHO are these creatures?" she asks in some excitement. "How did they get on the airplane?" She stabs poor Hertha and Tina with a look designed to give them a bad impression of America.

"What creatures?" I inquire innocently, trying to hide my head in the wheel well.

"You know very well what I'm talking about," says Isabelle. "Those girls who seem to think they own this airplane and the pilot too. There is something very wrong here and if they are foreign spies like I think they are, someone should certainly turn them over to the F.B.I. I think it is my patriotic duty . . ."

"Those are Hertha and Tina," I interrupt. "I cannot begin to pronounce their last names since they are Icelanders."

"They don't look like Eskimos to me!" she says very haughtily. Even college-bred Isabelle is ignorant as to Iceland.

"Nevertheless, they are good friends to this country."

"Much too good friends," says Isabelle. "I suppose Malone has been on a good-will tour on an iceberg for the last thirteen days and they are nieces of some Eskimo ambassador?"

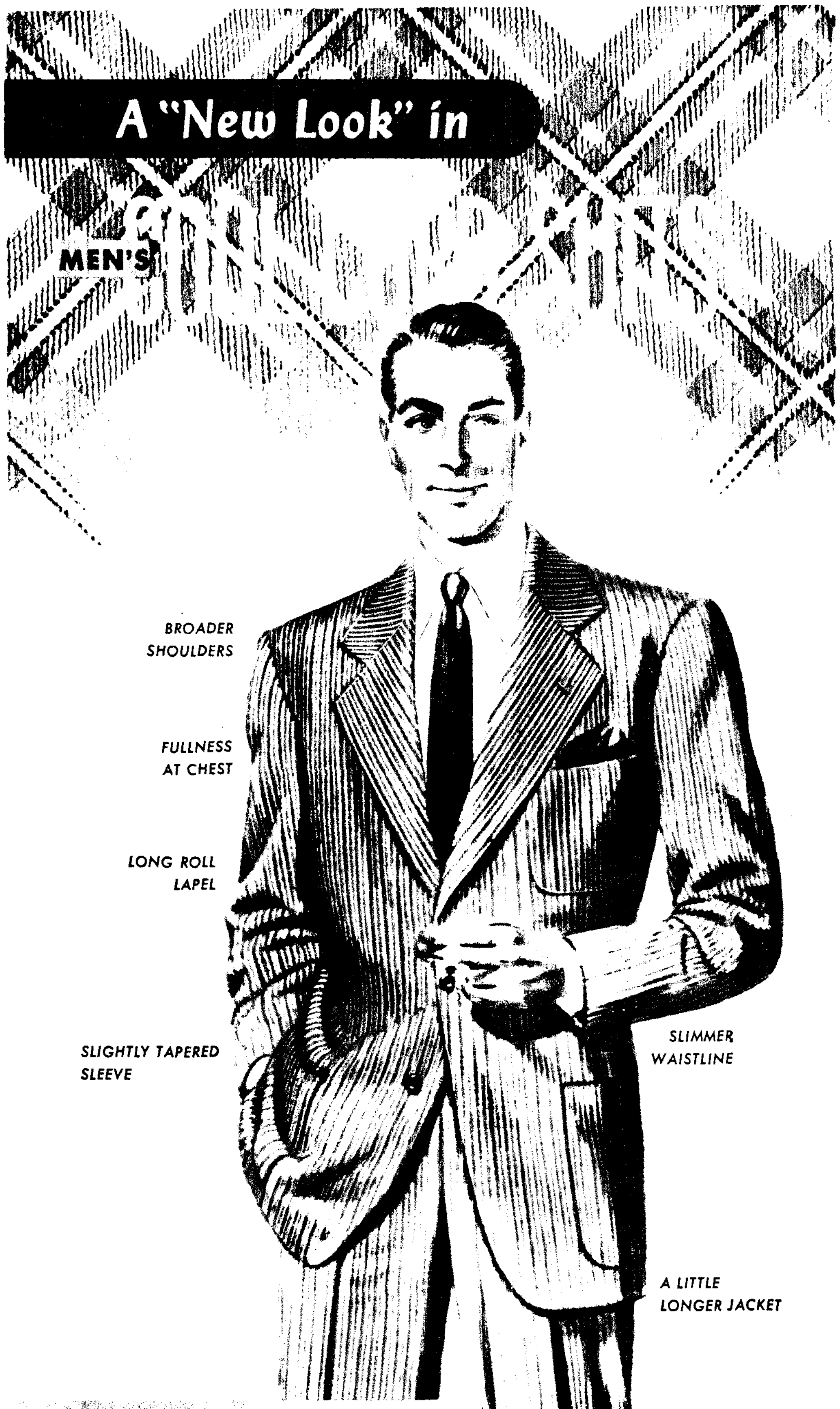
"They belong to the Professor. He found them under some stones."

"Then why does he say he just thought all along they were friends of the pilot? Why does he say these things right out in front of everybody?" Her lower lip is beginning to quiver.

"These are questions I cannot answer. What the Professor says is a prevarication." At this point in our conversation bulb flashing begins. The newspaper photographers have persuaded Hertha and Tina to throw their arms around Malone making like he was their savior.

"Action! Give it a lot of action, girls!" the cameramen yell. Hertha and Tina oblige by kissing Malone many times on various parts of his face. It does Malone very little good to push the girls away and the immigration officials are now laughing because they think their pictures will also be in the papers and thus they will become characters of some importance in their neighborhoods. The photographers are also laughing and Leo Savage is standing off to one side doing considerable laughing on his own. Two people, Isabelle and Malone, are not laughing. Isabelle pulls me out of the wheel well.

"I'm leaving this disgusting exhibition," she says. "I have no time to waste on a Bluebeard! You can tell that



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white slaver, that Malone, that our marriage is off for good. I do not care if he ever makes a stick of furniture since he could not keep his mind on it anyway with a girl—or ten girls for all I know—in every port. I do not care if he keeps on flying forever. I do not care to see the man again, if he can be called a man! When he finishes his bacchanalia, you can tell him that!"

She is off in the night. My protest that all evidence is strictly circumstantial is never heard, although I must confess I may have been a trifle slow in getting to the point. It is peculiar how a few seconds' delay in mouthing certain words can cause a trip to the African Gold Coast. It is not so peculiar that the news of Isabelle's displeasure reaches the sensitive ears of Leo Savage—and he also disappears into the night.

MALONE finally caught up with Savage the next afternoon while I am in the office trying to steal International stationery so my applications for another job will look pretty. Malone busts in the door and throws the morning papers on Savage's desk. I have seen these papers and I am distressed by them, but not so much as Malone. They are full of pictures of him and Hertha and Tina, and beneath the pictures is some very imaginative writing which says how Malone persuaded the girls to immigrate to America as ambassadresses of good will, how they are vivacious, and how nobody knows what to do with them on account no one can bear to break up such a romantic idea.

Malone resigns in numerous expressive ways before Savage opens his mouth. When he is through, Savage's hands take off from the desk on a slow reconnaissance flight of the office.

"But it's wonderful publicity," he says. "International Airways is mentioned at least once in every one of those stories. Only the Professor is kicking because the stones aren't mentioned."

"Hang the Professor!" says Malone. "It's Isabelle I'm worried about. She won't even talk to me on the phone except to say our marriage could not take place even if we were the last two people left on earth by some atom bomb."

"I'm very sorry to hear that," Savage says. "Now, Crocker, I'll be glad to square you with Isabelle and you may depend on it that all will be honeysuckle and roses by tonight—but as a trusted friend, I must ask you for aid in return." The smile goes off Malone's face.

"Of what nature?" he asks.

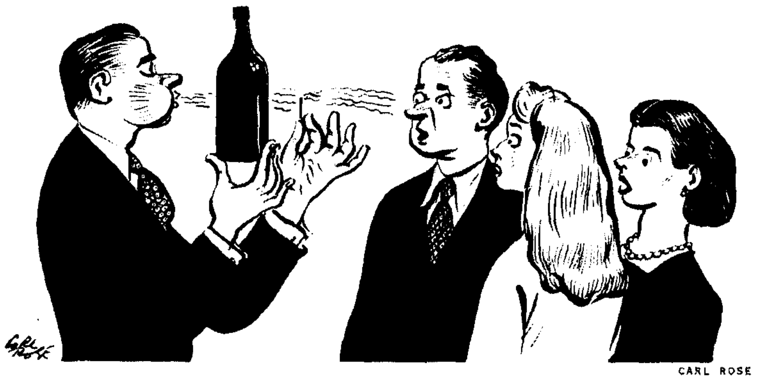
"A flight of vital importance to the financial future of International leaves for the Gold Coast on Monday next. For this flight I am unable to obtain a suitable pilot."

"No!" Malone slams his fist on the desk. "Nothing doing!"

"Think of it, Crocker . . . the Gold Coast! Tom-toms beating in the sunlight. Planter's punches. A chance to bring home some of that Azores champagne. To be drunk at your wedding to Isabelle . . . a girl I would hate to see you lose!"

Which is why I and Malone are sitting here on the Gold Coast which is in the horse latitudes, swatting mosquitoes and hoping the natives don't beat the complete hell out of our laundry . . . and never, never mentioning professors.

THE END


CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Many glass bottles have very tiny holes in them, the magician tells his audience. These holes, he continues to explain, are so minute that liquid cannot pass through them and they are invisible to the eye. The only way that the holes can be discovered is by blowing against the glass, because the air, he assures his listeners, will go through the holes. Picking up a bottle, the magician begins to blow against its sides to test it for holes. After blowing on the bottle for some time, as he twists it around, he announces that he has located holes in the glass and, as often happens, two of the holes are directly opposite each other. If he wishes to make his story a bit more elaborate, the magician may, with his fountain pen, put two dots of ink on opposite sides of the bottle as indicating the positions of the holes. He offers to prove that air will pass through the bottle. For his demonstration he lights a match and holds it in the air, then with the other hand holds the bottle in a direct line between the match flame and his puckered lips. The magician blows and the air puts out the flame of the match.

As designers of airplanes and automobile bodies know, and very few other people realize, air naturally travels around a curved surface. The yarn about the invisible holes in the bottle is told merely to give the spectators something to think about. When the magician blows against the curved surface of the bottle, the air will go right around the bottle and extinguish the flame just as readily as though the bottle were not held between the lips and the match.

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SO YOU WANT TO BE PRESIDENT!

Continued from page 15

professor. He ought to know a lot about farming. He should have been an avid student of international affairs before going to the White House.

In other words, he should know something about every phase not only of American life, but of the economies and thoughts of the other nations in the world. And all this in addition to maintaining the best possible balance between the party platform on which he was elected, his own principles and the propriety of the moment.

At 10 A.M. the President talks with a Texas congressman who wants him to do something right away to stop the Mexican hoof-and-mouth disease from crossing the border. At 10:15 the Secretary of Labor comes in to discuss an impending strike. He wants the President to issue a statement.

At 10:30 a smiling Catholic bishop asks him to accept a degree from his school. And at 10:45 a Maine senator wants him to pose for pictures with the first Maine salmon catch of the season.

So it goes throughout the day, and often into the night. The telephone rings often. Calls come from only the most important people; a legislative leader reporting on the status of a major bill up in the House for vote, the party chairman asking approval of a prospective ambassador, the president of a huge industrial empire with an idea for labor-management peace.

Because of conferences and telephone calls, there are hundreds of papers to be signed, letters to be dictated, speeches to be written, reports to be read.

And all of this every day, every hour. Sometimes the paper work piles so high that a President has to take voluminous reports to bed with him. He reads until his mind is dizzy with facts and opinions; then thankfully, wearily, drops off to sleep.

The daily parade of people through the President's office with their hands figuratively outstretched makes some Chief Executives bitter, others callous, all of them tired.

President Cleveland once wrote a friend: "I am sick at heart and perplexed in brain. I almost think the professions of my friends are but the means they employ to accomplish personal, selfish ends. Henceforth I must have no friends."

Mr. Truman discovered to his sorrow that a President has to eliminate a certain type of "friend" as rapidly as he is acquired. The day after he became President, he heard that a close friend and former associate had printed business cards immediately, pointing out an earlier connection with the Truman War Investigating Committee of the Senate. This particular man had a chance for a big job in the Truman Administration until the President discovered that he had commercialized on his contact.

The Most-Sought-After Job

Still, the lure of being President knows no equal in this country. Men suffer extreme indignities and even the threat of poverty to seek the job. The main attraction, of course, is prestige; the impetus, a love of power. A President may be completely hamstrung by an opposition Congress, but he still has unmatched national power, crowds still turn out in city streets to cheer him and he always feels an almost holy sense of responsibility to the nation, whether his fulfillment of that responsibility is bungling or masterful.

Anyone planning to run for President might be well advised to put this sort of advertisement in the papers: "Wanted: Mature man, educated, witty, politically smart, pleasant personality, unlimited loyalty, to serve as senior secretary. Job worth $100,000 a year but can pay only $10,000. Must be willing to work 12 to 15 hours daily, including nights. No days off or vacations. But travel constantly. Be prepared to take much blame, public criticism and ridicule. Should have patience capable of listening to thousands of complaints. Ability to say NO absolutely necessary."

Which is an approximate idea of the duties and responsibilities of the White House secretariat today.

The top man in the White House secretariat is the front man, the handshaker, the so-called appointment or senior secretary. This is not to diminish the importance of his other colleagues, such as the press secretary or the counsel to the President. But it is a simple fact that, aside from seniority, the top secretary is the man who makes the President's engagements, sees that they run on schedule and, even more important, sees to the best of his ability that the time of the Chief Executive is not wasted by the wrong people.

Secretary Works Long Hours

He is literally the ringmaster of the daily show that revolves around the President's office.

The mechanics of the secretary's work are simple, but strenuous. When George Aubrey Hastings went to work for President Hoover, he asked an old-timer on the staff what the office hours were. "From 7 A.M. till midnight, except the nights when we work late," he was told.

Almost equal hours are worked by the President's press secretary. The press secretary must be on duty day and night because we, the people, must know. We must know from day to day what the President weighs and how he is feeling. We must know the size of his socks and the condition of his stomach. He belongs to us.

The people know the size of his shirt, the color of his pajamas. If he stays up late the night before and comes to work looking a little puffy around the eyes, Richard Doe in Seattle knows within an hour that the President is showing strain.

Yes, we, the people, know. We know who's courting his daughter. If she has two successive dates with the same boy, they're engaged. If his son goes to a night club, we know before daylight how many drinks he had, what he said to his girl friend and how much he tipped the attendant in the washroom.

We not only read and hear this, but we see it too. If the President goes swimming outside the White House pool, the click of the press camera blends in with the gentle roll of the waves, the whir of the newsreel shutter sings with the breeze in the palms.

And when he fishes, the telephoto lens winks at him from not far away. The flash bulb, the typewriter and the microphone are always at his side. As the late Mr. Roosevelt once blurted out in a burst of tortured resentment against his life in a goldfish bowl, "The reporters and photographers will never be satisfied until they follow me to the bathroom."

Between the public and the President is a middleman who in these times is known as the White House press secretary. His unhappy job is trying to keep the public, represented by the reporters and photographers, and the President pacified and pleased. The right kind of twenty-four-hour publicity on everything a President does has become requisite to his political survival.

If there is any man around the White House who should NOT be a yes man, it

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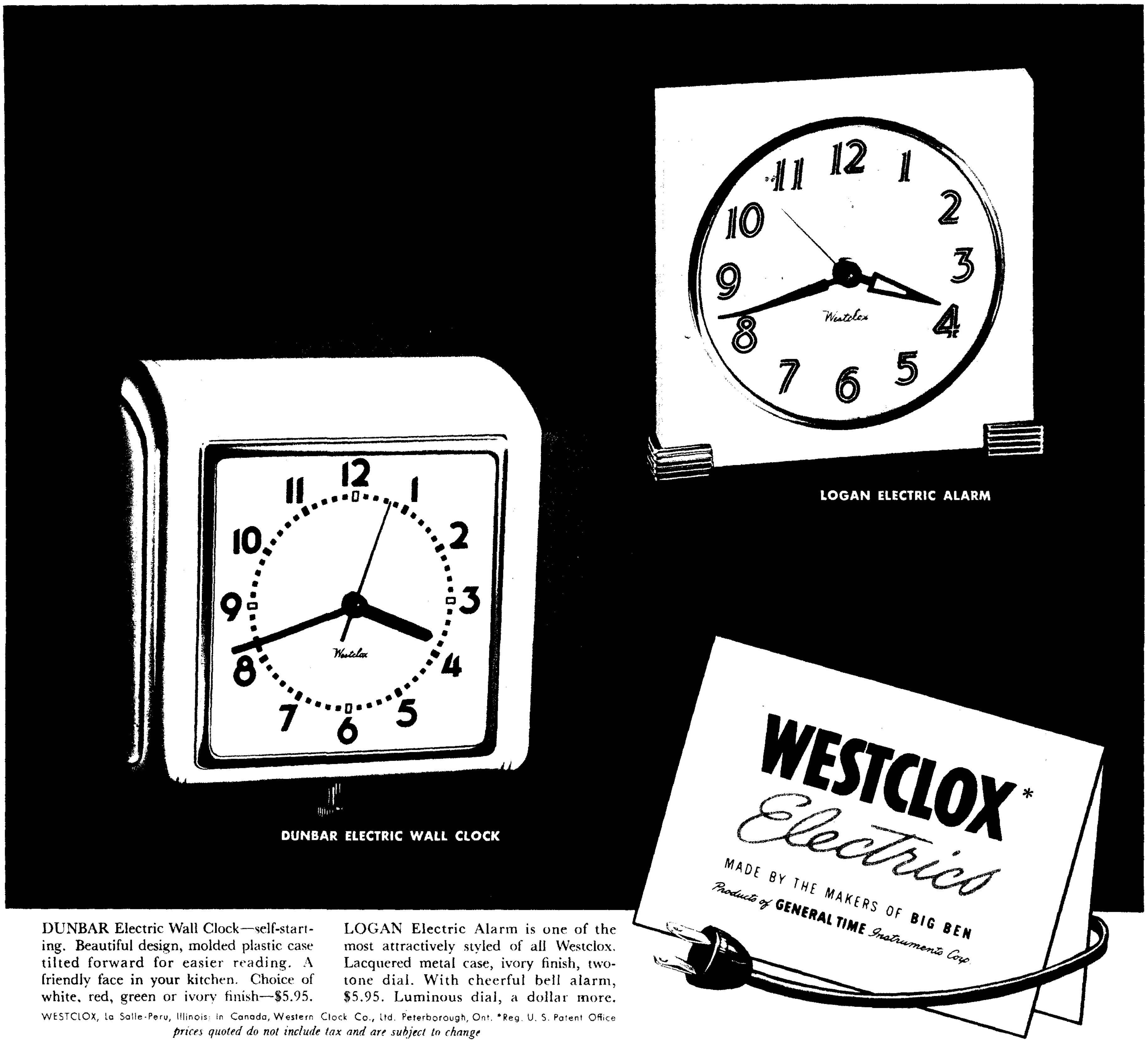
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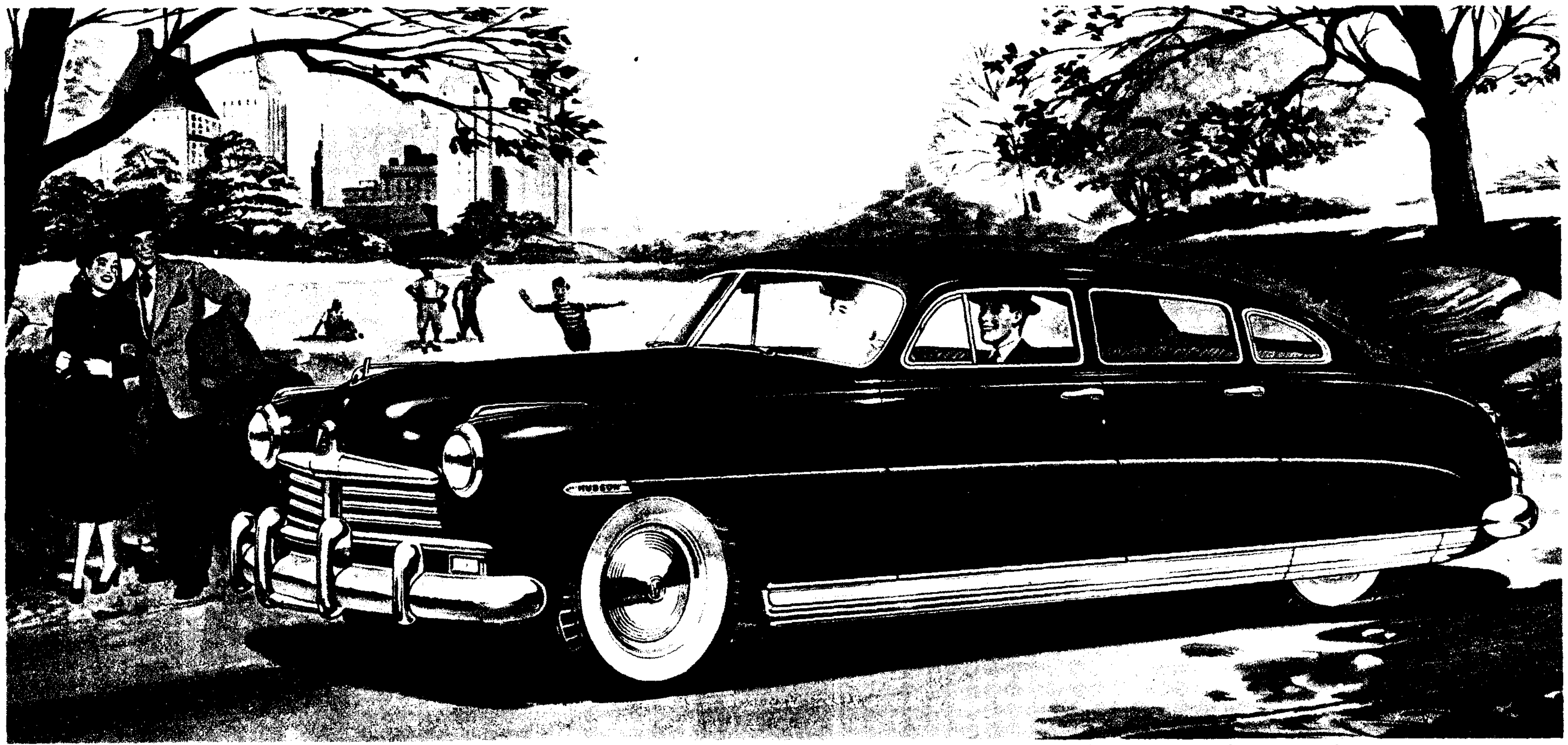

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The New Hudson

s the press secretary. Steve Early in open press conferences would on occasion nterrupt Mr. Roosevelt while he was speaking. He would whisper in the President's ear. Mr. Roosevelt would then throw up his arms and say, "Well, Steve tells me I'm wrong; that it didn't happen that way. I'll have to accept Steve's version. He says . . ."

One thing against which a press secretary must guard constantly is having his boss lose his temper in front of reporters, no matter how angry they may make him.

Wilson, shortly after some newspapers had printed stories about his daughter Margaret which he found highly annoying, called a conference of correspondents.

"I address you as Woodrow Wilson and not as the President," he said.

He referred to the reports about his daughter and then said sharply, "This must stop. . . . The next time, I shall do what any other indignant father would do. I will punch the man who prints it in the nose."

One day Mr. Truman went even further than Wilson in denouncing one of the nation's leading columnists to his face, threatening to beat him physically if he printed anything more about the female members of his family.

As President Wilson said, any father would be indignant over gossip printed about his daughter. But what he and other Presidents forget is that the moment they take the oath of office, they surrender, whether they want to or realize it, virtually all vestiges of privacy. And when they lose their privacy, so do members of their immediate family. It is unfortunate but true. It is a situation which sours many Presidents on public life long before they leave the White House.

One of the President's toughest jobs comes as a result of the flood of mail that pours into the White House every day. Sometimes it comes in at a rate of five to ten thousand letters a day. Each letter is opened, contents noted and disposed of through one of a number of official channels. Only an infinitesimal percentage of the letters addressed to him are read by any modern President.

A great many of the replies sent out by the White House are merely form letters signed by a member of the staff. At the same time, many with the President's signature are not written by him. But the White House for many years has not duplicated his signature. A member of the staff will draft a letter for his signature, but no one ever signs his name for him. Consequently, a President has to write his name hundreds of times a day. Mr. Truman estimates that he puts his signature on paper, parchment and pictures more than two hundred times every twenty-four hours.

This actually amounts to a lot of valuable time wasted because many of the papers requiring Presidential signature could well be signed by some other official of the government. The President, for instance, still has to sign the commissions issued to all regular officers of the armed forces, and all government officials whose posts require commissions.

President Taft said the signing of commissions was "the greatest manual duty the President has to perform."

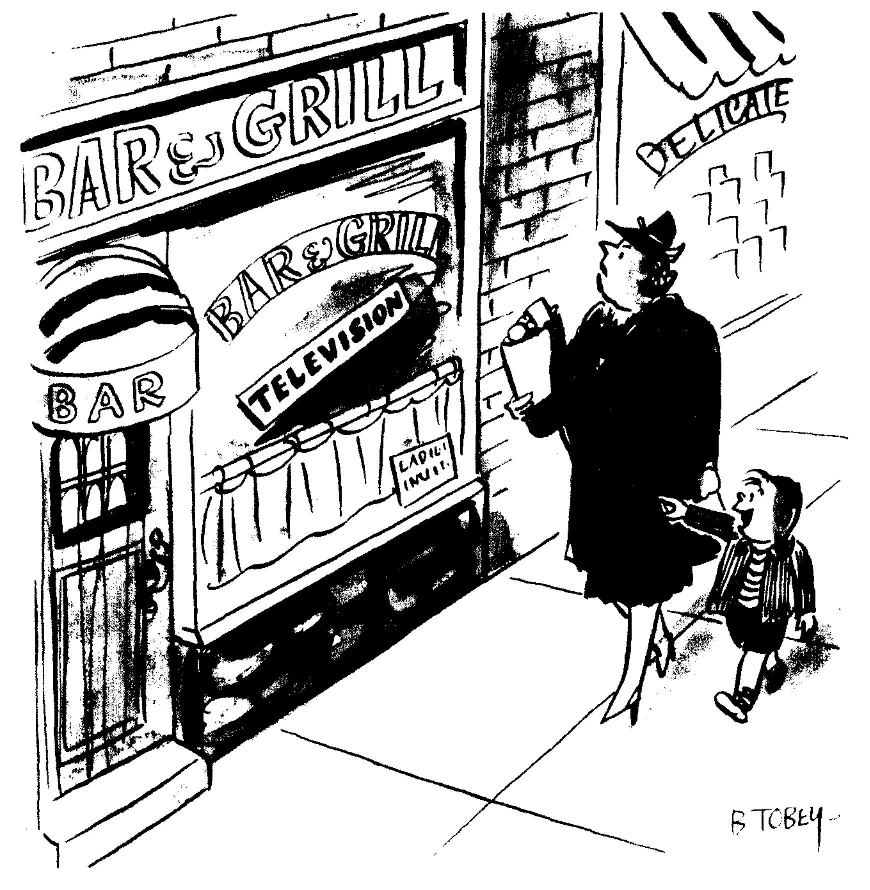
The Ever-Present Fear of Assassination

But one of the toughest beatings the President takes is psychological. It must be a horrible feeling to stand in front of a large crowd and know that at any moment someone might whip out a gun and fire at you.

There you are, the President. The applause is deafening as you rise to speak. You try to smile and nod graciously. The ball park is jammed and you can see thousands of hands clapping vigorously.

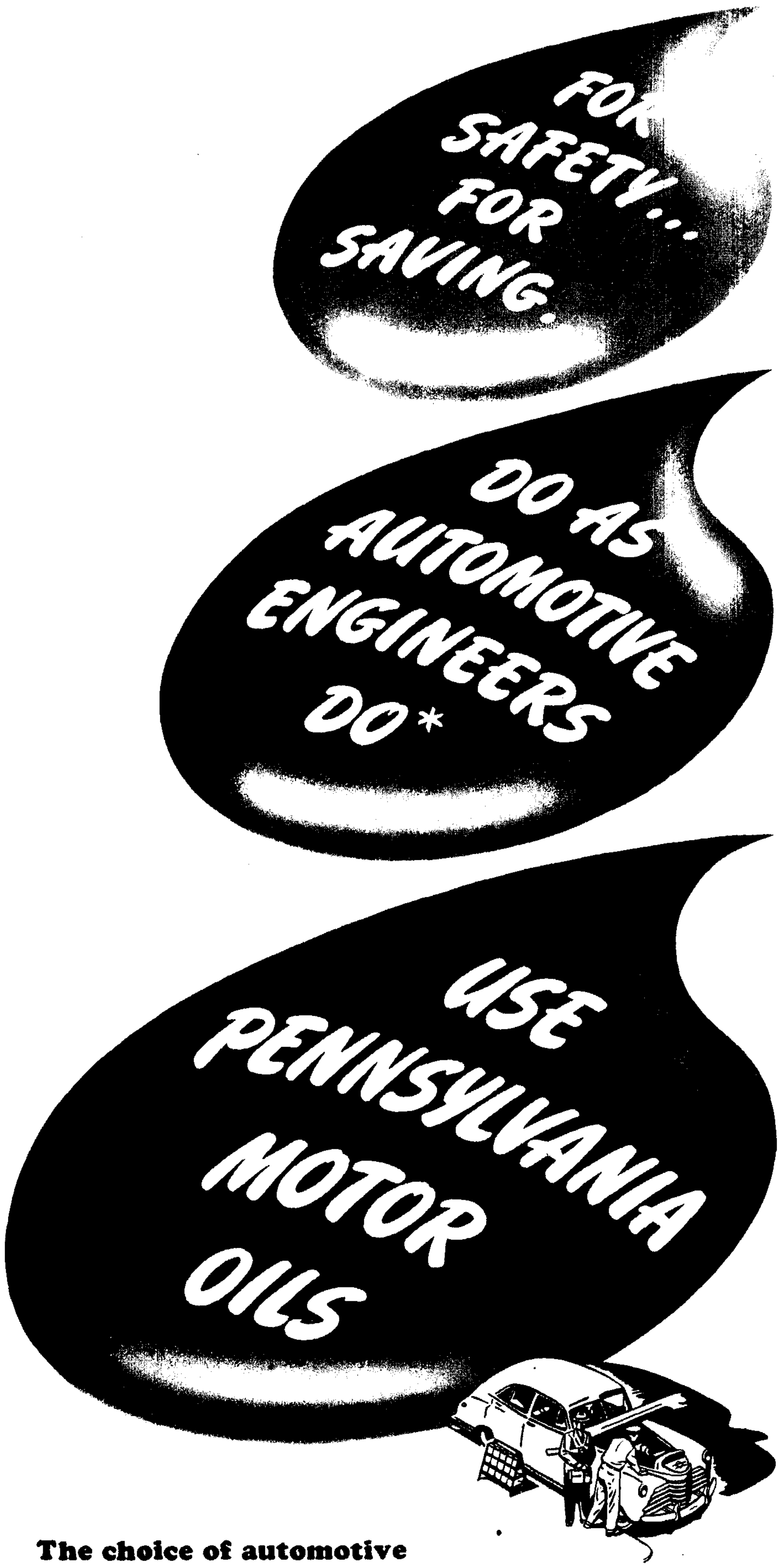
Immediately in front of the platform where you, the President, stand, you see three serious young men. Each has his right hand in his topcoat pocket, and you know that his hand is gripped around the butt of a .38 pistol. They look not at you but at the people.

These three men are on your side. They'll give their lives to save yours. Far back in the ball park you can see similar young men with their right hands pocketed. Their eyes rove restlessly from person to person. Hawklike, they watch every motion of the crowd. You realize, too, that behind you are standing some



"That's where Pop and I saw the ball game Saturday—"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



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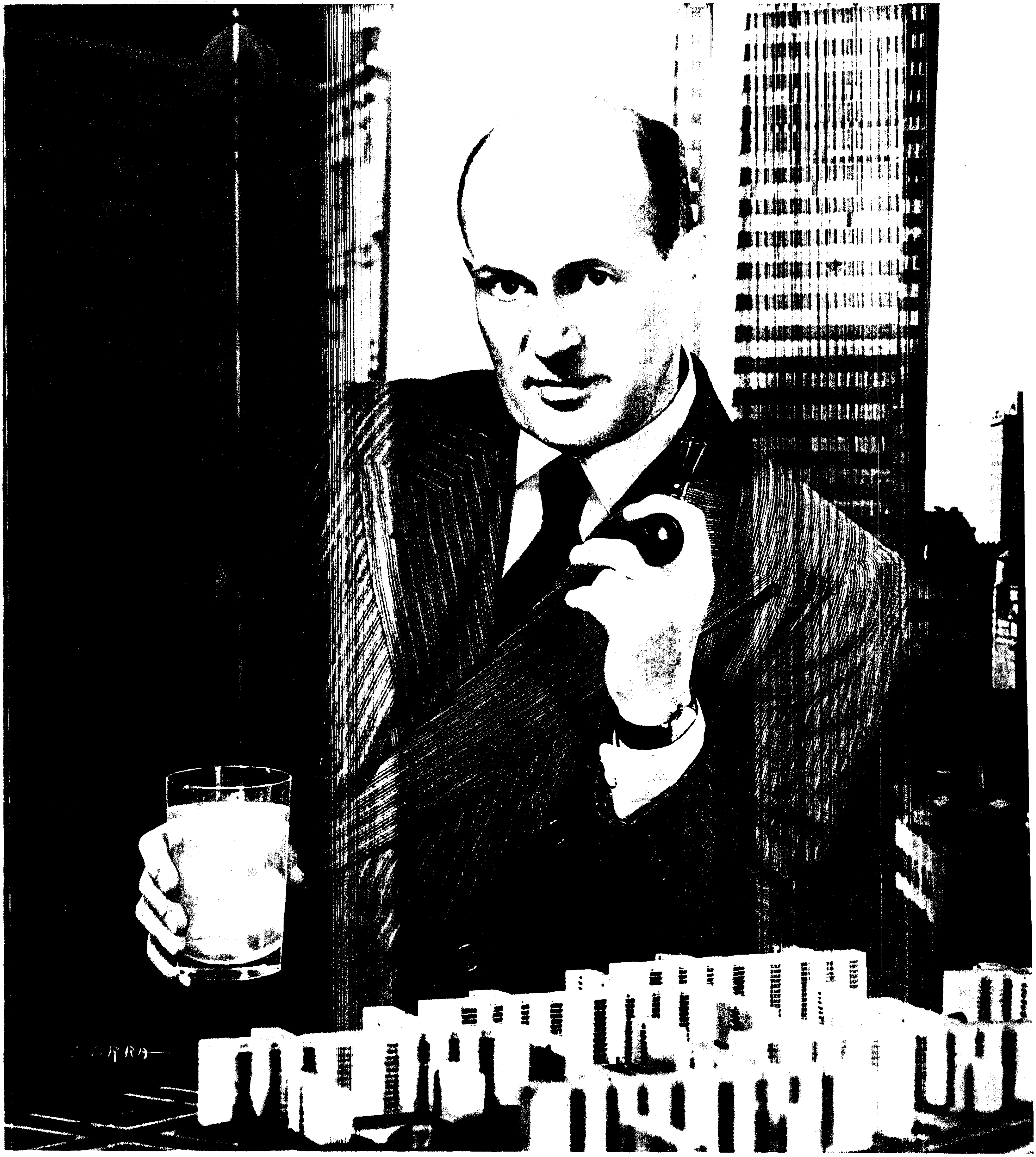

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As you look at these alert agents of e United States Secret Service, your orn protectors, your mind may go ck to the words of one of your prede-ssors.

It was President Taft who once said, f a person is determined to kill a Presi-nt, and is willing to give up his life for no such protection will save him."

The first Secret Service agents assigned the President went to the White House 1902 to guard Teddy Roosevelt. The iginal White House detail consisted of ve men. During the recent war, the umber of agents on the White House signment leaped to seventy. Now the eacetime strength of between fifteen nd twenty prevails again.

The Secret Service detail is augmented y a separate White House police force hich guards all the gates to the grounds nd entrances to the house and offices ay and night.

So closely protected are modern Pres-dents that they sometimes are irritated y the presence of the SS men. When a ian first becomes President, his first re-ction to the Secret Service men usually one of surprise, which often turns into nnoyance. Most Presidents, however, ecome resigned eventually to the quiet oung men who are never more than a ew feet away at any hour of the day or ight.

One sits at the door of his office. An-ther stands at a point of easy control in he walkway between the house proper nd the office. Agents also are scattered iround the rest of the establishment, vatching all the entrances and checking isitors as they come and go.

Secret Service Always on Job

When the President leaves the White House, an agent rides in the car with him. If the President walks, one agent and naybe more walk a few steps behind nim, with a special Secret Service car always within instantaneous call.

In short, everywhere a President goes, the men of the Secret Service go with him.

Most people could not stand the staring a President takes when he leaves the White House. I don't see how he gets much fun out of parties when most of the other guests spend a great portion of the evening gaping at him. The worst example of this I ever saw occurred shortly after Mr. Truman became President. With his wife and daughter, he went to a party given at the Mayflower Hotel by the American Newspaper Women's Club. The Presidential family stood in a reception line for about an hour. Then the club officers escorted them to a box at the side of the ballroom. It would not have been so bad if there had been other boxes, as at the theater or a concert. But theirs was the only one.

That "On-Display" Feeling

When they were seated, the other guests crowded around the entrance to the box and just stood, staring. The Trumans stared back. It was horribly like a livestock auction where the prospective buyers gather around the animals before the bidding begins.

I walked up to the edge of the crowd. The President saw me and crooked a beckoning finger.

"We certainly are on display, aren't we?" he said with a laugh. Then he started talking about something else.

The thing that impressed me was that he was not mad.

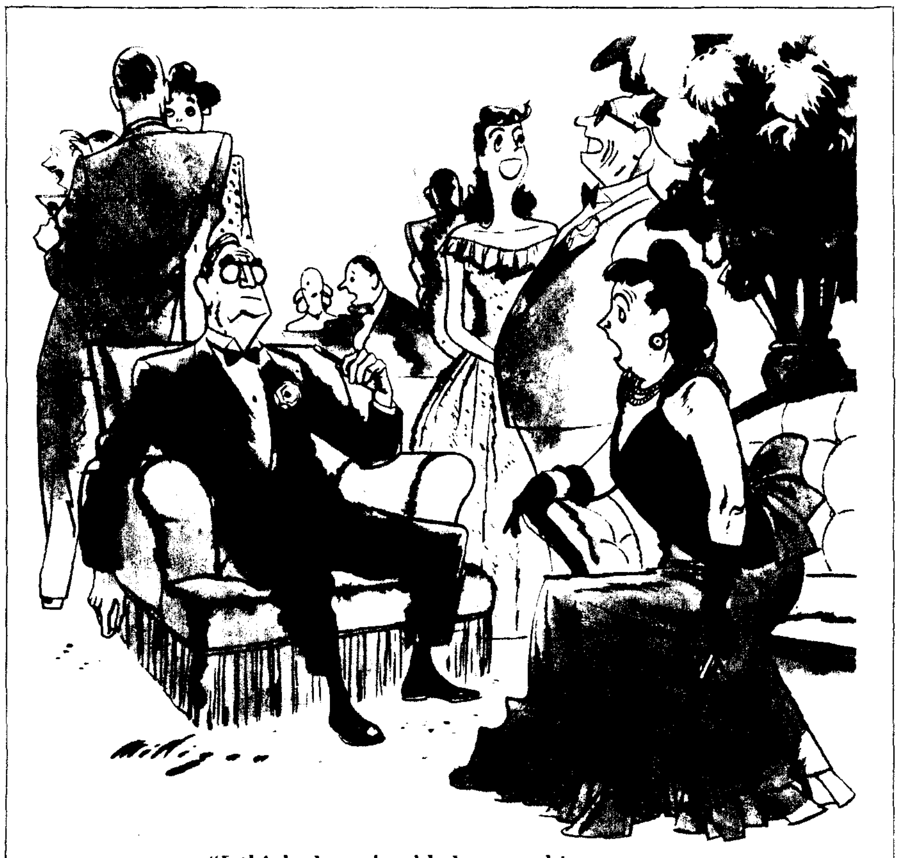
Periods of war naturally restrict the movements of a President as in the cases of Wilson, F.D.R. and Mr. Truman. But history seems to prove that if a Chief Executive wants more opportunity to move about Washington without attracting much attention, he should go out more often.

Undoubtedly if a President could be seen frequently about the city, he would attract less attention. And the problem would be simpler for the Secret Service because fewer people would be drawn to him in public if there's not much novelty in seeing him.

The way things are now, a President would cause a traffic jam if he walked from the White House to one of the near-by stores to buy a tie or some handkerchiefs. If he tried to go to the theater without a heavy guard and much advance planning, he'd be hopelessly mobbed by autograph seekers. His answer is to stay home most of the time.

So you think you'd like to be President, eh?

THE END



"I think they should do something to prevent the spread of Communism in Russia"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

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SONS OF THE PIONEERS
THE DINNING SISTERS
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Listen for these Song Hits
"MELODY TIME"
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"PECOS BILL"
and many others

WHO WILL RUN THE RED SOX?

BY MILTON GROSS

Will Joe McCarthy try to play the dugout despot with temperamental Ted Williams? The answer can add to pennants or chaos

Though a strict disciplinarian, Joe McCarthy knows when to go easy on baseball's problem children

BEMUSED Boston is under the misapprehension, now that Joe McCarthy has emerged from his pastoral retirement and come into its life, that two situations of enduring significance are sure to develop:

One, Ted Williams will become a chastened character or he will be chased out of Fenway Park by said Mr. McCarthy and, two, Mr. McCarthy's mystic qualities as a manager guarantee that Red Sox pennants will flow through the Hub as steadily as the River Charles.

It should be made clear that these are pure hypotheses. That bright new world, for which the cornerstone presumably was laid when the man who is known as Marse Joe succeeded Joe Cronin as Red Sox manager, will continue to have the same old gimmicks in it.

Cronin, an amiable Irishman who babied Williams, did as well last year as he could be expected to do when strong arms belonging to Pitchers Tex Hughson, Dave Ferriss and Mickey Harris became spavined.

McCarthy, a sixty-one-year-old introverted Irishman with an acidulous personality that vaguely resembles an unripe persimmon, will do no better unless he receives substantial assistance from the front office or discovers a new source of corpuscular energy with which to revitalize this trio of aching arms.

These are undeniable propositions. They were pointed up by the haste with which the Red Sox rushed into the market place hardly a month after Joe transferred his genius to Boston. In the biggest deal engineered by the Red Sox in recent years, McCarthy secured Pitcher Jack Kramer and long-ball hitting infielder Vern Stephens from the Browns for seven players and cash. Bill DeWitt of St. Louis described the cash as "a substantial amount."

McCarthy is a good manager. But he's no better than any other manager with good material. How successful he'll be without the aid and comfort of an aged-in-the-Weiss farm system, such as produced a steady flow of outstanding Yankee players Joe led to eight pennants and seven World Series titles, is something that interests all observers.

Among these are Tom Yawkey, who'll have to open his wallet far beyond the $100,000 mark he's paying McCarthy to win pennants in the next two years. Another with more than academic interest is Jimmy Dykes, formerly of the White Sox, who once characterized McCarthy as a push-button manager.

Either of these gentlemen may have to eat crow for his next Thanksgiving dinner. One thing is certain, however. Williams will not be one of the courses served at this ignominious fare.

McCarthy is a practical man. He knows on which side his bread is buttered with base hits. The fact that he has always been connected with a major-league team that owned gobs of money and was willing to spend same for replacements proves that.

You don't find replacements for Williams lying under mulberry bushes, however. McCarthy is as fully aware of this as he is of the fallacious dugout gossip that Williams either will knuckle under or be traded.

Through the years McCarthy has been pictured as some sort of baseball Buddha before whose sacred altar all his players had to prostrate themselves. Characters, individualists, rowdies and malingerers, so the story goes, could not play for McCarthy.

Problem Players Who Had to Be Humored

This is sheer nonsense. McCarthy never gave away a problem child who had talent without getting his equal in return. He traded Johnny Allen but received Monte Pearson and Steve Sundra for him, and Pearson, incidentally, was one of the game's outstanding hypochondriacs. Lefty Gomez was no pliable infant, but he threw hard and McCarthy gave him a loose halter. Babe Ruth wasn't averse to telling off his manager. But McCarthy was wise enough to prescribe no rules for Ruth, who lived a thoroughly unfettered existence. So did Hack Wilson.

The point is, Joe may be a strict disciplinarian, but not for the men who keep his genius crown from going askew on his head.

Williams, therefore, will continue to go hatless, coatless, tieless and hitless into left if he so desires and despite Joe's aversion to half-dressed players. Ted will sulk occasionally, pop off sporadically and gambol on the green lackadaisically. He also will remain the most feared and best hitter in baseball.

Personality pitfalls still exist, though, and in them are the elements of an eruption which can leave Boston quivering like a hot bass fiddle string.

McCarthy is reluctant with compliments. Cronin, who virtually reared Williams from an insolent pup, knew when to apply the soft soap. He left Williams alone when he thought it was necessary. At other times he called him Teddy boy and asked him about his new fly rod or rifle.

When Williams belted a pitch through the fish-net defense used against him, Cronin was the first to shake his left fielder's hand and remind him what a great hitter he is.

If you asked Joe why he permitted Williams to disregard the wide open spaces in left absolutely begging for two and three bases on push hits, Cronin answered with remarkable candor, "You know what kind of a kid Ted is. He feels that shift is a challenge to him and he's going to prove he's better than it."

Williams will grow a long gray beard before

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

NO DEAD SPOTS

Even Distribution of Flow in AC Oil Filters Makes Every Inch of the "5-Star" Element Work

You couldn't change the perforations in a "5-Star Quality" Oil Filter Element without spoiling its efficiency. These holes are just right in size, in number, and in spacing to accomplish two important results: (1) to distribute the flow of dirty oil evenly over the entire Element surface, and (2) to maintain the proper amount of flow through the virgin cotton filtering material.

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They love this car in RICHMOND and RIO

. . . for its unmatched advantages, its greater economy

"Jeep" Station Wagon

WITH ALL STEEL BODY AND TOP

World War Memorial Tower in Byrd Park, Richmond, Va.

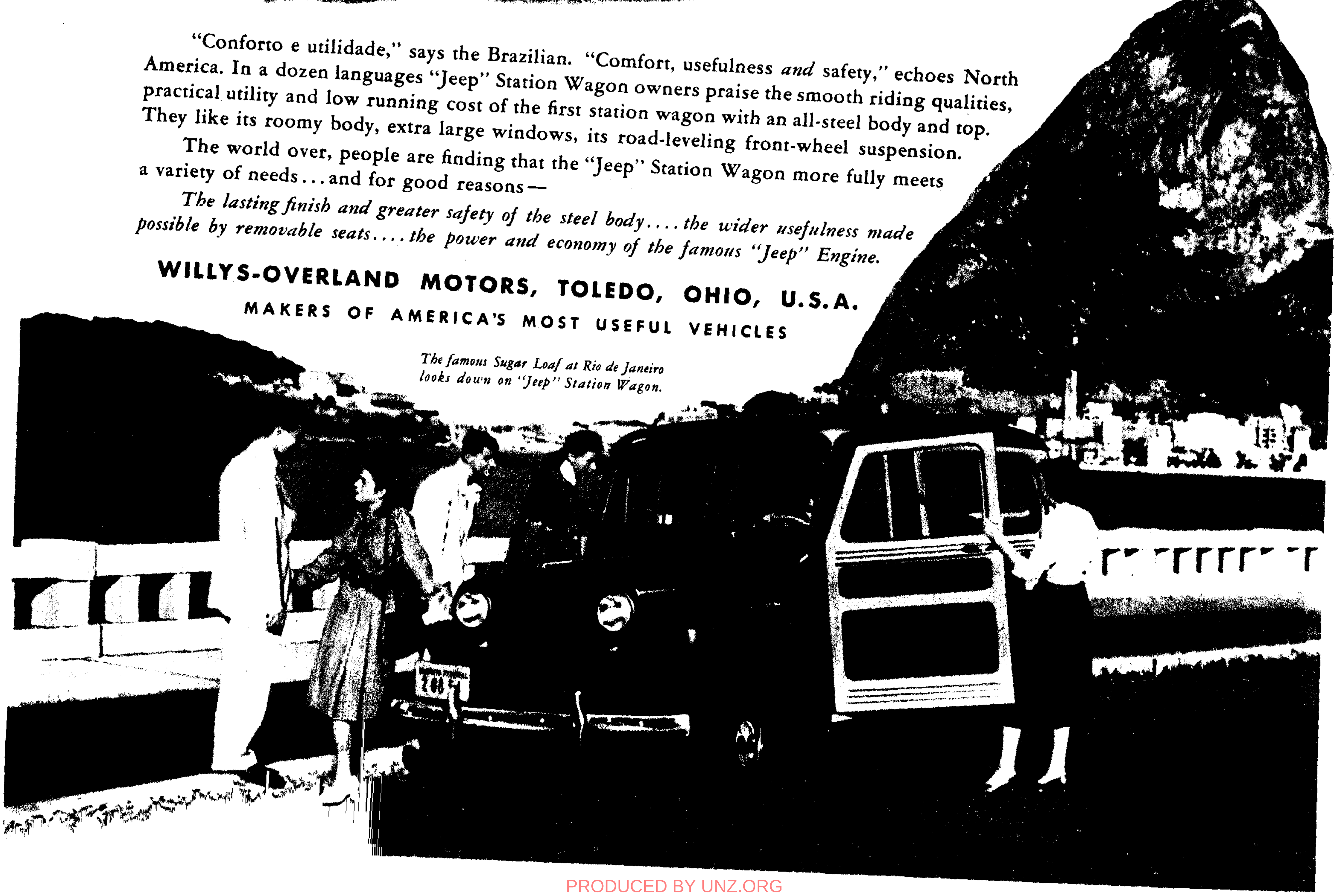
"Conforto e utilidade," says the Brazilian. "Comfort, usefulness *and* safety," echoes North America. In a dozen languages "Jeep" Station Wagon owners praise the smooth riding qualities, practical utility and low running cost of the first station wagon with an all-steel body and top. They like its roomy body, extra large windows, its road-leveling front-wheel suspension.

The world over, people are finding that the "Jeep" Station Wagon more fully meets a variety of needs . . . and for good reasons—

The lasting finish and greater safety of the steel body . . . . the wider usefulness made possible by removable seats . . . . the power and economy of the famous "Jeep" Engine.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES



The famous Sugar Loaf at Rio de Janeiro looks down on "Jeep" Station Wagon.

McCarthy pats his head, calls him Teddy boy or discusses rifles, fishing rods or sealing wax.

When he was with the Yankees, the players called him mister and respected him for his grasp of his business, but McCarthy never allowed any of them to get close to him. He was a dugout despot and insisted on an impersonal player-manager relationship. Joe kept his men at arm's length. It was impossible to approach him as an equal. Rookies feared bringing their problems to him, and veterans became aware that McCarthy considered his only job was to win ball games and not act as a wailing wall.

The players who came up through the Yankee farm system were geared to Joe's manner. They were well paid and if McCarthy had a rule that no man could shave in the locker room before or after a game, well, he shaved at home.

With the notable exception of some outstanding stars for whom rules were relaxed, they were content to take Joe's curdled eccentricities because, after all, they were the ones who picked up the World Series checks even as they were the ones collecting the base hits.

They figured the checks were more negotiable than a few kind words from Joe, but they conceded readily, even before winning the pennant last season, that the cleared social atmosphere was more pleasant under Bucky Harris than it ever had been under McCarthy.

McCarthy Reluctant to Praise

It was difficult at times to appreciate McCarthy's prejudices. One evening upon hearing some of his players discussing golf outside the Yankees' St. Petersburg, Florida, training hotel, he stormed away from the group wondering aloud what had happened to the days when baseball players talked baseball.

That same season McCarthy switched Snuffy Stirnweiss from second to third base. He did a surprisingly good job at the unfamiliar base, but newspapermen traveling with the club wanted McCarthy's opinion on his performance.

"Why can't he play third base?" McCarthy sneered. "Anybody can. It's the easiest position in the infield. Bluege played it for years with Washington and never uncrossed his legs."

Stirnweiss was one of McCarthy's favorites, but Joe adamantly refused to murmur a few kind words in his behalf. It wasn't surprising. In 1941, when Joe DiMaggio hit in 56 straight games for a new record, afternoon newspapermen virtually had exhausted every angle of the story by the time he hit the forties.

When DiMaggio reached Willie Keeler's 44-year-old mark by hitting safely in his 44th consecutive game, reporters sought an expression of opinion from his manager.

"Nuts!" McCarthy responded. "I got lots of records. What do they mean?"

When the interviewers persisted, McCarthy said, "He's great. Everybody knows it. What do you want me to say it for?"

Although he was pampered and protected in New York by newspapermen who had an abiding interest in the game, McCarthy regarded them as parasitic busybodies. He resented their questions and, if he answered at all, did so in a nagging voice that clearly reflected his reluctance to reveal any news. He was suspicious of any question and most questioners.

He grunted his observations, and if a newspaperman asked him to repeat them, McCarthy made it obvious the scribe didn't know much about baseball anyway, so why bother? You always left an interview with McCarthy with the depressed feeling he considered the game was not a matter of public interest.

This is a peculiar attitude for a man who is reported to have a fortune estimated at a half million, all of which came out of the buck tens left at the ticket wicket.

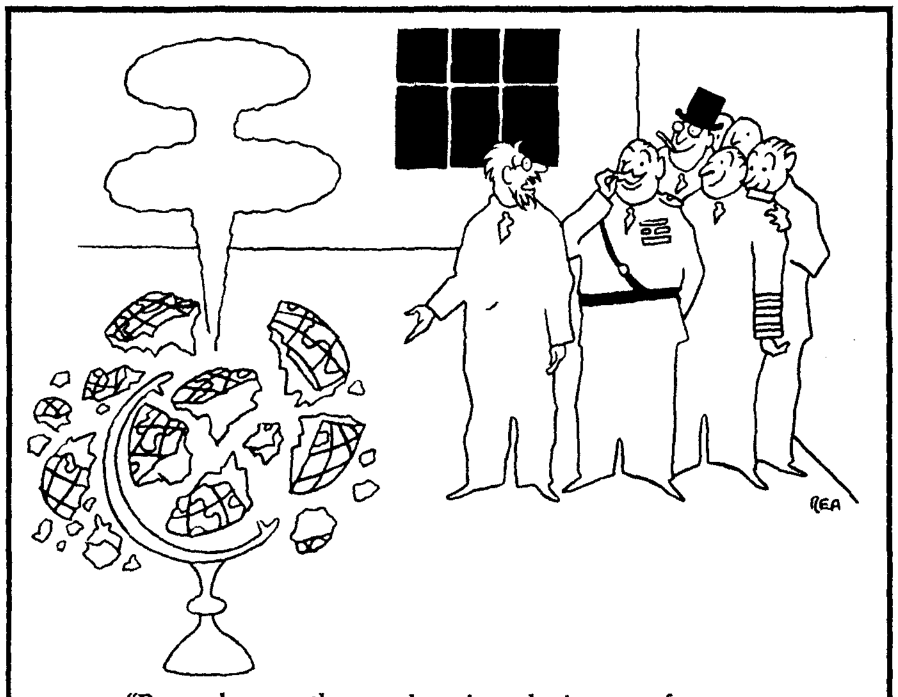
On a September day in 1942 when the Yankees were so close to clinching the pennant they could have reached out and touched it with their bats, Arthur (Red) Patterson of the Herald Tribune took a seat in the dugout next to McCarthy, who was observing infield practice.

Directly behind Patterson came Coach Art Fletcher, who handed McCarthy a line-up blank for the day's game. Joe started to inscribe the players' names, but shoved the card behind his back, suddenly whirled on Patterson and snapped, "How can a man get his work done around here with everybody sticking his nose where it doesn't belong?"

The sequel to this story is that Patterson later was hired by Larry MacPhail as the Yankees' traveling secretary and publicity man. It was his difficult duty to drain drops of news from McCarthy.

Because Joe was inordinately successful with this approach to a free press in New York, it's unlikely he contemplates any change now. If he doesn't, the power and the patience of the Boston press, which devotes itself breathlessly, frenetically and sometimes vitriolically to the Red Sox will be sorely tried.

Boston sports reporters may not have



"Remember, gentlemen, there is no basis as yet for over-optimism. The entire thing is still in the laboratory stage"

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Solid colors are top choice this season. Newest comer is a silvery-grey. Good in both flannel and gabardine. Best worn with patterned grey jackets or plain blue flannel blazer. Combine perfectly with textured leather, crepe-soled moccasins.

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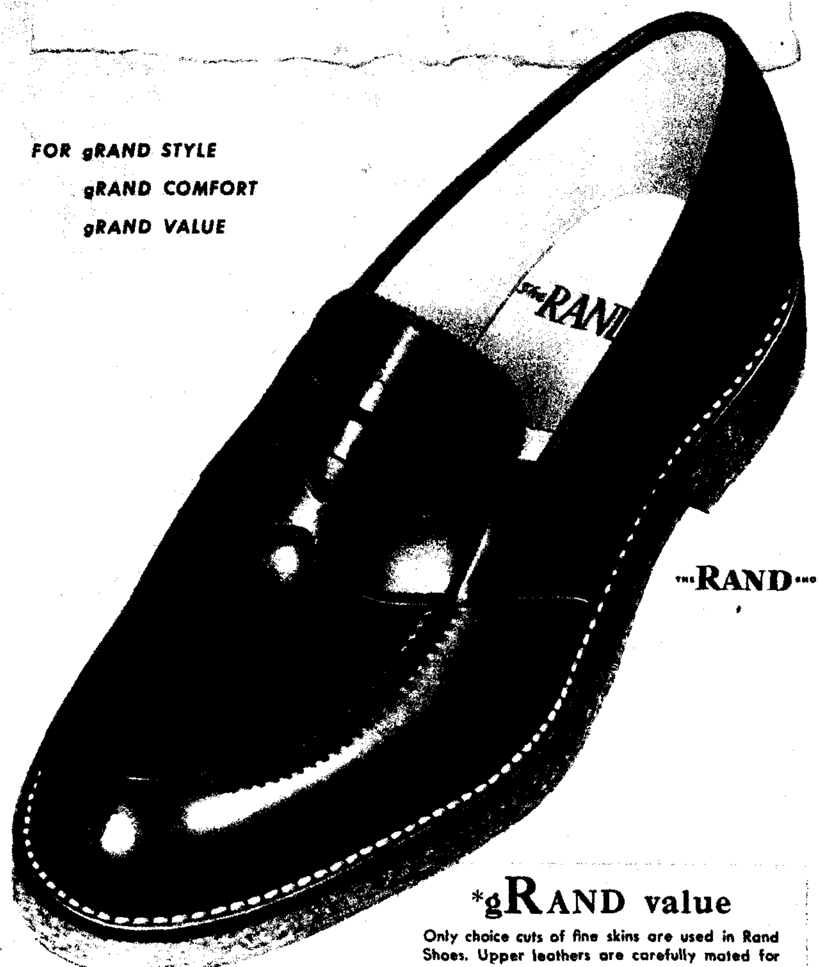

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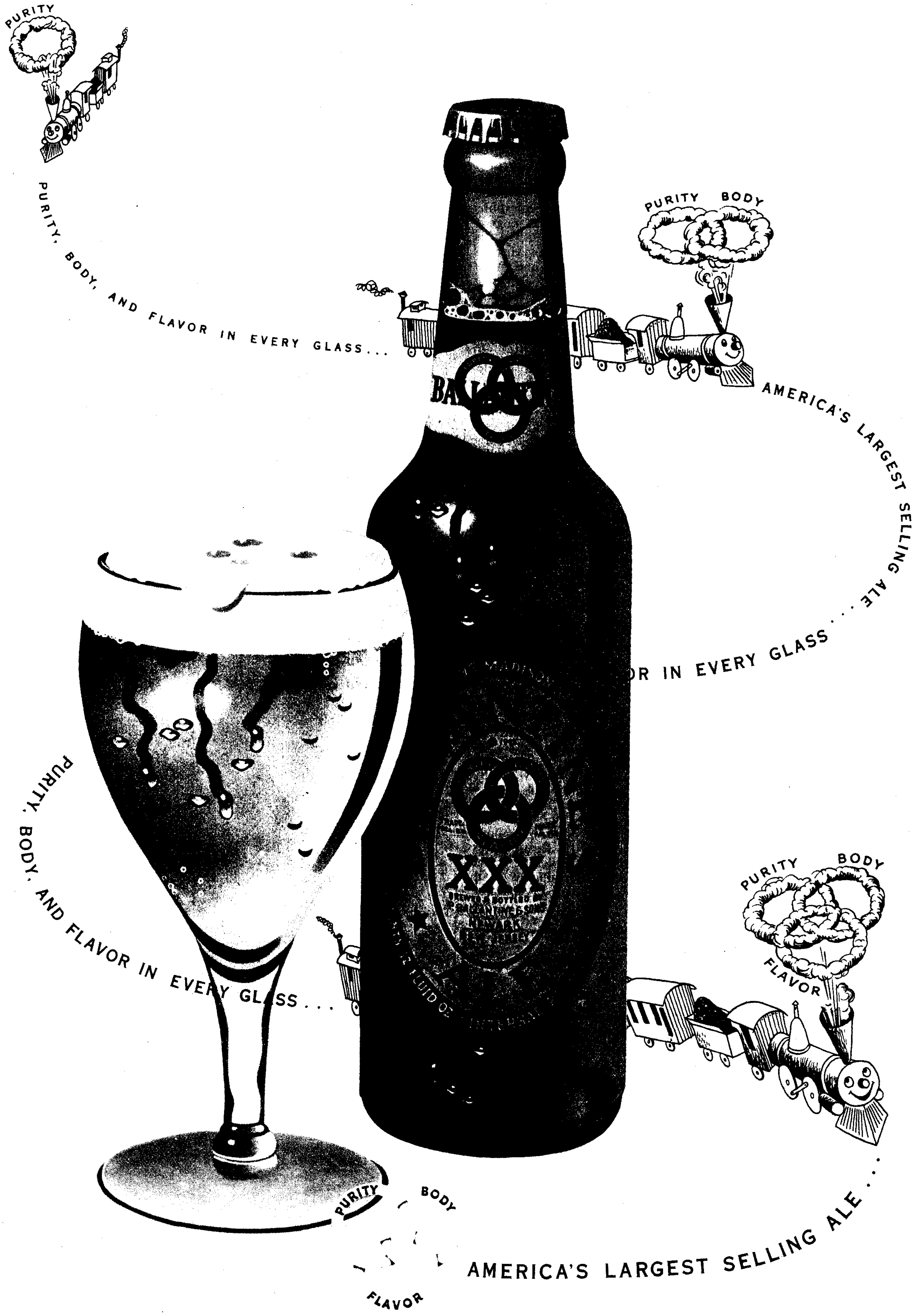
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PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS...
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PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS...
PURITY BODY
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AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE...

invented the second guess, but they've certainly refined it to an incisive art. When Win Green, who had been with the Red Sox upward of twenty years, was fired as the team's trainer in November, Joe received his first taste of ink that is flavored with wormwood. Eddie Froelich, whom McCarthy hired in Green's place, is a capable, experienced, likable trainer. But the writers treated Win's replacement as a slight case of patricide.

When a Boston writer sits down he puts on his spurs before opening his typewriter case. There is Dave Egan, for example. He is the columnist for the Record, for which he swings a telling hammer. Egan is a man of courage and convictions. When the Red Sox won their first pennant in twenty years in 1946, Egan played a steady poison-pen tattoo on their skulls.

Huck Finnegan of the American is another who has been known to work himself up into something approaching a state of frenzy. Huck is naturally of an iconoclastic bent on the subject of Boston baseball. A Finnegan once snubbed or rubbed by McCarthy would write a vow in blood to pick at Joe's hide with the thoroughness of a man cleaning a chicken bone with his teeth.

It will make little difference to Huck if McCarthy wins or loses; Huck's quill will be sharpened and ready to do battle.

Now, McCarthy practices the amiable fable that the only sports-page reading he takes to heart is the averages tabulated in agate type. This would be a commendable trait, if true. Actually, McCarthy knows reasonably well which writers portray him as a visitation from Olympus and which are moved occasionally to beat out his brains.

In Boston, McCarthy also will have to contend with the newly aroused public and press enthusiasm for the Braves, who seem to be making serious motions in the direction of the National League pennant.

Billy Southworth, their manager, is the only major-league pilot who owns a better won-and-lost percentage than McCarthy. In seven years with the Cardinals and two with the Braves, Southworth teams compiled a .618 mark. McCarthy, in five years with the Cubs and sixteen with the Yankees, has .614.

Despite this enviable record McCarthy is neither a graceful winner nor a good loser. On the occasion of more than one victory celebration, Joe has told off certain newspapermen who didn't treat him with adjectives becoming his record.

The fact is, Joe can't abide criticism or even conversation on a losing day, as innumerable players, waiters, bartenders, Pullman porters, hotel maids, fans and writers have discovered to their humiliation.

McCarthy even refuses to take spring-training defeats lightly. After an exhibition loss to the Braves in Fort Lauderdale some seasons back, a waiter attempted to make small talk about that afternoon's depressing activities. "You take care of the food around here and I'll take care of the ball games," McCarthy snarled.

Joe a Hard Loser

A disconsolate, lonely man with small grace for conversation, the whimsies or vagaries of life, McCarthy regards every bad break as a personal affront. When his club isn't going right he takes refuge in insolence and insulting remarks.

One murky day in Cleveland in May, 1946, either defeat or dyspepsia was getting him down. He spent pregame practice riding his own players, but once the game had started he couldn't stand the saddle being transferred to his own back.

A spectator seated in a box seat just to the right and slightly ahead of the Yankee dugout was enjoying a fine old time exercising his fan's prerogative of needling McCarthy.

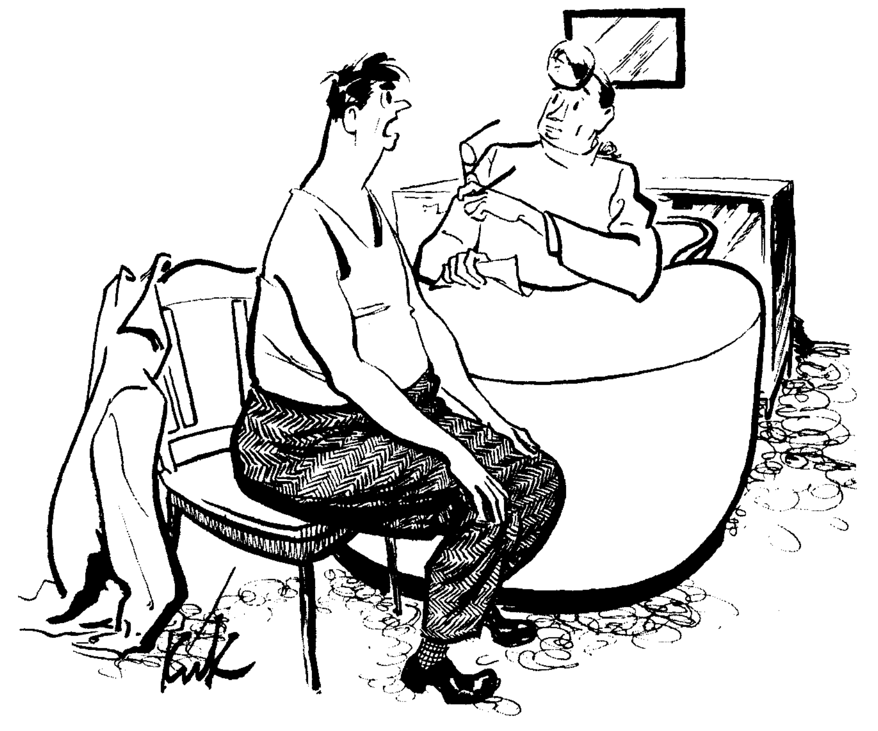
McCarthy had special police summoned and ordered them to shut up the fan or throw him out.

One of McCarthy's first official acts with the Red Sox was to release Bill Zuber to Louisville. McCarthy obtained Bill for the Yankees in a trade with the Senators in 1943. During wartime, Zuber was adequate. Came the end of the war and the inevitable separation of men from boys, and this May, 1946, Cleveland game—McCarthy's last game as manager of the Yankees.

Zuber threw a home-run ball. It was not the longest, but it certainly was the most effective homer ever struck because it not only defeated the Yankees but also drove McCarthy to his bed of pain and into retirement.

This was the situation: The Yankees went into the ninth inning trailing 3-1, on May 20, 1946, at League Park, where the right-field fence can be reached with one short hop on a pogo stick. Nick Etten's second homer of the game and one by Bill Dickey over the beckoning barrier put the Yankees back in the running.

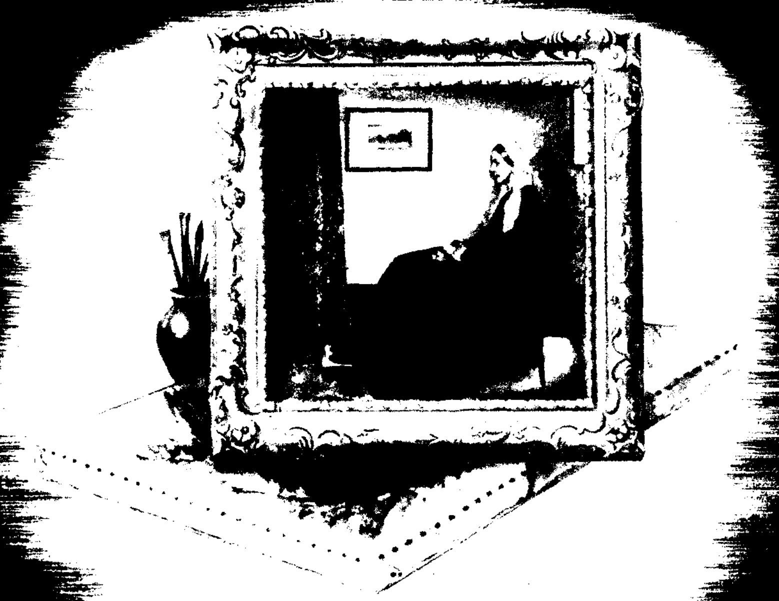
Zuber got the Indians' first hitter on a ground ball. With two strikes on Ken Keltner he threw one outside. The left-field fence is a long-distance call from



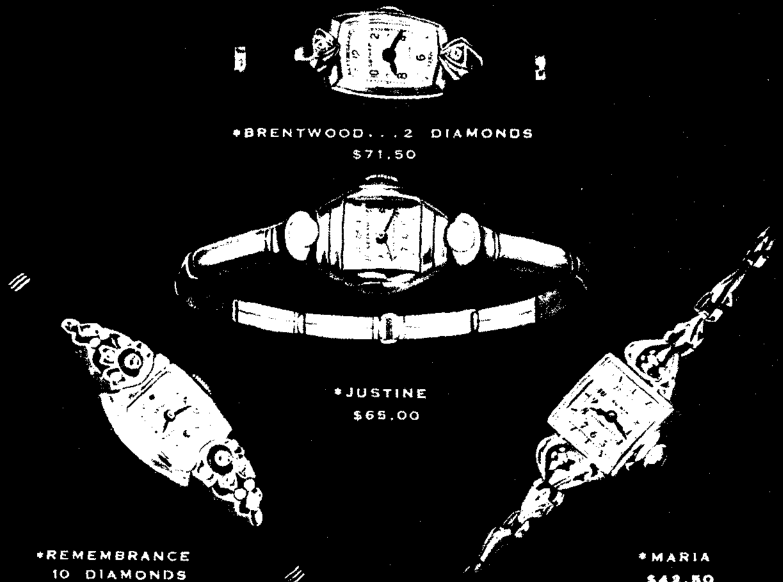
COLLIER'S "It must have been the price of something I ate" KIRK

At Mother's Day

80 YEARS OF TRADITION
AMONGST AMERICA'S
DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES



Whistler's *famous portrait of his mother, painted three years after the Ollendorff Watch Co. was founded 80 years ago — in 1868.*



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home plate. Keltner really would have had to catch an inside pitch solidly to make it go all the way. He punched at the pitch, hit it over the right-field fence, and the ball game and McCarthy were gone.

Joe remained in the dugout working himself up to a rage long after the field and the stands had cleared. That evening he became ill. He failed to appear on the field the following day. The next evening the Yankees left for Detroit. The following day McCarthy had to be taken to his farm just outside of Buffalo. Two days later in Boston, MacPhail announced Joe's resignation and Dickey as the new manager. A few weeks later Zuber was sold to the Red Sox.

It could be that Zuber personified to McCarthy the fretful war years when the Yankees who could hit, run and throw harder than any others in baseball were in service. The Yankees finished third in 1944, fourth in 1945, and were six games behind the leading Red Sox but apparently going nowhere when Joe quit in 1946.

After so many years of being on top, McCarthy had developed into a perfectionist. He had come up to manage the Cubs after a lifetime in the bushes. He had dug grounders out of the rock fields of Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and points worse. He had racked his body on the bus circuit and punished his digestive system in one-armed eating joints.

The nearest Joe had come to the big leagues as an infielder was a Federal League contract with Brooklyn. The outfit folded before McCarthy could join it. After all that when he came up from Louisville in 1926, the haphazard pattern of the minors became anathema to him. He developed into a meticulous, demanding man.

The Yankee farm system, however, dried up during the war. It couldn't produce anything but such mediocrities as Joe Buzas, Mike Milosevich, Bud Metheny, Russ Derry, Mike Garbark and Monk Dubiel. The sight of them in Yankee suits was more than Joe's soul could stand.

Of course, MacPhail's public and private pronouncements hastened McCarthy's decision to end it all. But when McCarthy decided he couldn't win with the culls he had on hand, he lost interest in the proceedings. Once during this period, first baseman Nick Etten and McCarthy were tossed out of a game. "What the hell, Nick!" Joe said with resignation. "They'll probably do better without us out there."

To a certain extent McCarthy was correct. Operating under the same malignant MacPhailian influence, the Yankees, without McCarthy, did last season what he did not think they could do the one before. To be sure, Harris received effective pitching from Frank Shea, Allie Reynolds and Joe Page. He also had a DiMaggio, who bore a striking resemblance to the aggressive young man who helped McCarthy win six pennants.

Last year was Shea's first regular season with the Yankees. He did, however, spend a few days with them in the early part of 1946. McCarthy's greeting to Frank, who came into the dugout with his cap twisted to the side of his head, was, "Straighten that hat. You're a ballplayer, not a clown."

Harris didn't seem to mind if Shea wanted to be a buffoon, mimic and dressing-room laugh producer. As a by-product, Shea also won fourteen games during the season and two in the World Series.

Pitcher Victim of Verbal Outburst

McCarthy's last words to Page also are remembered by the Yankees, who made an extra $6,000 in the World Series, because Harris had the presence of mind to turn Page into a relief pitcher, and Page had the presence of body to participate in fifty-six games, twenty-eight of which the Yankees won with Joe in there at the end. This, of course, was before he hamstrung the Dodgers in the deciding Series game.

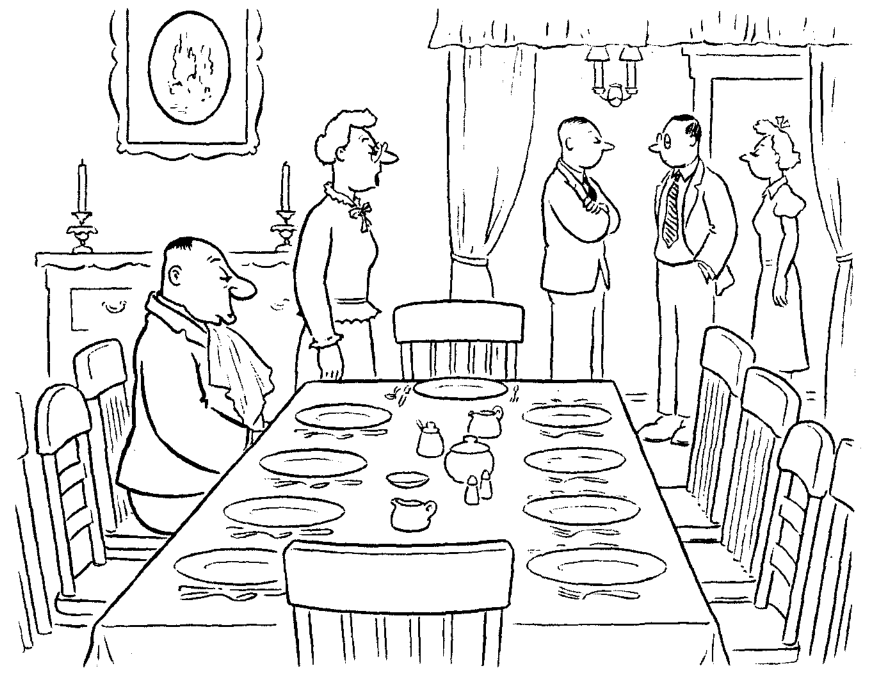
Had McCarthy remained with the Yankees a few days longer than he did, however, Harris would not have had Page at all.

On the plane trip to Detroit, which was to be McCarthy's last with the team, McCarthy gave Page a tongue-lashing that embarrassed everybody who heard it. He indicated clearly that Page was going back to the minors, but the pitcher didn't seem to think that was a fate worse than death. He was too chagrined at having been dressed down publicly.

It will be interesting to note this summer what effect their last meeting will have on their next one. Will McCarthy's managerial genius be able to counteract Page's fast ball? If it does it will be the first time in the history of baseball that mind won out over matter.

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"I wish the rest of you boarders were as co-operative as Alfred is. He never stands around gabbing after the dinner bell's been rung"

COLLIER'S

OH! my aching back!
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THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND

Continued from page 19

ercentage-wise) has been in the mid-outh. There is also a large, loud and ss conservative segment in the Far Vest, which is still growing. Eighty-five er cent of the grangers operate "family-ze" farms, and a majority of them erive their principal income from dairy-ng.

In scratching the backs of this kind of embership, the Grange is occasionally t claw point with other farm groups. he Farm Bureau Federation—largest f them all, but including some members ho are not farmers—is strongest among outhern cotton growers and Middle Vestern grain growers and cattle feeders; ne Farmers' Union is much smaller, and entered chiefly in the Dakotas, Kansas nd Nebraska; and the National Council f Farmers' Co-operatives represents roup enterprises rather than individ-als.

Opposed "Scarcity" Theory

From where the Grange stands, the armers' Union sometimes seems "just a ittle leftist." The Grange also thinks the arm Bureau Federation was wrong in upporting the "economy of scarcity" heory of the 1930s, under which pigs were slaughtered and crops plowed un-der to protect prices. Actually, though, ccording to Grange leaders, the "Big Four" farm lobbies agree perfectly on nine issues out of ten.

Many of the things the Grange has spoken for are pretty much taken for granted today—rural free delivery, parcel post, postal savings banks. Sometimes, in pushing for farmers, the Grange has trod on others' toes. It has supported a long list of discriminatory laws regulating and taxing the sale of oleomargarine, ostensibly to "protect the dairy industry against the unfair competition of butter substitutes."

Critics have called it bluenosed for its efforts to outlaw the sale of cigarettes in the 1890s and for its more recent support of prohibition. It is against the unionizing of farm labor. Being chiefly an organization of landed proprietors, it appears unconcerned about one crisis on farms—the desperate plight of migratory farm workers, as documented last year in a Collier's series by Howard Whitman. It seems markedly content to enjoy government-supported floors under farm prices in bad times, but opposes ceilings on such runaway items as wheat in times like the present.

"Well, maybe we ought to own up to it," a North Carolina granger conceded to us, "farmers probably don't fight for labor or business any more'n the C.I.O. or chamber of commerce fight for us."

It opposes farm subsidies, believing that if supply and demand are out of kilter, it's better all around to subsidize consumers, bringing into the market people who otherwise would have to do without. It has fought land exploitation by greedy farmers, such as those in the Southwest who have brought on the threat of a new dust bowl by plowing millions of acres of grazing lands to cash in on the wheat bonanza. It lobbied for the Pure Food and Drug Act, the Wool Products Labeling Act and the Packers and Stockyards Act—all protections for everyone.

It has certainly been a big factor in educating its own members in soil conservation, crop diversification and other techniques calculated to help your kiddies and ours in the maintenance of eating as a habit.

Right now the Grange is looking ahead. It knows its members are under the gun: With facilities, acreages and production way up during and since the war, what's going to happen if foreign relief or domestic consumption suddenly turns normal? Will farmers find themselves overextended?

With that in mind the Grange has been plumping for three "lines of defense" against another farm-price disaster like the one that followed World War I. These are:

1. Improving the distribution and merchandising of farm products, to "push" plentiful items while conserving scarce ones;
2. Government-fixed "flexible floors" under farm prices, to control production and profit by offering higher or lower percentages of an accepted parity;
3. A government-operated "stop loss" program to prevent panic-inspired short-term fluctuations in prices.

Putting these across is the problem of the national officials and staff experts who occupy two floors of the eight-story, $292,000 Grange Building in Washington, D. C. Albert S. Goss, re-elected a few months ago for his fourth two-year term as national master and J. T. Sanders, legislative counsel, are the outfit's registered lobbyists. Fred Bailey, an ex-United Press reporter, hands them some adroit assists behind the scenes.

Both the Grange and the Farm Bureau Federation, according to several Washingtonians we talked to, are now so well entrenched that farm-bloc congressmen frequently *come to them* for opinions and even for assistance in research and bill drafting—a situation that must make other lobbyists as jealous as sophomores on junior prom night. As evidence of Grange eminence, its entire annual Program for Agriculture has been inserted in the Congressional Record at public expense every year for many years by some farm-minded lawmaker, most often by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas.

The Grange has no trouble with the Department of Agriculture, either. Its only problem has been to make sure that it has as much inside track in the Department as the Farm Bureau Federation, since Henry Wallace put on pretty much of a Farm Bureau show there.

In this healthy atmosphere the Grange is aware of, but definitely not self-conscious about, its members' recent economic gains.

If you mention high food prices, Goss points out that foreign relief has a direct bearing on prices and that people here are simply eating more and better than ever before.

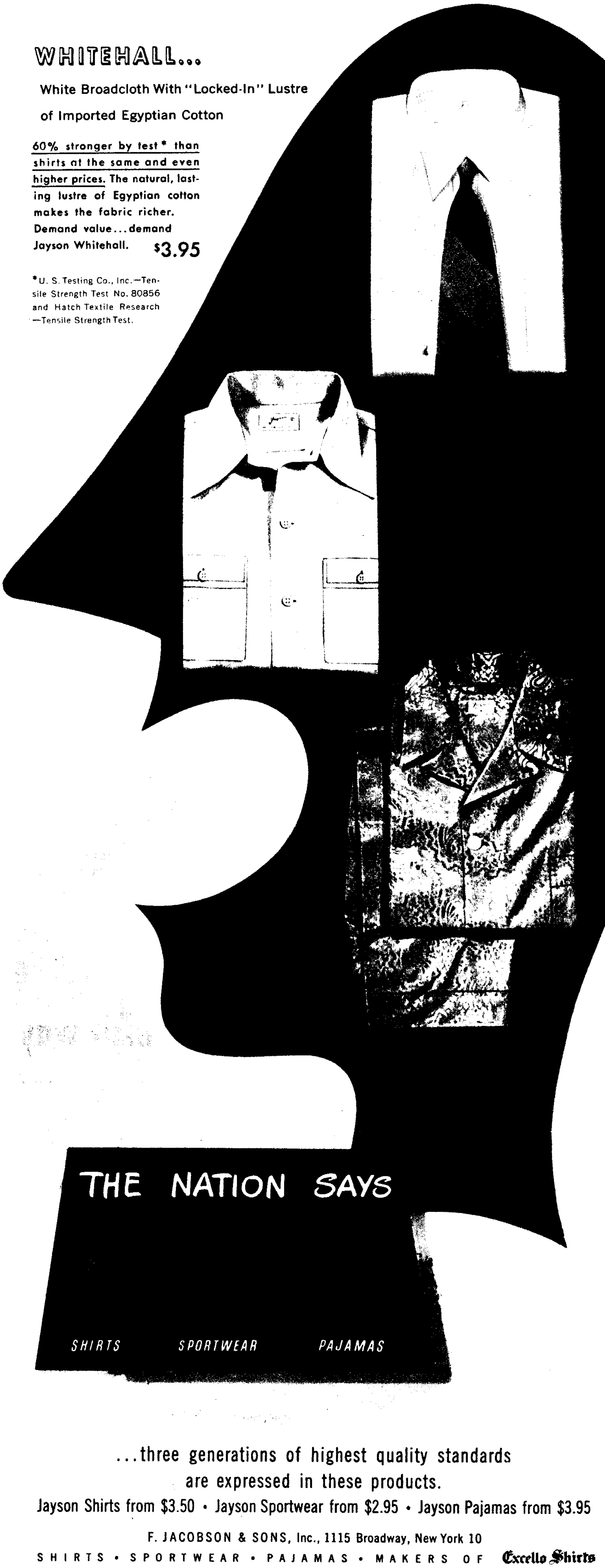
To see what all this means to individual grangers, we looked in on North Carolina, where in each of the past two years the Grange has made its greatest organizational gains.

A Bit Chesty of Accomplishments

Sandwiched between Virginia and South Carolina, the 500-mile-wide Tarheel State has been called "a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit." We didn't find it that way. The grangers we saw in the heart of the Piedmont country were cocky about the organization's accomplishments and content with their own.

The impression they dished up is that a good state organization does grangers about as much good as the national order does. In North Carolina, for example, it was largely instrumental in having a general sales tax substituted for the state land tax in 1931; then it helped to get such items as seeds and fertilizers exempted from the sales tax. Ungenerous city people claim that the farmers thus sneaked out from under a fair share of taxation, but the grangers are happy.

They're even happier about the state's Rural Electrification Act—passed in



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For years I took laxatives that I *knew* weren't good for me—harsh laxatives that irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. Now I never need them! I've found a better way—

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Just a daily glass of lemon in water! The juice of a lemon in a glass of water, taken first thing when I get up. Simple—and *healthful!* If you are like most people, lemon in water is all you will need.

Keep regular this healthful way

Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalinize, aid digestion. And lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, is all that most people need for prompt, *normal* elimination.

Lemon in water is not a purgative. It simply helps your system *regulate itself*. Not too sharp or sour, it has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try lemon in water yourself! Give it time to establish regularity for you.

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

California Sunkist Lemons
LEMON in WATER
—first thing on arising

1935 a few months before the similar federal statute, and after four years of Grange outcry for it. At that time only 12,000 farms in the state had electricity, as compared with 160,000 now. And thanks to a 1945 amendment (also backed by the Grange) telephones on the state's farms have increased from 12,000 to 50,000.

Fire and liability insurance companies are operated under state Grange auspices. It helped organize the Farmers' Co-operative Exchange Association, which runs co-op stores for grangers and other farmers; the Flue-Cured Tobacco Stabilization Corporation, which helps farmers get government loans on crops by providing grading and storage facilities; and the North Carolina Milk Producers' Federation, which, with the Grange's own Milk Committee, represents dairy farmers in dickering with distributors.

In other states, we were given to understand by Harry Caldwell, the state master, you'd find comparable accomplishments. And with no trace of Tarheel humility he also made it clear that these things, formal-sounding as they are, are the everyday stuff of a farmer's full life.

"It's nice to think of farmers loving the smell of fresh-turned earth and the sound of homing herds in the afternoon," he said, "but they'd love a good parity formula better!"

But price-support plans and self-advancement are not all. For the Grange is also a secret fraternal order. Somewhat like the Masonic Order, the Grange has degrees, its highest being the seventh. More than 150,000 members are seventh-degree patrons.

Sponsors Varied Activities

And there are local activities like this: One Grange, co-operating with the Future Farmers of America, conducts what it calls a calf-feeding project. Any boy in the community, whether or not his family is associated with the Grange, can participate. It works this way: A granger buys a Hereford calf, and then turns it over to the boy, who feeds and cares for it until the following October, when it is sold at the Baby Beef Show. Then the granger gets back his money and the boy gets the profit—as much as $125 per calf last year. This year 21 boys are participating. The sponsors think it's likely to make those boys better farmers—and the grangers themselves better people.

Another thing the Grange means is something almost too simple to describe. It's a place to go; something to do. farmers, isolated and hard-working they are, that's no small matter. So Granges meet weekly, most biweekly a few monthly. The meetings themsel are inspirations. Activities before, af and between them are an everyday in living.

No Grange would wind up a meeti night without some kind of "socia Sometimes there's just cake and cream, but another time the women bri hams and chickens, pies and preserves it's all the fun of a county fair, and y can eat everything in sight. If the hu ing's good, there's pheasant or rabbit coon for all. And anyway, there are ways dancing and folk games—gam like Upset the Fruit Basket and Music Chairs and a thousand variations th whole families can play, laughing t gether and liking one another just fir

Grange a Real Gloom Chaser

Between times the youngsters have h rides and sleigh rides; junkets to pick be ries or bring in Christmas trees; outin to swim or skate. Women get togeth for canning and quilting or sessions wi the home demonstration agent. Me gang up on jobs like threshing and co shredding. There's a lot of gloom th gets dispelled through the Grange.

The local master of one North Car lina Grange had another thought. H showed us a little clipping, probably filler from some farm paper.

"You might think hayfoots like could scarcely make out the big words he said, "but we got the drift of i Thought you'd be interested, too."

The clipping said that, according t psychiatric records of the last centur there were more nervous breakdown among farm women than in any othe population category. That's all.

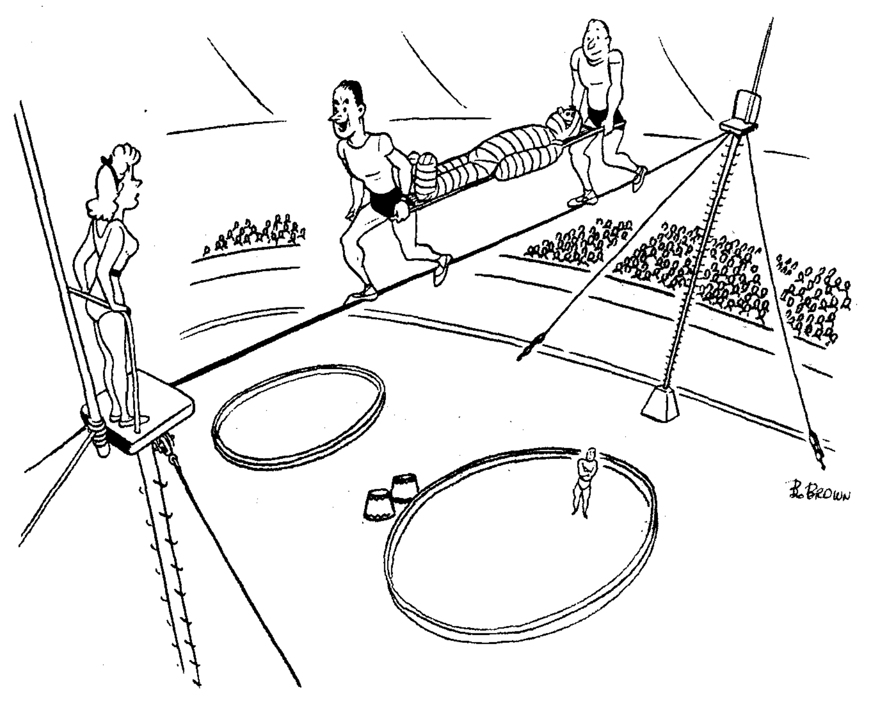
We looked blank.

"Expect you don't know much abou the loneliness and frustration there use to be on the farm," he said, "the knowin that no matter what they did, farmer always had to be poor; always had to b wantin' for plain sociability."

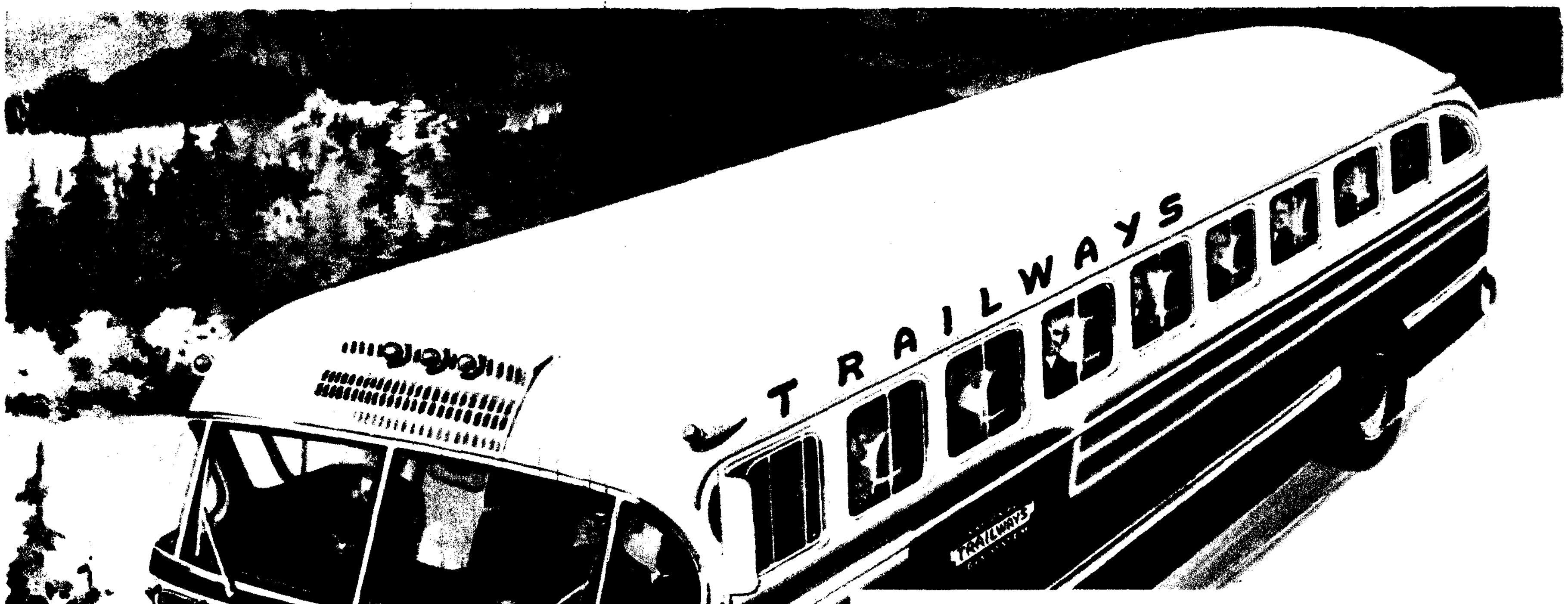
"Sure," we said, "but look. Things'l never be like that again. Why, take th Grange itself—it gives you that big stic in politics; it brings you together wit people you can call brothers and sisters you have these dances and socials; yo work together—"

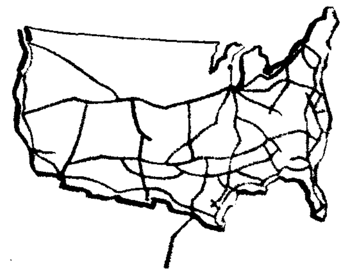
He nodded his head a little. "That' the story," he said. "But I was thinkin *I* might have to tell *you!*"

THE END



COLLIER'S "We had to bring him up again before he lost his nerve!" BO BROWN





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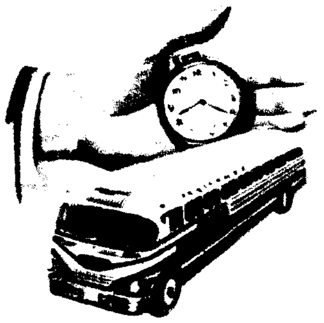

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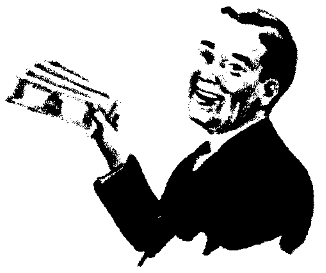

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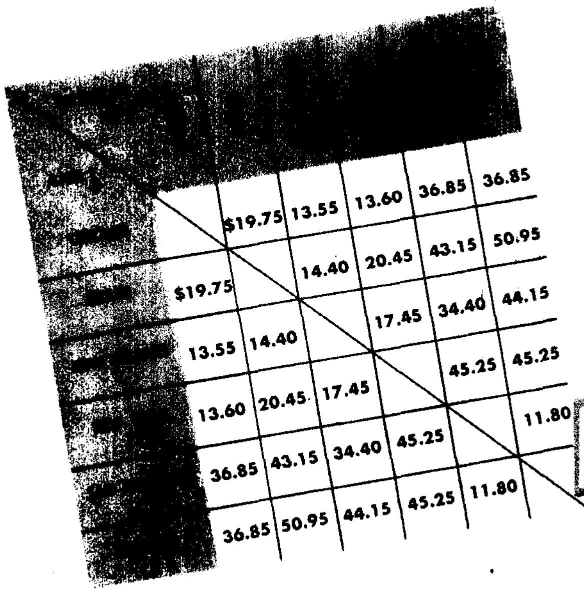

	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]		$19.75	13.55	13.60	36.85	36.85
[illegible]	$19.75		14.40	20.45	43.15	50.95
[illegible]	13.55	14.40		17.45	34.40	44.15
[illegible]	13.60	20.45	17.45		45.25	45.25
[illegible]	36.85	43.15	34.40	45.25		11.80
[illegible]	36.85	50.95	44.15	45.25	11.80	

FARE CHART (*left*) shows sample LOW COST one way fares between distant cities. *Tax not included.* Similar LOW FARES everywhere. Greater savings on round trips.

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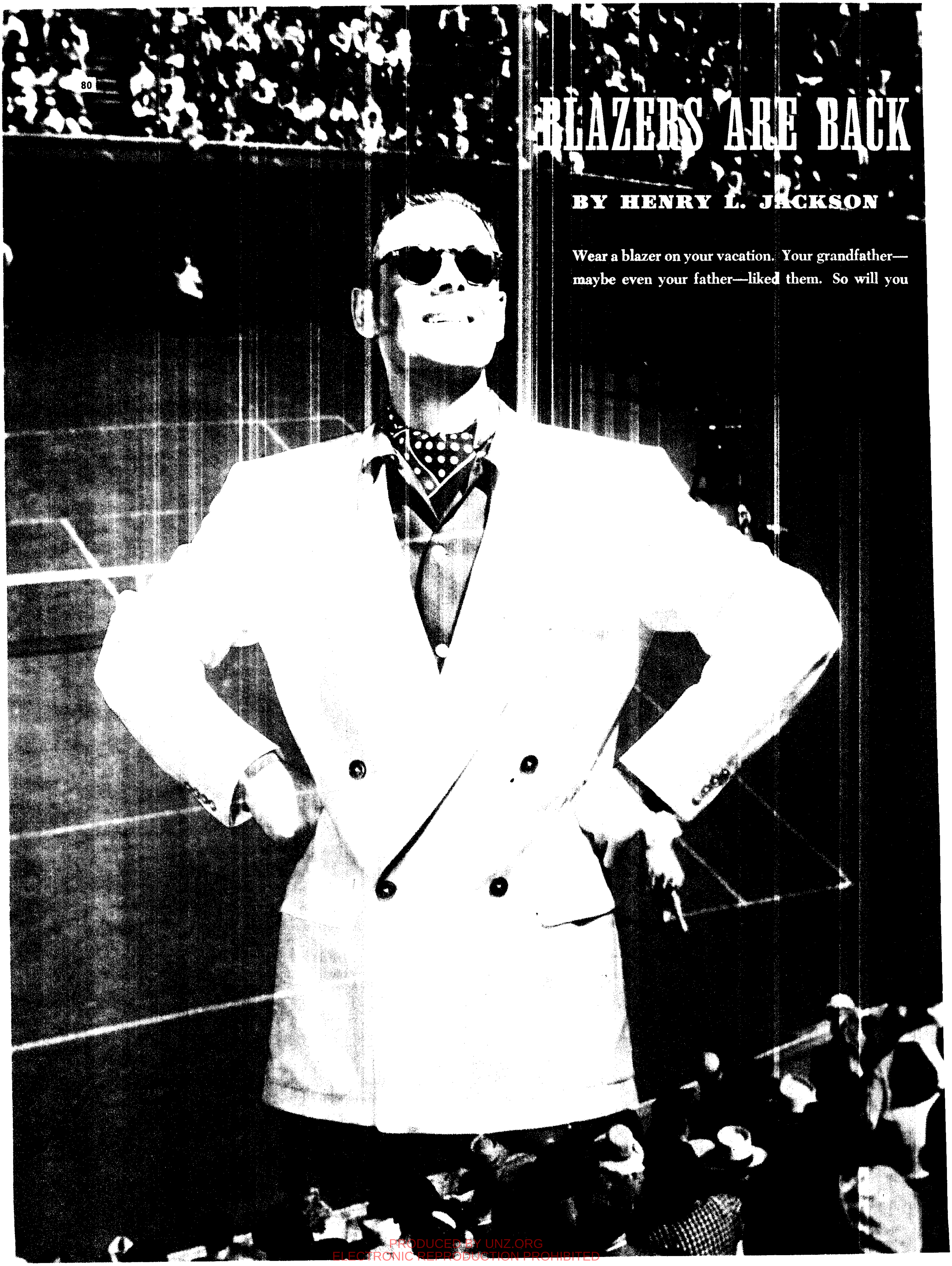
BLAZERS ARE BACK

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

Wear a blazer on your vacation. Your grandfather—maybe even your father—liked them. So will you



AFTER an absence of about half a century, blazers—those bright-colored coats the oldsters sported when they were young and frisky—are with us again. They've changed with the years; they're not nearly so gorgeously gaudy as the ones Grandpa used to gad about in. But, even so, some of them can knock your eye out, and if Grandpa is still enjoying life, they will meet with his approval.

The kind Grandpa wore were enough to make a zebra die of envy. They were striped in many colors—the louder the better—and every gay blade of the Nineties had at least one. Truly natty gentlemen of the day wore them with white flannels and straw kellys with bands that matched the blazer stripes. As for the tennis players—you simply didn't rate on the courts unless you possessed a blazer.

We have to thank the English for the idea, because long before the Nineties their schoolboys' cricket clubs originated it. The members of the clubs at Eton, Harrow, Oxford, Cambridge and other schools and colleges wore blazers which, distinctively striped, told the world where the wearers went to school. Even the English navy used the idea, with some alterations. Navy men changed the stripes to a solid navy blue and wore double-breasted blazers with navy buttons.

The present comeback of the blazer goes in for solid colors—blue, green, wine, white, gray, gold. Generally, it's single-breasted and made with patch pockets and metal buttons. It comes in lightweight flannel, Shetland-type fabric, doeskin and other soft materials.

Contrasting-colored slacks—gray flannel, khaki-colored cotton, white and off-white linen, rust, yellow—go well with the blazer. You can even wear shorts (which Grandpa most assuredly *couldn't!*).

In the old days, the well-dressed man would have shocked his friends by wearing a blazer to a dance—it wasn't done, you know! Today, however, you'll shock no one by wearing one almost anywhere—except to church and formal functions. A blue blazer, for example, and white flannels with regular shirt and tie are quite the thing for a summer dance in the country.

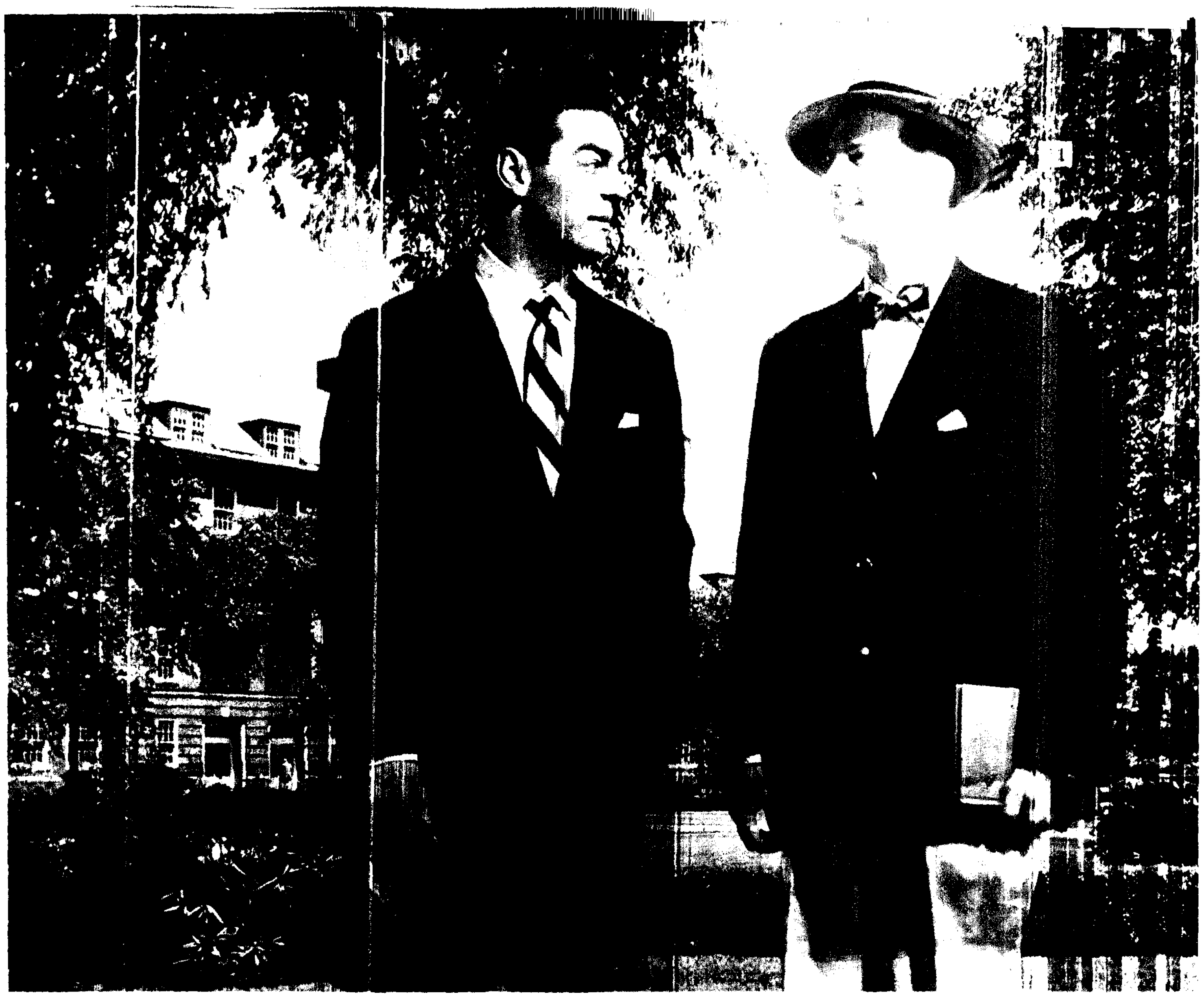
The same blazer, with khaki-colored cotton slacks, a sport shirt and silk scarf can be worn while lounging at the country club or watching a tennis match.

What about shoes? Well, the summer sport kind—all white, brown and white or black and white—go well with any outfit. For lounge wear, you can be comfortable—and smart—in brown moccasin peasant slippers. A straw hat with a solid-colored band matching the blazer, or a striped band, is appropriate.

Today the collegiate clan has taken up the blazer in a big way. In some cases, school emblems are embroidered on the breast pocket. But don't get the idea that blazers are only for teen-age and early-twenty groups. They're not—young and old are wearing 'em. After all, why not be comfortable? ★★★

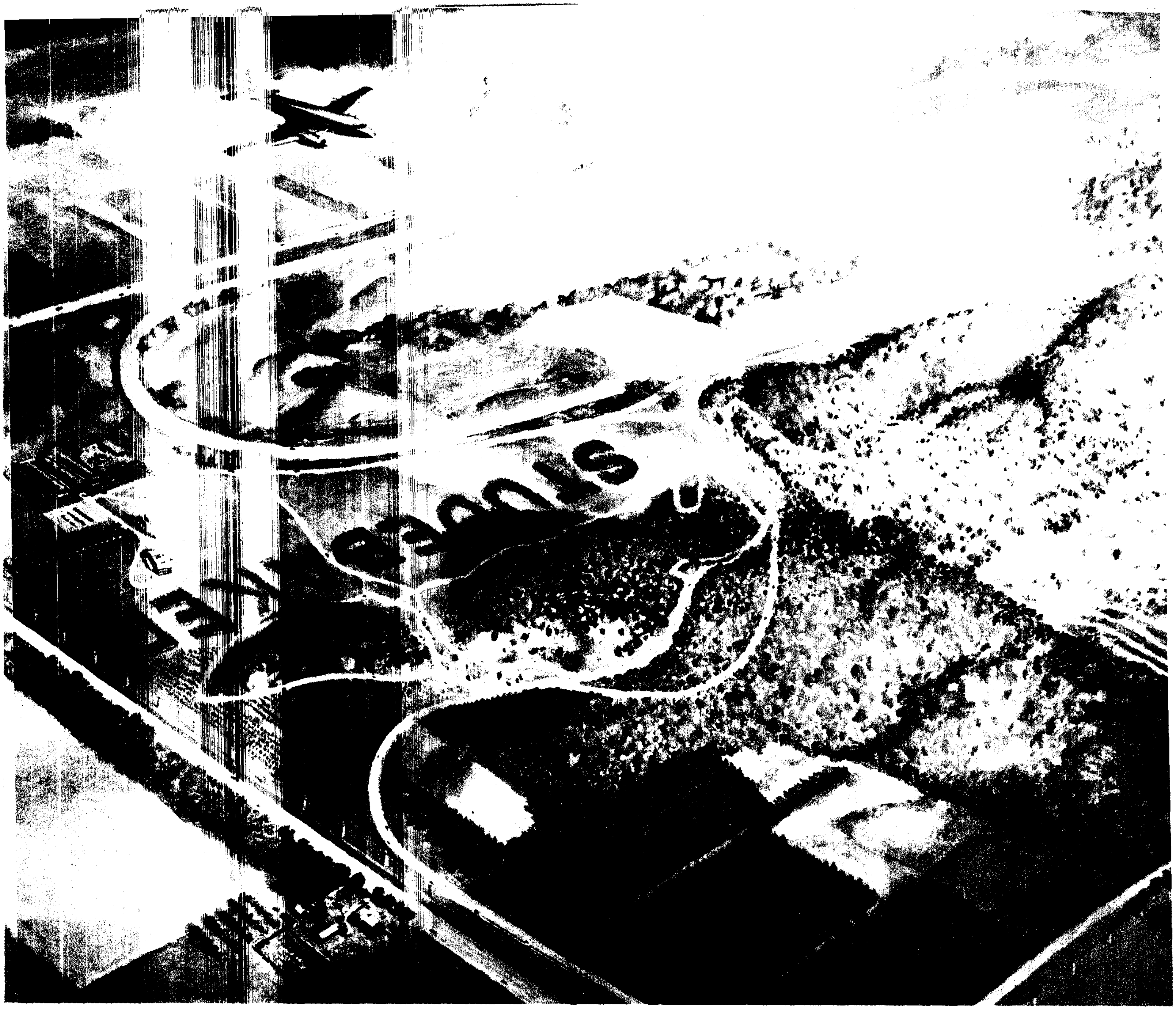
The gigantic gentleman at the left is wearing a blazer much favored in California — white, double-breasted with prominent smoked pearl buttons and flapped patch pockets

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY JAMES SNYDER



Two versions of the single-breasted, **notched-lapel blazer** with patch pockets and gilt buttons. They are just the thing for campus and **week-end wear. The one at the right is blue;** its owner is wearing white slacks, blue-striped bow tie and coconut straw hat with **club-stripe band. The other, maroon,** is combined with gray slacks and a striped tie

A blazer can be worn either with an **ordinary shirt and tie** or with a sport shirt and shorts. Below, a combination of a green gilt-buttoned model worn with **khaki shorts**, a yellow polo shirt and a deep-brown straw hat. It's a perfect blend for casual vacation, country or beach wear, and **soon you'll be seeing combinations like it wherever you go**



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I [illegible] TOWN MYSELF

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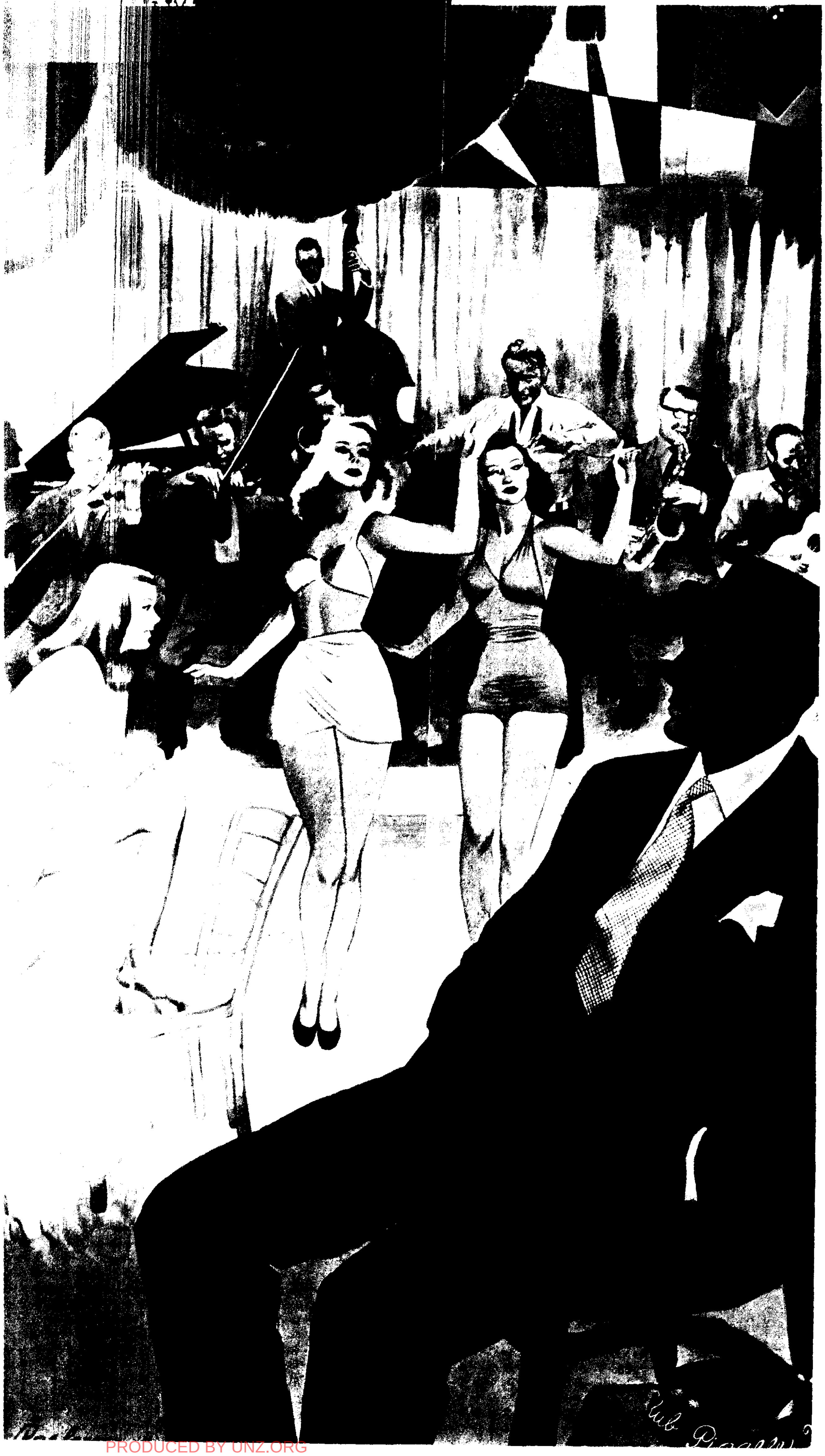
CONCLUDING THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT YOUNG MAN IN THE WICKED CITY



The Story

MARTIN VINCENT [illegible] a private school for b[illegible] Headmaster JAMES G. FISHER to [illegible] alumnus BARTON DUFF into [illegible] an urgently needed quarter of a milli[illegible]

Martin is forced by a room [illegible] live in the hotel suite of a stranger, BARN[illegible], who is away. Planning to use the suite for [illegible] conference with Mr. Duff, Martin asks him to go on up to the rooms, while he stays behind to talk briefly to a bellboy. When Martin finally arrives upstairs, he sees a man with a camera fleeing into the elevator. In the suite he learns that the man has just snapped a picture of Duff, together with a girl dressed only in a towel. Duff, enraged, immediately accuses Martin of blackmail and demands the negative.

Driscoll, who turns up just then, tells them that his wife is trying to get a divorce, and has probably arranged the whole incident to frame him. Driscoll also says that the private detective with the camera probably thought Martin was his victim, since Martin was living in Driscoll's suite. But this reasoning does not explain to Martin, or to Mr. Duff, why the detective took Duff's picture. And Duff still wants the negative.

Mr. Fisher arrives in New York unexpectedly, but Martin keeps the news from him and continues to search for the detective and the negative. MARY EDMONDS, Duff's beautiful secretary, who is beginning to feel sorry for Martin, helps him as much as she can. They find the detective easily because he is now following Driscoll.

III

MARTIN hurried out of the restaurant. The shabby blue-eyed man was leaning against the building wall a few doors away, reading a newspaper. Martin came up beside him, said, "I've been looking all over town for you."

The man folded the paper deliberately and shoved it into his coat pocket. The sad blue eyes flicked to Martin's face, and he said slowly, "Why should you be looking for me, Mr. Vincent?"

"So you know my name now?" Martin said. "I don't know yours."

"I don't see any reason why you should," the man said. "But it's Nick Travis."

"I suppose you're a private eye," Martin said.

Travis bristled. "Don't call me that. I'm a confidential investigator. And I'm working on a case, Mr. Vincent. Want to move along now? I'm minding my business. Suppose you mind yours."

Martin tapped the man's arm lightly with the stem of his pipe. "I want that photograph, and the negative."

"What photograph?"

"The one you took last night in the Hotel Westbrook."

"Sorry," Nick Travis said. "I haven't got it."

Martin flushed angrily. "Plenty of witnesses saw you up there with a camera, taking pictures."

"I didn't say I didn't take it. I said I haven't got it."

"Where is it?"

"I turned it over to that dame this morning."

"Oh, you did?" Martin said. "Well, fine. Where will I find her?"

Travis gave Martin a steady look. "I don't see any reason I should give you information about a client."

"So *she's* your client," Martin said.

"You ask a lot of questions," Travis said. "What's your interest, Mr. Vincent?"

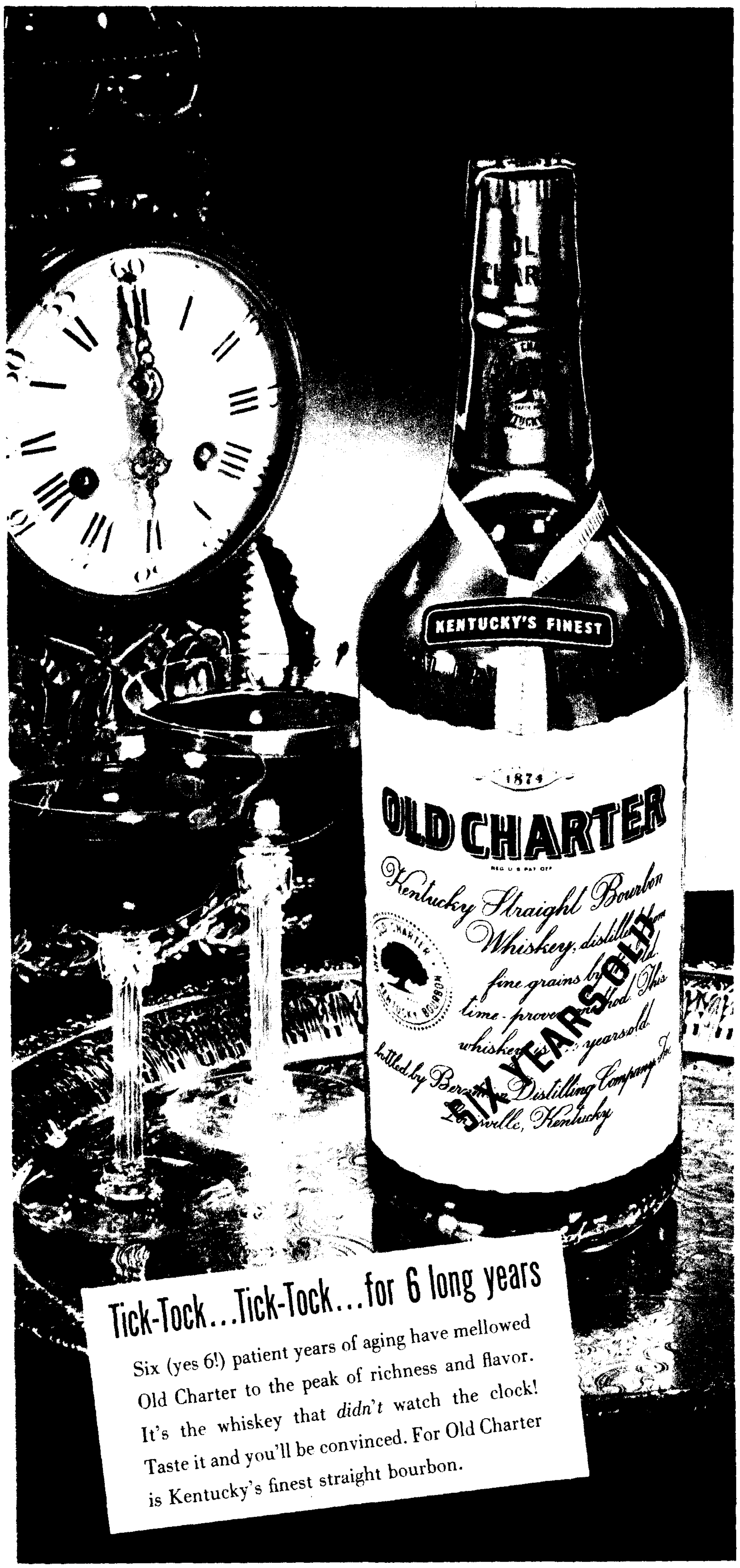
"My only interest is the photograph," Martin said. "I want that photograph."

"Why?"

He waited inside where he could watch part of the chorus rehearse and keep an eye on the door, too

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

BACK AGAIN...
Kentucky's finest straight Bourbon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OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, distilled from fine grains by a time-proved method. This whiskey is six years old.
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"Look," Martin said, "you got me in plenty of trouble, you and that girl. The only way I can get out of it is to take that photograph and the negative to Mr. Duff. Now how about it? Where will I find the girl?"

"Who's Mr. Duff?"

"Barton Duff," Martin said. "The man you photographed last night with Madeleine Petit."

"Barton Duff?" The blue eyes showed interest. "You mean Barton Duff, the big shot?"

"That's right. He wants that picture."

"No kidding? So that old goat was Barton Duff." Nick Travis chuckled.

"How about it?" Martin said. "Where's Miss Petit?"

"The truth is I don't know," Travis said, and let his shoulders rest again against the building. "I don't know much about that dame."

"What do you mean, you don't know!" Martin cried. "You were working with her to frame Barney Driscoll."

THE detective stiffened, and his blue eyes burned angrily. "I don't like that kind of talk. I never framed anybody, and I don't like that word frame. I'm a legitimate investigator. I got a license. She retained me to get the goods on Driscoll and I'm working on it."

"How did *she* happen to retain you," Martin said, "a girl just in from France?"

Travis grinned. "You mean just in from Jersey. She ain't French."

"Still, why did she retain you?"

"She's a pal of Driscoll's wife, that's all I know. They were chorines together. She walked into my office and gave me a retainer and she said she had a telephone call from the Coast that Driscoll was on his way East and would check into room 1207. I was to pick him up there and shadow him for divorce evidence. She didn't have a picture and you walked in and gummed up the works."

"Why did you take a picture of Barton Duff?"

"Hell, it was dark in there. The dame called me and told me to come up to the room, that it was all set. So she put me in a closet and when I heard her holler I run out and took the picture."

"But it wasn't a frame," Martin said dryly.

"No, it wasn't no frame. Not by me. I went up there and took the picture, that's all, and this morning the dame came around and asked for it."

Martin persisted. "If you don't know where she is, how are you going to report?"

"By mail," Travis said. "To the Coast. To Driscoll's wife."

Martin sucked his pipe; it had gone out. He remembered Madeleine Petit at the bar in the Hotel Westbrook, reading a copy of Variety; he remembered the book of Club Pigalle matches. The detective had said that Madeleine and Driscoll's wife had been chorus girls together. It seemed to add up.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the girl works in a night club, doesn't she?"

Travis gave him a quick glance. "I guess she's in show business, all right."

"It's the Club Pigalle, isn't it?" Martin said.

"If you know," said Travis, "why are you asking me? I told you *I* don't know."

Martin saw Mary waiting near the entrance to the restaurant. He walked away without another word to Travis.

"Any luck, Martin?" she asked.

"He claims he gave the photograph to the girl, and he claims he doesn't know where she is. But I think your hunch was right. There's a good chance she works at the Club Pigalle."

"Well," said Mary, "let's go."

"I'm hungry," he said. "No use running ourselves ragged. The club wouldn't be open yet."

"Good lord!" said Mary. "How do we know that if we don't go and see. Call a cab."

He sighed and raised a weary arm. A taxicab pulled up to them, and Mary read the address from the Club Pigalle matchbook. They climbed into the cab, and Martin said softly, "Mary, you've been the one bright spot in my day. You've been a big help. I don't know what I'd have done without you, and I *still* don't know why you're taking the trouble."

She smiled. "It's because you looked so pathetic, sitting out there on a park bench."

"I mean the whole thing is pretty hopeless," Martin said. "You're wasting your time."

There was a high flush on Mary's cheeks and her eyes were bright. She said, "You *do* need lunch, don't you?"

"I'm pretty hungry. Maybe we can get a sandwich somewhere."

Her blue eyes surveyed him calmly. "Don't you believe in getting what you go after?"

"Yes," he said. "Sure."

"Then forget your stomach. It won't hurt you to skip a meal."

"I've skipped two meals already," Martin said.

"Oh, snap out of it," Mary said, with the impatience of a well-fed girl. "Let's have a little resolution."

He looked at her bright eyes and the curve of her lips. That Mona Lisa smile again. "That's right," he said. "Resolution." He nodded. "I wish I had it. You know, Mary, I'm just not competitive. I never was. I always read books when the other kids were playing ball."

"You're doing all right," she said. "Keep pitching in there for Porthaven. Put a little stuff on the ball."

The smile was provoking; her blue eyes seemed to mock him. Martin took off his hat and put it on the seat beside him. His forehead was suddenly moist and he dabbed at it with his handkerchief. The cab swerved as the driver made a left turn into Sixth Avenue, and he was jostled against her. For a moment resolution fused with impulse. Martin was not sure how it came about. Possibly it was the mockery in her eyes; possibly it was the aggravating smile. He was jostled against her and somehow found his arms around her. He kissed her.

Mary Edmonds drew away, and for a time neither spoke. He gave her a timid glance. She was not smiling any more. She avoided his eyes, and he watched her open her handbag in silence and take out her compact. As she was brushing on lipstick the cab stopped and the driver said, "Here you are. Club Pigalle."

MARTIN paid the fare, and they stood together on the sidewalk. Her eyes still avoided his, and she wore a slight frown. She moved toward the entrance to the night club, saying, "Suppose we look them over."

She stopped to examine the photographs of entertainers on a billboard. Martin joined her. The doors of the club were open and piano music was thumping inside with the forlorn sound of hot music at midday. Mary said, "How about the chorus line?"

They found it at the same time. He was looking at the photograph; she was reading the names. He saw Madeleine Petit's face second from the end, and she cried, "*Madeleine Little. I'll* bet that's her. Petit is French for little."

He pointed. "That's her picture."

"Well," Mary cried, "let's go."

She moved quickly toward the entrance of the Club Pigalle, and Martin followed. A man stopped them just inside the doors. "You want something?"

"Yes," Martin said. "We're looking for Madeleine Little."

"Too early," the man said. "Rehearsal don't start until two o'clock."

"Then she'll be here at two?" Martin said eagerly.

"She better be."

Martin and Mary exchanged glances, and returned to the sidewalk. "Only half an hour to wait," Martin said. "It's nearly one thirty now." He grinned. "At least, we have time for a sandwich."

"Goodby," Mary said.

He turned quickly. "What do you mean, goodby?"

"I think you'd better talk to her alone. My being here might gum it up."

Martin nodded. "You can wait in a restaurant. We can go in and order and I'll duck out at two o'clock."

She shook her head. "I think you'd better stay here."

"But how about lunch?"

"We'll have to pass up lunch," she said. "Some other time, Martin."

She had never seemed more remote as she moved to the curb and signaled a taxicab. She got in and gave the address of the Duff home, and just before the cab started away she gave him a direct look and said softly, "Better wipe off the lipstick, Mr. Vincent."

Martin pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his mouth as he watched the cab drive away. He was puzzled, and his indecision returned. He supposed he had offended her, and now that he thought about it he did not understand where he had found the audacity. He had not thought about kissing her, but some undisciplined male impulse had caught his conventional nature off balance. He was always being caught off balance, he thought, and returned unhappily to the Club Pigalle.

IT WAS a long wait for a hungry man. It seemed much longer than half an hour, and he glanced often at his watch. He went inside the club, and stood watching part of the chorus rehearse. At five minutes after two Madeleine arrived. He moved in front of her and she stopped short and gave him an angry glance. Then recognition came and she blushed.

"Oh, lord," she said. "It's you!"

"I'd like to speak to you for a moment," Martin said.

"Oh, please," she said. "It was one of those things. I'm sorry." She made a little gesture of one hand that ended with friendly fingers on Martin's arm.

"Where's that Parisian accent, Miss Petit?" Martin said. "Or Miss Little, whichever it is."

She grinned. "It's Little. Was pretty good, my accent—wasn't it?"

"Where can we go and talk?" Martin said.

She took his arm. "Come on. I'm late for rehearsal now and I have to change."

She led Martin to a bare table and as they sat down he said, "Can we get a drink here?" He added wistfully, "Or a sandwich?"

"The joint isn't open yet," Madeleine said. "What's on your mind?"

"Miss Little," he said, "you got me in a jam."

"I'm sorry. It was all a mistake."

"You see," Martin said, "I had an important deal pending with Barton Duff, then that photograph was taken and he blames me for it. He wants that photograph."

"I don't see what I can do about it," she said, with a shrug.

"You can give me the photograph," he said. "That's enough."

She gave him a calm look. "I don't know anything about the photograph."

Martin said bluntly, "Nick Travis told me he gave it to you this morning."

"Oh, he did?" Her smile was unabashed. "So you saw Nick Travis? Yes, he brought it around this morning."

"He *brought* it around?" Martin said.

"That's right."

Discrepancies in the stories people told him no longer bothered Martin; he was accustomed to them. He said, "I'd like to have it, Miss Little."

"Why?"

"I told you. Barton Duff wants it. I suppose you've heard about Mr. Duff. He's somewhat eccentric. He never allows his photograph to be taken and he won't rest easy until he gets it out of circulation."

"Don't worry, it won't get in circulation," Madeleine said. "I'm in that picture, too, you know, with just a bath towel." She grinned. "And not much bath towel, either."

"If you give it to me," Martin said, "and let me take it to Mr. Duff, I promise you it will be destroyed."

She laid her hand again on his arm. "Honey, I said don't worry about it. Don't give it another thought. I destroyed that picture myself."

"*You* did?" Martin said blankly.

"Yes. I burned it."

"Negative and all?"

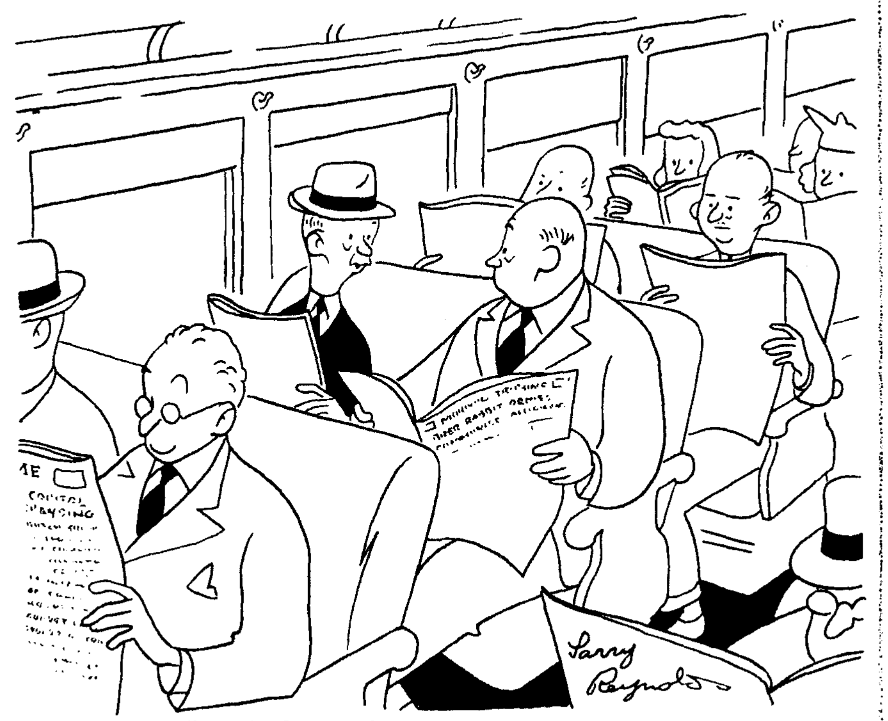
"The works."

Martin groaned. "That doesn't help me," he said. "Unless, Miss Little, you'll do me a big favor. Will you come up and tell Barton Duff that?"

"Why should I?"

"I have to prove it to him," Martin said. "He thinks that photograph was taken deliberately. He thinks there's a plot against him."

"That doesn't make sense," said Madeleine. "Listen, I don't know how this thing got so mixed up. I was just doing



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a favor for Elaine Driscoll. We were in the chorus together a few years ago, before she got her break, and she called me up from the Coast and asked me to hire a detective to follow Barney around. She asked me to scrape up an acquaintance with him and see what I could find out, and that's why I put the bee on you for five dollars in the Westbrook bar. I thought you were Barney. Barton Duff was just a name in the newspapers to me until he barged into the bathroom last night."

"Will you come up and tell Mr. Duff that?" Martin asked.

"You can tell him, honey. You look like an honest citizen. He'll believe you. But I'm not making any affidavits this season, thank you."

"All right," Martin said. "Suppose I bring Mr. Duff down here?"

"Okay, bring him down." She rose to her feet, smiling at Martin. "It's a date. Now I've got to change. Excuse me."

SHE walked away, and Martin got up and went out of the night club, reaching for his pipe. He stood on the curb and filled the bowl. It seemed that the tension was easing at last. Once he persuaded Mr. Duff that the photograph had been destroyed, he was sure that the incident would be closed. He could start again with a clean slate, and he would have a good chance of obtaining the donation for the school. After all, Mr. Duff had liked his speech, Mr. Duff had been enthusiastic. He still had a chance.

Martin lighted his pipe and walked to the corner for a cab. He was not the same retiring soul he had been when he arrived from Porthaven the day before in his borrowed suit. He was suddenly on top of the world. He was a man beyond the reach of petty problems. He was a man who had found a girl, and now that he thought about it, he was convinced that she had returned his kiss in the taxicab. Definitely she had. His pipe glowed still brighter and he relaxed in the back seat of the taxicab. Everything was turning out for the best.

When the cab stopped in front of the house on Fifth Avenue, Martin jumped out eagerly, paid the fare, and ran up the steps. Before he reached the top step the door opened and Mary stood waiting.

"Mary, you brought me luck," he said. "I found her!"

Mary said nothing; there was an odd, solemn look on her face.

"I didn't get the photograph, though," he said. "She burned it."

"Burned it?" Mary said. "Is that what she told you?"

"Yes. Why? What's the matter?"

"Come inside, Martin," she said quietly. "I have something to tell you."

The old sinking sensation returned; he followed her nervously into the house. She shut the door and put her finger to her lips. "Don't make any noise," she whispered. "I don't want Mr. Duff to know you're here."

She led him to her office, and closed the door. Martin said at once, "I'm sorry if I offended you, Mary, but I . . ."

"Offended me?" She looked puzzled, then smiled. "Oh, you mean stealing a kiss."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Goodness, never apologize for stealing a kiss."

He said slowly, "I hadn't thought of it that way. I mean it wasn't exactly stealing a kiss. I meant that kiss, Mary."

She turned abruptly away, and walked to the window. He followed doggedly, saying, "I really meant it."

She said, without turning her head, "Martin, I have bad news for you."

"Yes?"

"There was a telephone call."

Martin's heart sank. "Dr. Fisher?"

"No, not Dr. Fisher. Some man, Martin. He offered to sell the photograph to Mr. Duff for five thousand dollars."

"He offered to . . . But she *burned* it, Mary." He dropped heavily into a chair. "I see. I've been played for a sucker again."

"The worst of it is that Mr. Duff is going to pay the money," she said quietly, and turned to look at him. "He's going to buy the photograph, Martin."

"If he pays the money, I'm finished," Martin said. "The seven plagues wouldn't soften his heart again."

"I'm afraid not."

He looked up. "Why doesn't he call the cops? It's blackmail. The cops can get the photograph."

"Can they?" Mary said. "In the first place, if he calls in the police, the newspapers will get the story, and maybe the photograph, too. In the second place, is it blackmail?"

"What else is it?"

"A girl has a photograph," Mary said, "of herself, remember, and Barton Duff. It's *her* photograph, and I suppose there's no law against her selling it, whatever value she puts on it. No threats were made of publishing it."

"But it wasn't Madeleine who called," Martin said.

"No. I suppose it was that detective. He said he was acting for the owner of the photograph. He's calling back later to make arrangements for the payment."

Martin groaned. "He didn't even know that Barton Duff was in the picture, until I told him. Mary, you see what happened? I told him Mr. Duff was anxious about that photograph, and that put the idea in his head."

"You poor baby," Mary said, and smiled. "Nothing turns out right for you, does it?"

"No," Martin said.

"And you don't know the worst of it," she said.

He jerked his head up. "What else could there be?"

"You know how it is," Mary said softly, "when two old cronies get together. They have a couple of drinks, and maybe a dividend or two, and they put their heads together, and God knows what they'll decide to do."

"Mary," he said, "what happened?"

"Dr. Fisher was here."

"Here?"

"With Mr. Pratt," Mary said. "They had a couple of drinks before lunch and I suppose a couple after and they decided the thing to do was to take a run up and see old Pudd'n Duff."

MARTIN sank back into his chair. "They got in?"

"They got in," Mary said. "I couldn't help it. Mr. Duff was with me in my office when they rang the bell and the butler came to report to me. Mr. Duff had just received the telephone call then, and he was storming. He rushed out into the hall and raised the devil. So they know the whole story, Martin."

"Oh, lord!" Martin said. "Now I *am* through."

"Dr. Fisher was pale as a ghost, Martin, and Mr. Pratt was in a state. I don't know what Mr. Duff told them. He took them into the library, and I didn't hear all of it."

"Well," Martin said. "That's that." Surprisingly, he felt relieved. Nothing else could happen now.

"Did you eat lunch?" Mary asked.

"No."

"Then why don't you eat something? It will do you good."

"Yes," he said.

He followed her to the front door, and in the vestibule she whispered, "I'm sorry it turned out this way."

"Oh, well," Martin said, and shrugged. "When am I going to see you again?"

"When do you want to see me?"

"Tonight. How about dinner tonight?"

"All right. Go get your lunch, and call me later. Now beat it, darling."

Martin moved slowly down the steps, and started walking aimlessly south on Fifth Avenue. He had gone three blocks

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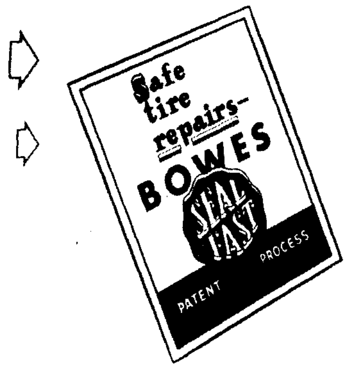

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before he could think of anything at all, and then it was food he thought of. He found a restaurant on Madison Avenue and ordered a jumbo shrimp cocktail and a sirloin steak. He started the meal with a Manhattan, and the warmth of the drink brought a flush of anger.

He went to the telephone booth and looked up the number of the Club Pigalle. Madeleine was called from the dressing rooms, and as soon as he heard her voice Martin said angrily, "So you burned that photograph!"

"Who is this? Mr. Vincent?"

"Yes. What do you mean, you burned that photograph?"

There was a moment's pause, then she said lightly, "Honey, what difference does it make?"

"A difference of about five grand," Martin said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't play innocent," he said. "Your friend, Mr. Travis, is offering the photograph for sale for five thousand dollars."

For an instant there was silence at the other end of the line, then her low voice said, without conviction, "You're crazy."

"The police won't think I'm crazy," he said. "The police will think your photograph would look nice in the rogues' gallery, too. Blackmail will put it there, Miss Little."

"Oh, see here!" Madeleine began, then hung up with a crash that set Martin's ear vibrating. He went back to his table, rubbing the ear. At least he had given her something to worry about, even if it had been an empty threat, and he felt better.

AS HE paid the check and went out to the street, Martin felt that he was better able to face the world. In this case the world was Dr. Fisher, and he turned his steps southward on Madison Avenue. He had to face Dr. Fisher, but there was no particular hurry about it. He walked all the way to the hotel, but stopped at a florist's on the way to send flowers to Mary with a card that said: *Until dinner, Martin.* He had wanted to write something with more meaning, but the words would not come. At dinner, if he got his courage up, he would do better, he told himself.

He walked on to the hotel. The big clock in the lobby said 4:30. He had taken nearly two hours eating lunch and walking down to the hotel. He got off the elevator at the eleventh floor and found the door of room 1110 ajar. He pushed it open, and Dr. Fisher turned sharp eyes toward him. The headmaster's suitcase was open on the bed and he stood by the bureau, with his arms full of shirts.

"So it's you!" he said accusingly. "I've been waiting to talk to you, Vincent." He dropped the shirts into the open bureau drawer. "I want you to pack up your things and get started back for Porthaven. I settled your bill, and I'll keep this room."

Martin closed the door softly and leaned against it. "Dr. Fisher, I'm sorry things turned out as they have," he said. "I tried hard, but everything went wrong from the start."

"We'll discuss that back at the school," said Dr. Fisher. "There's a train at five ten, Vincent. You have half an hour."

"I'd like to explain just what happened," Martin said.

"We'll discuss it tomorrow," the headmaster said. "At the school. My advice to you, Vincent, is to get packed at once and catch that train."

Martin gazed at the headmaster's unrelenting face and felt a surge of resentment. "I'd like you to know all the facts first," he said. "You sent me up here to obtain a donation from Barton Duff, and I did my best. I'm entitled to a hearing."

Dr. Fisher slammed the bureau drawer shut. "Certainly you're entitled to a hearing. I'll expect a full account at Porthaven tomorrow. Meanwhile, I advise you to hurry and catch that train."

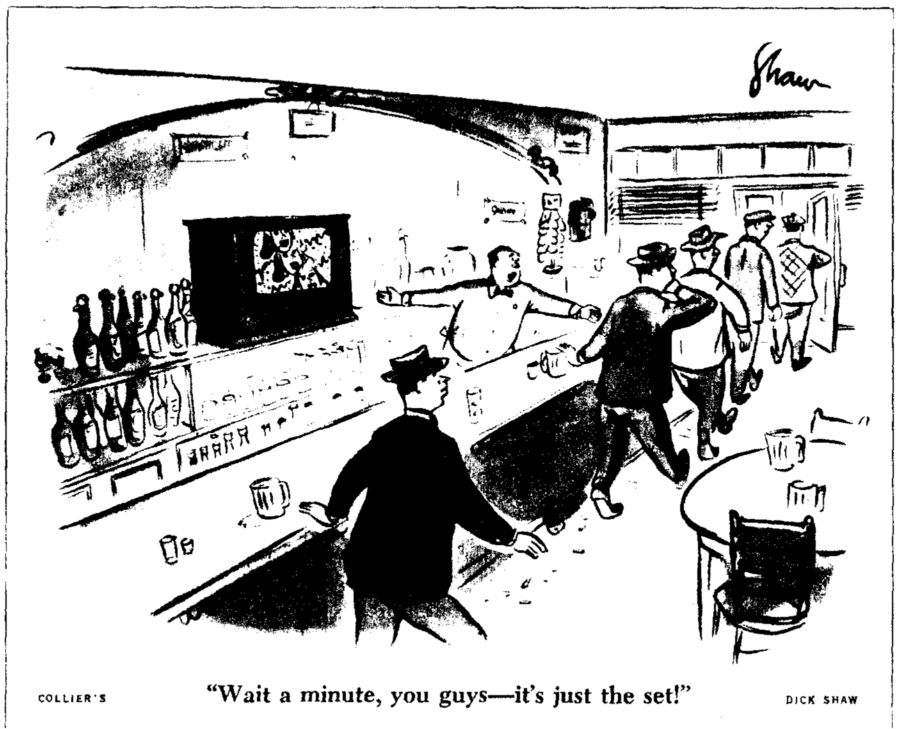
Martin said stubbornly, "I can't leave New York right now."

"What's this?" said Dr. Fisher. "Why can't you leave New York? You have classes in Porthaven, young fellow." He approached Martin slowly, saying, "You don't seem to comprehend the position you have placed me in by not telling me the whole story at once. Due to your misleading statements, Mr. Pratt and I went up to see Mr. Duff, under the impression that success was at hand." The headmaster gave his head a shake. "But obviously you have worse than failed. I know Barton Duff. Once he holds a grudge, he never turns loose of it. Why, when we were in our last year at Porthaven . . ."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher?"

"Never mind the details," the headmaster said. "But he has held a grudge against me for a good many years, and today's meeting did nothing to dissolve it. As a matter of fact, my selection as headmaster was unwelcome to Mr. Duff, and had it not been for Oliver Pratt's backing I might not have got the job." He gave Martin a steady look. "In view of what has happened, I hardly think that I can count on Mr. Pratt's backing in the future. I have you to thank for that, Vincent."

"I'm sorry," Martin said. Dr. Fisher was being very decent about it; he was showing great restraint and a quality of



COLLIER'S "Wait a minute, you guys—it's just the set!" DICK SHAW

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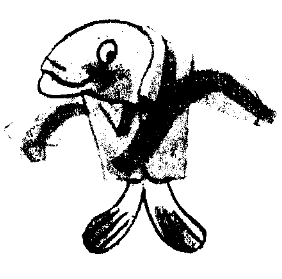

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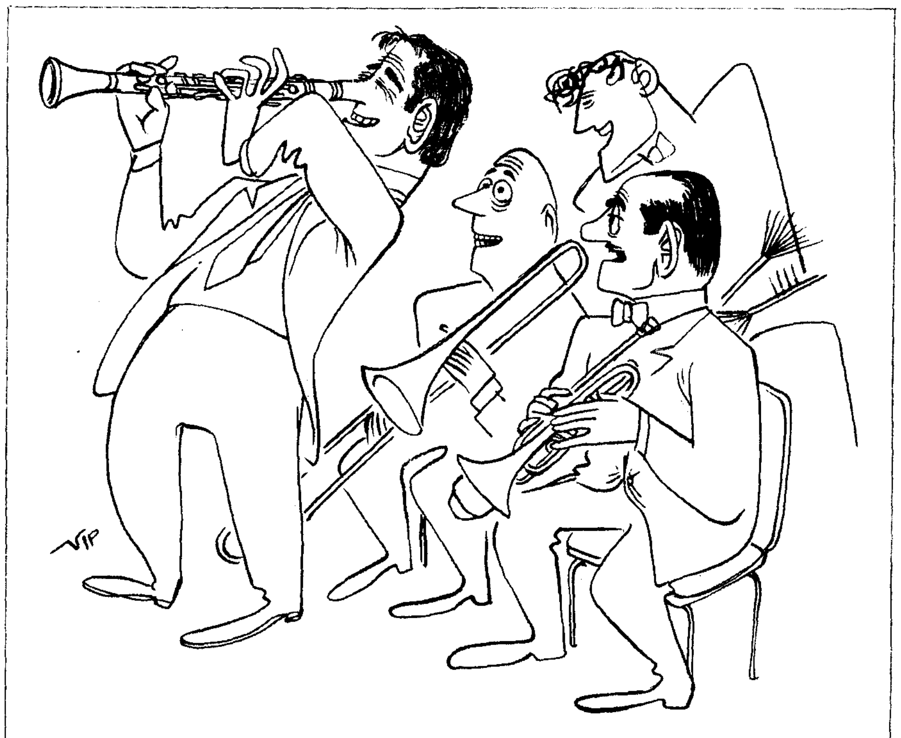


COLLIER'S "He's good, but that's all he can do" VIRGIL PARTCH

understanding that Martin had never detected in him before.

"So I want you to take that train back to Porthaven," Dr. Fisher went on. "That's an order, Vincent, so pack up."

"I'm packed," Martin said.

After a moment's hesitation, the headmaster said, "I'm taking over here, Vincent. We can't let matters stand as they are, and it's my job to do something about it, if I can. I'm going to take my courage in both hands, Vincent, and talk this thing over with Barton Duff. I have made an appointment to see him." Dr. Fisher consulted his watch. "And it's time I started. I can drop you at the station on the way."

"I'll get there all right," Martin said. "I have to make a telephone call first."

Dr. Fisher gave him a keen glance. "A telephone call?"

"I had a date for dinner," Martin said miserably. "I have to break it."

"I see." Dr. Fisher picked up his hat, but paused at the door. He turned and said with surprising mildness, "I, too, am sorry about all this, Vincent. This trip to New York was not of your choosing, and naturally I have taken that into consideration. You go back to the school. Do your work. Forget all about this. I'm going to do my best here, and I promise to plead your case with Mr. Pratt. I'll protect you to the best of my ability."

"Thank you, Dr. Fisher," Martin said.

"If you had told the true facts at once," the headmaster began, and gave his head a shake. "Well, never mind. Don't miss your train."

THE door closed behind the headmaster, and Martin sat down heavily on the bed. His nerves were on edge, and he felt like a dog with its tail between its legs, crawling home to Porthaven. Dr. Fisher had taken it pretty well, he thought, and Dr. Fisher had been pretty decent about it. He looked at the telephone, sighed, and called the Duff home.

Mary answered the telephone and he said, "I have only a few minutes. I have to cancel our dinner date, Mary. I'm sorry."

"But your flowers just came. I thought . . . Why, Martin?"

"I have to go back to the school," Martin said. "Dr. Fisher's orders."

"Dr. Fisher?" Mary said. "But *he's* not going back. He called and made an appointment to see Mr. Duff at five o'clock."

"I know," Martin said. "I talked to Dr. Fisher."

"What's going on?"

"He hopes he can talk Mr. Duff around. I don't know how, and I don't think there's much chance, do you?"

"This is curious," Mary said. "I told him that the afternoon movie had started, and he wanted me to call Mr. Duff out of the theater. He said it was urgent, so I told him to come when the picture was over, at five o'clock. What do you suppose he's up to?"

Martin said, with resignation, "I imagine he'll apologize all over the place for sending an inept character like Martin Vincent on so important a mission."

"Exactly," Mary said. "I told you he was jealous of you, and you can bet he'll do a job on you. Are you going to let him get away with it?"

"Well, it's to help the school," Martin said. "We're both working for the school."

Mary said emphatically, "I don't trust that man!"

"You're too suspicious," he said. "You didn't trust me, either. And Dr. Fisher was very decent to me. So far I'm not fired. I still have my job."

"Oh, to hell with your job!" she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Can't you think of anything but your job?"

"Look here," he said. "I need my job. I . . ."

"Go on," she said, "catch your train. Don't miss it. Dr. Fisher's orders, remember."

"Now, Mary," Martin began, and heard a vigorous click at the other end of the line. She had hung up.

Martin felt miserable. His impulse was to call her back at once, but he felt she was in an unreasonable mood. He began turning over in his mind phrases he would write in a letter to her. The urgent need for funds for Porthaven, the importance to him of his career in education. It wasn't just a job. It was his career. He glanced at his watch. He would have to hurry to catch his train.

He closed his suitcase, then made a final check, in the bathroom, in the closet. He remembered the manuscript of his speech, and fished it out of the drawer of the writing desk. At least it was a souvenir of the occasion. Looking at it, and remembering how Dr. Fisher had called him into his office in Porthaven and assigned him to the mission in New York—remembering all that had happened—he threw the manuscript hard into the wastebasket.

He moved away a few steps, then slowly returned to the wastebasket. He had seen a familiar object, and his eyes established belated communications with his brain. He leaned over and picked up the manuscript and inspected the bottom of the wastebasket. Lying beside a tight ball of crumpled paper was a book of matches bearing the name of the Club Pigalle—no cover charge, two shows nightly.

Martin picked it up. There were no matches left in it. He put his hand in his pocket, but recalled that Mary had kept the Club Pigalle matches he had carried around all day. Mary could not have visited his room; this was another book of matches. Surely Dr. Fisher could not have dropped into the Club Pigalle, he thought. The answer must be that Madeleine Little had been here.

He let the matchbook fall back into the wastebasket, looked again at the crumpled ball of paper, then bent to pick it up. He spread it out to examine it, and saw it was a page of Hotel Westbrook stationary, nearly covered with a large, slanting handwriting. It lacked a salutation, but the first line convinced him that it was a note for him.

It said: *Honey, I told you I burned the photo because I thought it would make you feel better and would clear things up for you. I don't want it in circulation myself. But some people are always looking for a smart angle. You know what I mean. I don't want any part of it and I told him so. I don't need money that bad, and this should prove it to you, and even us up on the books. Call me tonight at the Club Pigalle and let's burn it together. Best of luck, Madeleine.*

Martin's first thought was that she had written him the note, changed her mind, and discarded it. But then he knew. She had been in his room, and scribbled the note, and obviously someone had admitted her. That someone must be Dr. Fisher. His fist closed on the sheet of paper, crumpling it again. Dr. Fisher had intercepted the note and had hurried up to tell Mr. Duff that he had cleared up the blackmail plot. He understood now why Dr. Fisher had been so eager to send him back to Porthaven immediately. With the note suppressed, no one would ever have been the wiser. If it had not been for the Club Pigalle matches in the wastebasket, Martin would never have retrieved the note. No one would normally examine the contents of a hotel wastebasket.

Martin paced up and down between the bed and the bureau, and anger came slowly over him. He was not a competitive man, and if Dr. Fisher had shown him the note, Martin would have made no objections to Dr. Fisher's clearing matters up with Mr. Duff and completing the negotiations. He was used to being imposed upon in some degree, and ordinarily he was not resentful. But Dr. Fisher had suppressed the note and ordered Martin back to Porthaven, a failure on all counts, with a hypocritical promise to protect him. Mary had been right about Dr. Fisher. Martin kicked savagely at his suitcase. Dr. Fisher had made him the fall guy, and he wouldn't take it lying down. He'd go up to the Duff house and barge in on that conference and show the note to Mr. Duff. He thought of it with relish, and as he caught up his hat and hurried down to a taxicab he was conscious of his chin. It was set like granite.

MARY opened the door when he rang the brass bell at the Duff house. Her eyebrows went up and she said with a small smile, "How about your train?"

"I'm not taking that train today," he said. The house was silent and he added, "Isn't Dr. Fisher here yet?"

"Yes. He's upstairs."

"Take me up," Martin said. "I'm going to walk in on that conference."

"I don't think the picture is over yet. You have a couple of minutes." There was warmth in her blue eyes. "So you decided not to catch that train. Why?"

He grinned. "Mary, I guess I'm going to lose my job after all."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"No, it's not. Except I'll be a man without a job. But I'll get another job, Mary . . ."

"Yes?"

The bursting confidence was ebbing, and he took hold of himself, said firmly, "What do I mean, when I do? I will!"

"You bet you will," Mary said. "Jobs aren't so important, Martin."

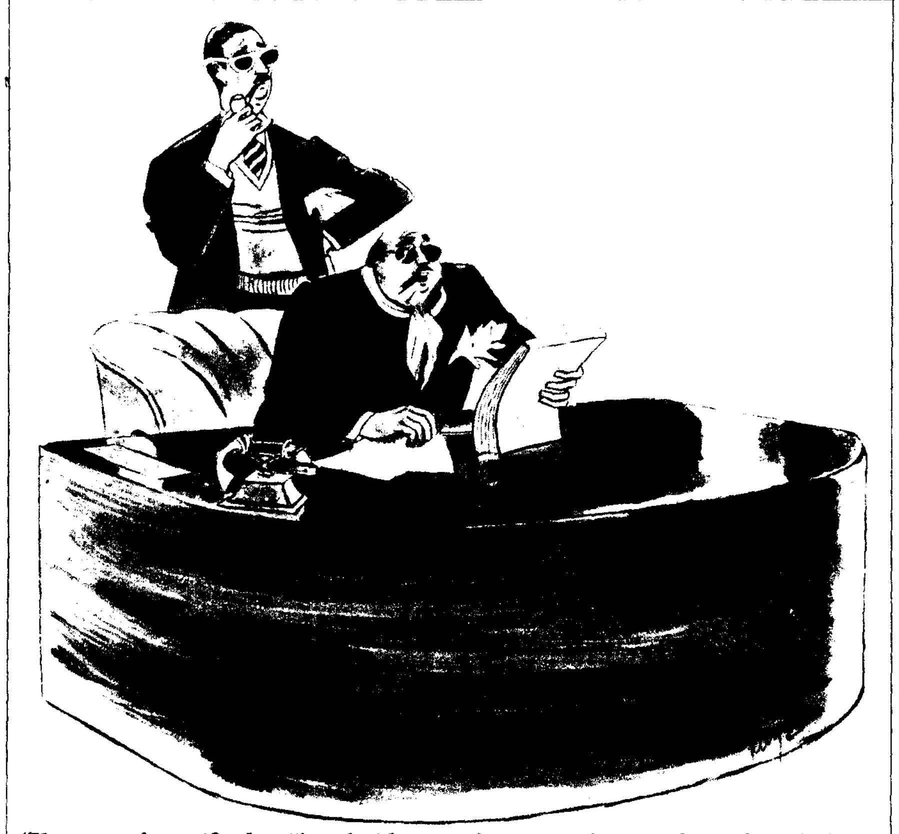
"Mary" he said, "with you to needle me I can get any kind of job I want, but I guess I need that needle."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes," Mary said.

The tone was mocking, but her blue eyes were not. He moved toward her. "You were right about Dr. Fisher, Mary, and you know why I'm here? To tell him where to get off!"

"Good for you," she said softly.

"What I mean is, you do things for my morale," Martin said. "What I mean



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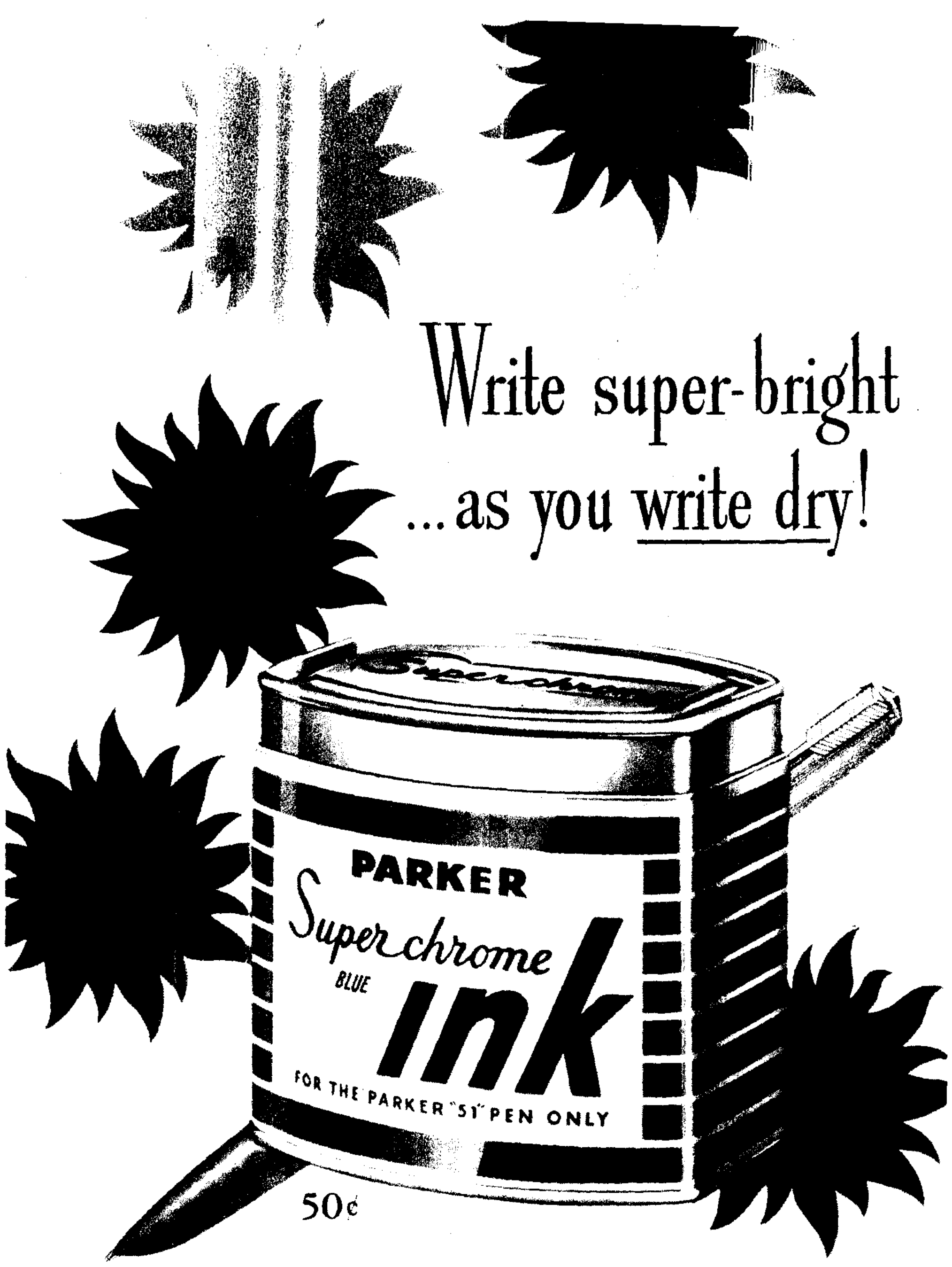

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Every chance in the World
by David Sarnoff
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. . ." He broke off, and looked into her yes, then she was in his arms, her cheek gainst his. "I mean I love you," Martin aid.

She whispered something he did not ear, and her lips met his. A moment fter she drew away, whispered breathessly, "Darling, if this is a moment we're oing to treasure the rest of our lives, let's ave it without an audience."

"An audience?" he said, and saw her esture. He looked up. The door of the heater at the landing above had opened nd Mr. Duff stood on the landing, looking down at them. Beside him was Dr. Fisher, appearing very paunchy and mportant, and the butler was peering nobtrusively over the headmaster's houlder.

Martin ignored the three men. "But, Mary, I said I loved you, and you whispered something. I didn't hear you. I . . ."

"I love you, you big dope," Mary said.

Mr. Duff was coming down the stairs with Dr. Fisher. Mary gave Martin a little push, and he turned and faced the stairs. He met Barton Duff's eyes and said, "I'd like to be in on this, too, Mr. Duff."

"Vincent, I thought you were on that train," Dr. Fisher said harshly. "I told you I was taking over here. What's the meaning of this?"

"The meaning of this," Martin said slowly, "is that I came to tell Mr. Duff I can get that photograph for him. We'll burn it tonight."

"You're a little late, young man," said Barton Duff. "I have the photograph." He reached into his pocket. "Here it is."

Martin stared at an excellent print showing Barton Duff's astonished face, and beside him, against the background of the hotel bedroom, the towel-draped figure of Miss Madeleine Little. The photograph disclosed a little more detail than Martin had detected in the flesh; in the excitement of the moment Miss Little's towel had slipped somewhat.

"I intend to burn it myself," said Barton Duff. "This very minute."

Martin gave Mary a stricken look, swallowed, and said, "So you paid the five thousand?"

"I paid nothing," said Mr. Duff. "Dr. Fisher brought me the photograph."

"Dr. *Fisher* did?" Martin cried, and an angry gleam came into his eyes. His fists were clenched in his pockets, and one of them was closed around the crumpled note.

"Vincent, you've blundered enough," the headmaster said. "There's another train at seven o'clock. I advise you to be on it."

"Just a moment," Martin said. It was clear to him now, but he controlled the anger smoldering in him. "I'm curious to know how you came by that photograph, Dr. Fisher."

"This does not concern you, Vincent," the headmaster said, with a side glance at Barton Duff.

"It concerns me plenty," Martin said. "Mr. Duff, did he tell you where he got the photograph?"

"No," said Mr. Duff. "But it was good work, Jimmy. You didn't buy it, did you?"

"I didn't pay a cent, Pudd'n," said Dr. Fisher. "You can burn it and forget about it."

"I will," said Mr. Duff, and added uncomfortably, "but please don't call me Pudd'n."

Dr. Fisher smiled. "I recall you never liked that nickname, Barton. It was force of habit. You know, we were boys together. First Boys. I can never forget those good old Porthaven days. You and I are the only First Boys left, Pudd'n."

"Barton," said Mr. Duff.

"Barton," Dr. Fisher corrected quickly.

Martin said insistently, "I'm still curious to know how it came into Dr. Fisher's hands, Mr. Duff."

BARTON DUFF'S heavy eyebrows closed down over his eyes. "Young man, I am losing patience with you. I'm sure that Dr. Fisher will supply me with any pertinent information, but first I'm going to burn these things. Please excuse us."

Mary spoke up, in a thin, brave voice, "Please give him a chance, Mr. Duff."

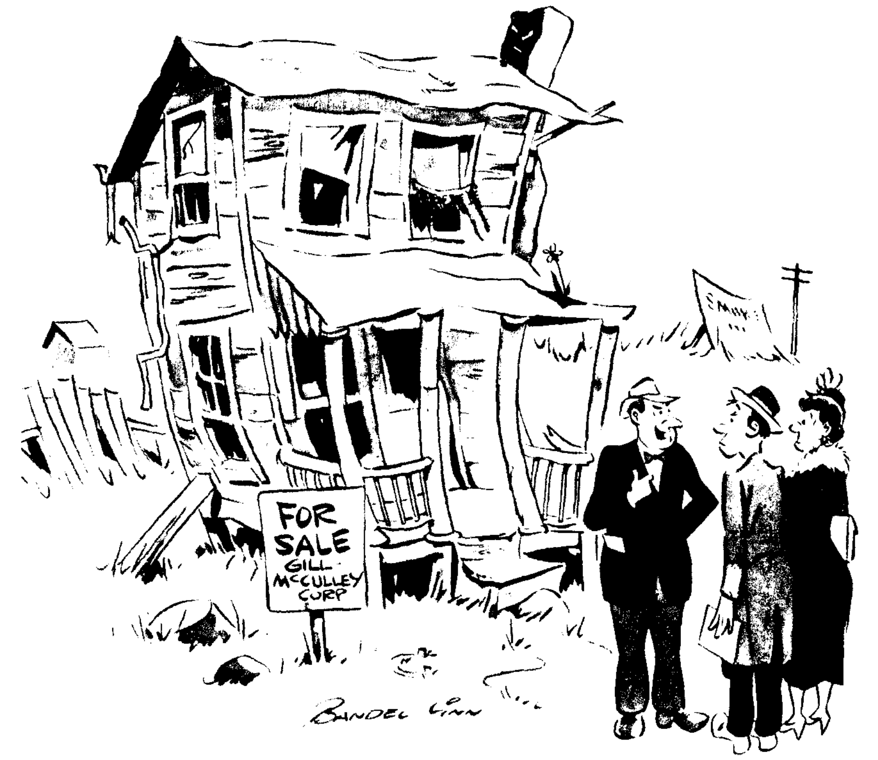
Barton Duff looked at Mary, hesitated, then shrugged his massive shoulders. "Very well. I don't see that it's important, but . . ." He faced Dr. Fisher. "How did you get it, Jimmy?"

Dr. Fisher forced a smile. "A little sleuthing, Barton. I had hoped to repair the damage done by Mr. Vincent's irresponsible conduct."

"I can account for my conduct, Mr. Duff," Martin said. "I'd like to hear Dr. Fisher account for the photograph."

Barton Duff gave Martin a long, puzzled look. "Are you making some sort of accusation, Mr. Vincent?"

"I'm just asking a question, Mr. Duff." There was an interested shine in Barton



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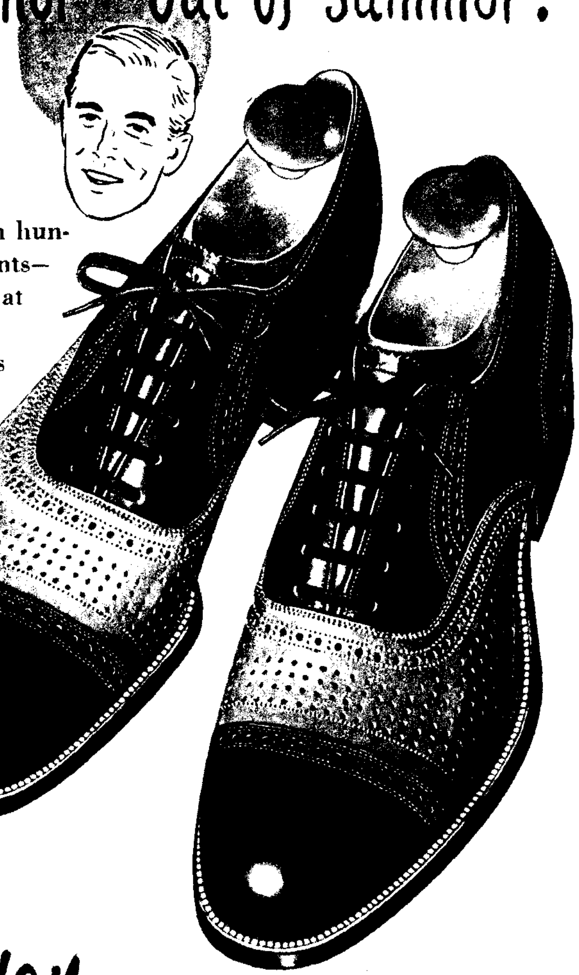

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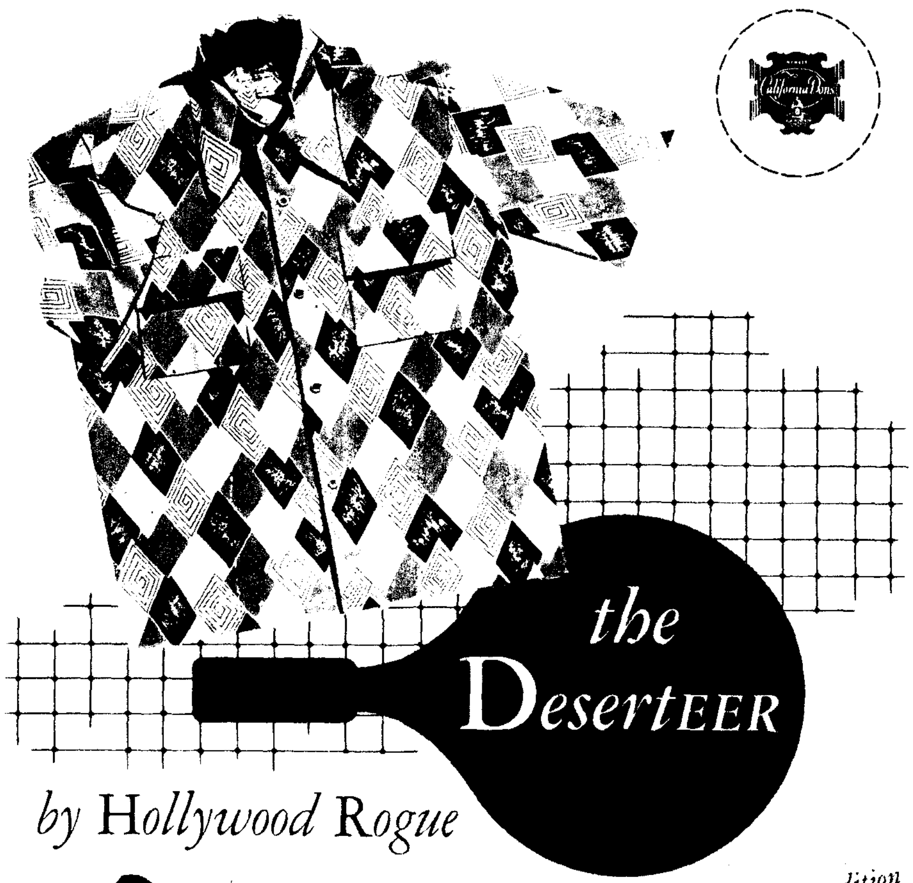

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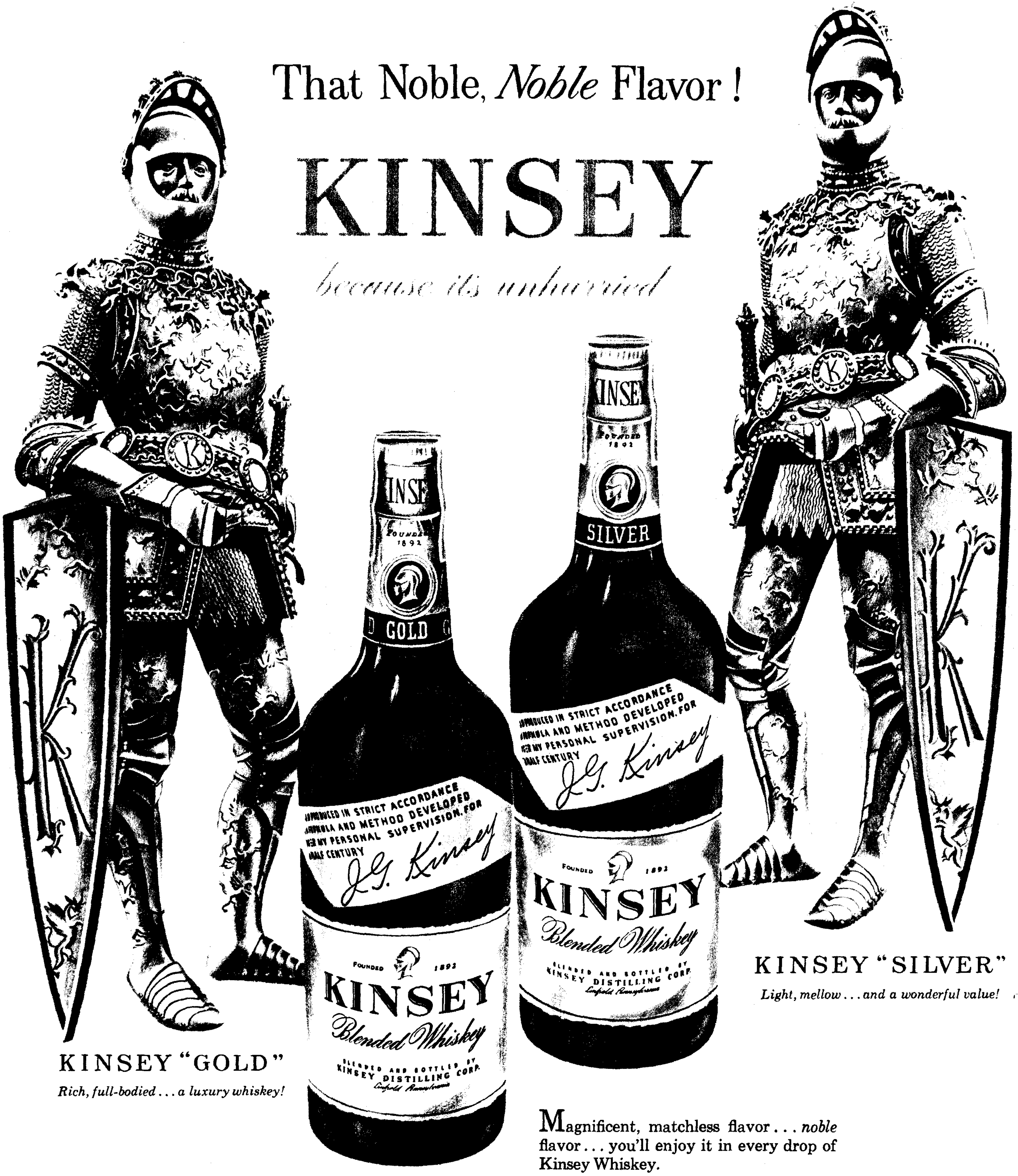
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uff's eyes. He turned slowly toward the admaster, and when he spoke his tone as deliberate: "This is very puzzling to e, Jimmy. As I understand it, a private vestigator was engaged by a principal take photographs of a revealing nare. Is Mr. Vincent insinuating that you ere the principal in the case, Jimmy?"

"I?" Dr. Fisher looked blank. "Of ourse not, Pudd'n."

"Then how did you come by it?"

"I obtained it this afternoon," Dr. isher said. "Through channels." He uffed noisily. "Look here, Pudd'n, you anted the photograph, and there it is, nd the negative, too. I'm surprised that ou should question my motives, when I as striving to help you. I had expected a armer reception."

"I merely asked how you got the phograph, Jimmy," said Mr. Duff. "That ould not be difficult to explain."

"I obtained them from the young lady erself, just a short time ago," Dr. isher said, and licked his lips. "She rought them to me at the hotel, and I urried straight up here with them. Now ook here, Pudd'n . . ."

"Don't call me Pudd'n," said Barton uff. "Now, as it was explained to me y my secretary, the photograph was nade by a private detective, who turned t over to the young woman in question. Meanwhile, I received a telephone call offering the photograph for sale for five thousand dollars. Now you bring it to me, saying it was delivered to you by the very young woman who was the cause of it all. That's rather coincidental, isn't t? How did she know you were at the Hotel Westbrook?"

Dr. Fisher said quickly, "As a matter of fact, Barton, I was in Vincent's room. The truth is that I intercepted the photograph."

"Then she brought the photograph to Mr. *Vincent?*" Barton Duff said, and looked at Martin.

"Precisely," Dr. Fisher said, and moved forward, pulling a Manila envelope from his pocket. "You see, here's the envelope. Here's his name on it. I was in his room when the young woman telephoned from downstairs, Barton, so I asked her to come up. She had this envelope for Mr. Vincent and I persuaded her to leave it with me. I telephoned you immediately. I did not examine into motives or circumstances. You wanted the photograph, and I got it for you."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Duff. "This is all very curious. What have you to say, Mr. Vincent?"

Martin could not control his grin. "There was a note with the photograph, Mr. Duff. I found it crumpled up in my wastebasket, and I think it will speak for itself. I'll read it to you."

Dr. Fisher looked at Martin, started to speak, then dropped heavily onto a spindly hall chair. Martin read the note through, then passed it to Mr. Duff. Mary whispered in his ear, "You beast, why didn't you tell me?"

MR. DUFF glanced at the note, and when he looked up again at Martin his right eye closed in a delighted wink. He turned to Dr. Fisher.

"Well, Jimmy," said Mr. Duff, "as usual you thought you'd grab the credit, and, when necessary, shift the blame. I might say that's characteristic. I am reminded of that time in our last year at Porthaven, when we had the case of beer. Do you remember? You gave the party, in your room, and it elected you class president, but you sent *me* to town for the beer, and when the story came out you let the blame fall on me. In fact, I've always believed that you assisted in the proof that *I* bought the beer. Do you remember?"

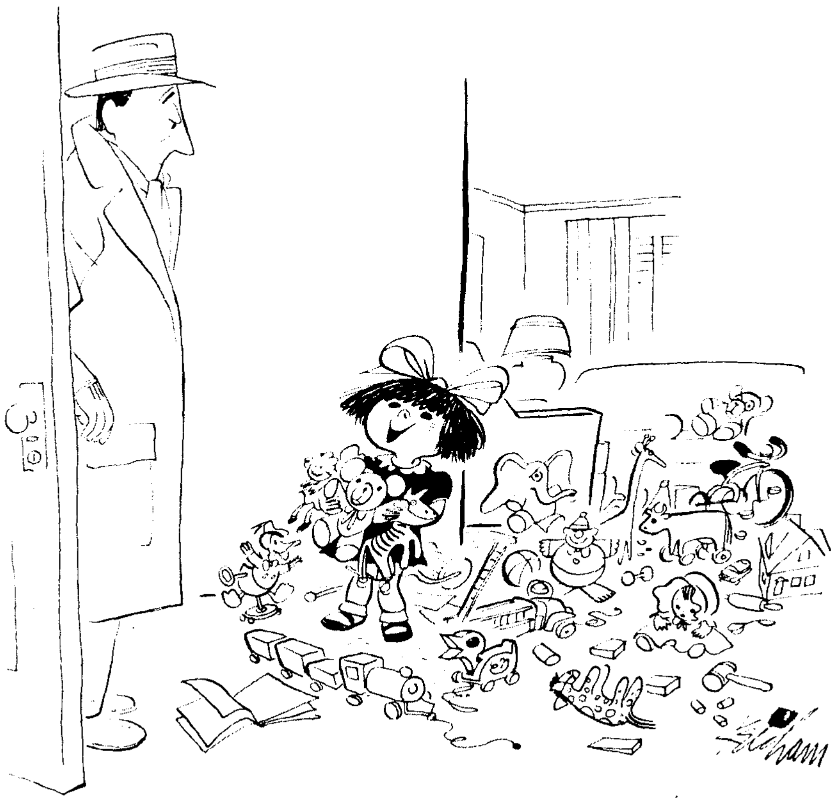
"Pudd'n, that was a long time ago," Dr. Fisher said dully. "We were kids then."

"In this case," said Dr. Duff, "the tree can be readily identified from the twig."

He carried the photograph and negative to the fireplace in the library, and through the open door Martin watched him strike a match and light the negative. Quick flame exploded and ignited the print, and Mr. Duff straightened and glanced at Martin.

"The young woman wanted them burned," he said. "You can inform her that they are now ashes. I only hope that no other prints were made from that negative."

Martin's mouth opened, shut again. It was a possibility he had not considered. But Barton Duff waved one hand easily. "Meanwhile, let us assume that all have been destroyed," he said. He returned slowly to the hall and put one hand on Martin's shoulder. "I suppose that all's well that ends well, and persistence and true love must have its reward." He smiled. "And in Technicolor. So, young man, suppose you sit down



COLLIER'S "What did you bring me, Daddy?" HANK KETCHAM

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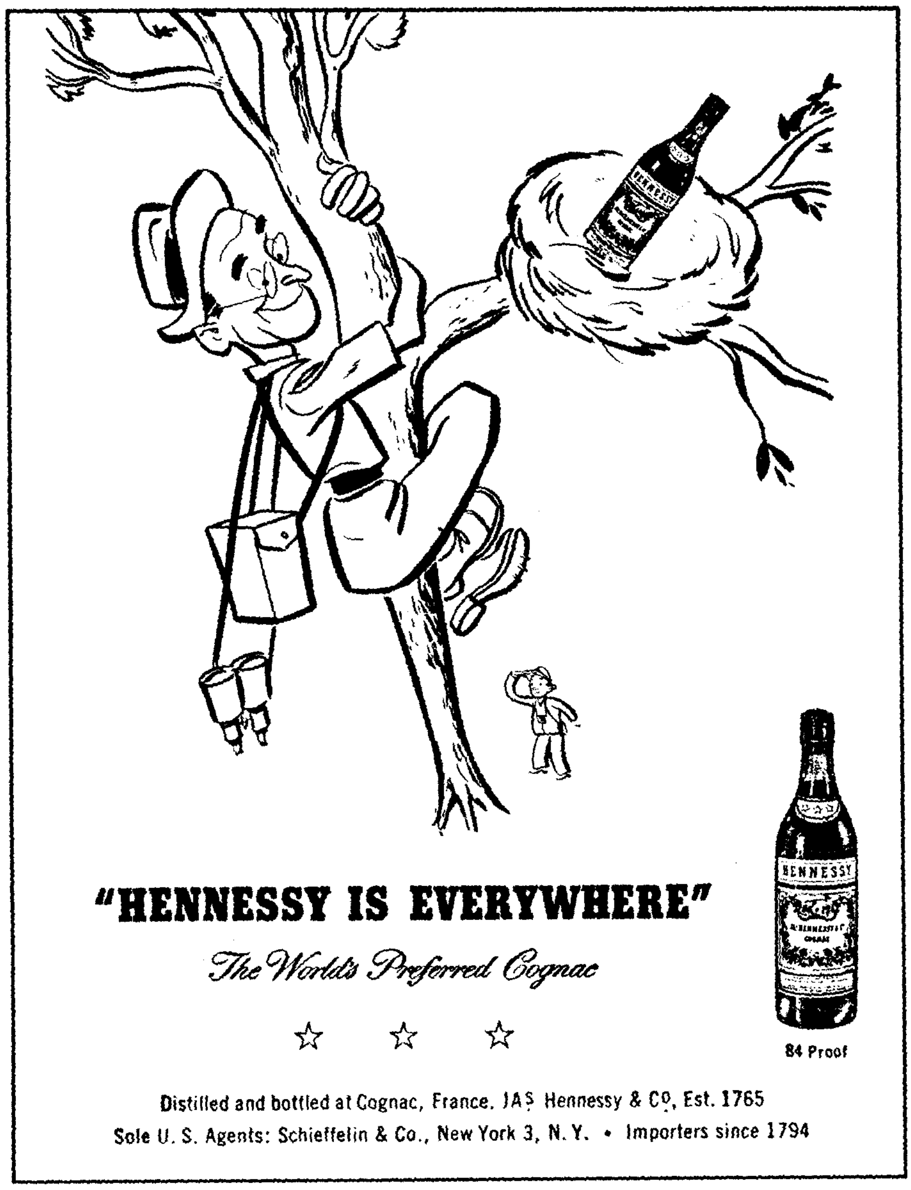

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and dictate an outline of the Porthaven plan to Miss Edmonds."

"The Porthaven plan?" said Martin.

"The plan you spoke of at the meeting of the Historical Verification Association," Mr. Duff went on. "The educational plan to be sponsored by the association. I think it is an excellent suggestion, and I think that Porthaven is the ideal school in which to initiate the project. I will expect you to take charge of it." He looked down at Dr. Fisher. "And by the way, Jimmy, I want it understood that Mr. Vincent gets the credit for it. I'm planning a substantial contribution to Porthaven because of Mr. Vincent's initiative." He smiled. "Coupled with the persuasive powers of my secretary."

"Yes, Barton," Dr. Fisher said meekly. He rose from the chair. "I would like to make one thing clear. It was a matter of tactics. Mr. Vincent and I both came to New York with one objective in mind—to save the old school. In view of an unhappy combination of circumstances, Barton, Mr. Vincent fell out of favor with you, and I thought it wiser for me to return the photograph and eliminate Mr. Vincent from the proceedings altogether. That was my guiding thought, Barton—what was best for the school."

"Nonsense, Jimmy," said Barton Duff. "We caught you red-handed. Have the grace to admit it." He was hugely enjoying himself, and he gave Mary's arm a little pinch. "Get the chairman of the trustees on the phone. I'll talk to him myself." He winked at Martin again. "I hope, young man, that Mary will be able to keep you out of trouble."

"I hope so," Martin said.

BARTON DUFF followed Mary into the library. Dr. Fisher watched him go, fetched a deep sigh, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. After a moment he said, "As I told you, Vincent, Barton Duff holds a grudge. I hope he feels that he has paid it off." He glanced at Martin from the corners of his eyes. "Mr. Duff is an adamant man. If he does not wish to understand, nothing will convince him. As I tried to explain to him, the school was my paramount consideration. I thought we would have a better chance if I completed the negotiations and sent you back to Porthaven. For that reason I thought it best not to inform you of all the circumstances."

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said, "I think we understand each other."

"Eh?" said Dr. Fisher. "Yes, I suppose so."

"You were going to make me the fall guy," Martin said. "You were planning to throw me to the wolves."

"I was thinking of the school, Vincent," Dr. Fisher said. He met Martin's eyes, and hastily looked away. He waited a moment, then said softly, "You know, I believe old Pudd'n intended to come through all the time. I think he just wanted to keep me on the anxious seat."

"Maybe so," Martin said.

"Yes, indeed." Dr. Fisher straightened, and his paunch resumed its confident outline. "I think I can tell the trustees that Barton Duff has never forgotten Porthaven. I suppose when all is said and done I sent you up here on a wild-goose chase, Vincent."

He glanced at Martin, saw the light in Martin's eye, and added hastily, "But of course you deserve the credit, Vincent. You'll get the credit, of course. And we'll start off with a clean slate, you and I. How about it, my boy?"

"With a new understanding, I would put it," Martin said.

"Yes, of course," the headmaster said. "By the way, Vincent, what is the Porthaven plan?"

"The Porthaven plan," Martin began, and saw Mary returning from the library, "is to take Miss Edmonds out to dinner."

"Oh," said Dr. Fisher. "I see. Well, shall we take that seven-o'clock train back to the school, Vincent?"

"I'm going to stay around here a couple of days," Martin said. "I expect Mr. Duff will want to talk to me."

"Indeed?" said Dr. Fisher. "Yes, indeed. Very well, then. You'll come back to your classes as soon as convenient, won't you?"

"In a few days," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher cleared his throat. "It will be up to me to take them over in your absence, you know." He smiled wanly. "I'm afraid I'll be a bit rusty. Well . . ." He looked at Martin. "I'll be going."

"Goodby," said Martin.

They watched him move away with lagging steps, and when the door had closed behind him, Mary said, "Did you tell him off, Martin?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I didn't like the idea."

She gave him an odd look and he grinned and said, "Oh, it wasn't lack of resolution. I was thinking, what has he got? He's an old man, and what has he got? Five lines in Who's Who and a very bad conscience. He'll be taking them into retirement soon enough, and meanwhile I think his teeth are drawn, don't you?"

"I don't know," Mary said. "I'm not such a softy as you are, and I'm going to keep a close eye on him. *I'll* take care of Dr. Fisher. He'd better not try to impose on you while I'm around." She looked up at him, frowning slightly. "But, darling, I'm not worried about *him*."

"What are you worried about?"

"I'm wondering if there's any privacy at a boys' school," Mary said. "I mean with all those kids around."

THE END

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MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

Continued from page 27

greeted by cheering thousands and blaring bands.

Their popularity in the Middle West was called to my attention on several occasions by a dynamic young man, Niles Trammell, who was in charge of our Chicago offices. Trammell, now president of NBC, had been a protégé of mine and I respected his judgment.

As a result of his enthusiasm I brought Amos 'n' Andy to New York for several auditions. The manufacturers of Pepsodent tooth paste bought them for a series of five-day-a-week 15-minute broadcasts.

The comedians made their NBC network debut on August 19, 1929, from Chicago. By the next morning, they were a coast-to-coast sensation.

Movie Audiences Hear Amos 'n' Andy

Almost immediately, we heard painful outcries from the motion-picture industry. During the evenings, movie theaters were half empty while patrons remained at home in order not to miss a single Amos 'n' Andy episode. We suggested that theater owners install radios on the stages and in the lobbies of their houses and thereby permit their patrons to hear the nightly broadcasts, prior to the running of the feature. This they did and business picked up.

So intense was the public interest that many newspapers during this period carried on their front pages résumés of the preceding evening's Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. Stores, poolrooms, penny arcades and even boardwalks at seaside resorts bought receiving sets so they would not be bereft of crowds at broadcast time. And when, because of daylight saving time, NBC was forced to change the hour of the program, the Colorado state legislature passed a resolution indignantly denouncing the sacrilege!

For many years most listeners, including Negroes, refused to believe that Amos 'n' Andy were white. Having no desire to disillusion these fans, it was NBC's policy never to issue a publicity picture of the actors without blackface make-up.

For this reason and because audiences made them jittery, Amos 'n' Andy insisted that all visitors be barred during a broadcast. They even excluded their wives from their studio. Today, of course, the boys air their weekly half-hour show before enthusiastic studio crowds.

Under Pepsodent sponsorship, Amos 'n' Andy received $200,000 a year. But after the "first fine flush of rapture" had passed, the Pepsodent Company began to eye critically the amount paid to Correll and Gosden.

One day Albert Lasker, who had charge of the Pepsodent account, broke the news to me.

"These boys are all right, Deac," he said, "but they place too high a value on themselves. My clients simply cannot afford to pay $200,000 a year for two mere entertainers."

I listened but said nothing.

"Now the thing for you to do is to have a heart-to-heart chat with them," Lasker went on. "Tell them how we feel and persuade them to cut their salaries."

"I'll be glad to talk with them," I said.

But I knew I should never be able to get away with it. Leaving Lasker's offices, I went to see Correll and Gosden. They must have sensed what was on my mind, for as soon as I had shaken hands with them, both informed me that they were extremely dissatisfied with their pay. They wanted $300,000 a year!

"We're going to show that man Lasker just how good we are!" said Gosden determinedly.

"How?" I asked eagerly. In those days there were no Hooper or other listener surveys. One could judge a show's popularity only by the fan mail and the sales of the sponsor's product.

"We'll invent a town called Webb City," Gosden explained. "Amos 'n' Andy will work their taxicab out of there. Two weeks from tonight, on our broadcast, we'll begin to offer our listeners a free copy of the map of Webb City. Lasker will find out how popular we are!"

"Boys," I warned, "remember what you're risking. If they don't write in for maps, you're sunk!"

"We'll take that chance," Correll said.

On the day following the first map announcement, Lasker had eight typists answering Amos 'n' Andy's mail. Within a week, there were 200. More than a million requests for the map of Webb City had poured in!

Everyone was happy, including Albert Lasker. And the happiest of all—Amos 'n' Andy. Oh, yes, there was a new contract. And a new salary—$300,000 a year!

During all this time, the network was growing along with its star attractions. Soon we began to feel cramped for space.

One day in 1928, I had a prophetic conversation with Edward W. Harden, of the stock exchange firm of Baker, Weeks & Harden, and a director of both RCA and of NBC. I mentioned the report that the Rockefellers intended to build a new opera house on land owned by them in midtown—near Fifth Avenue.

"I don't think it will ever materialize," he told me. "But the Rockefellers do own a lot of property around here. Maybe we could use some of it."

"For what?" I asked.

"NBC needs more space, doesn't it?" Then, somewhat uncertainly, he suggested, "Why don't we build a sort of . . . well, you know, a sort of city for radio?"

My imagination was fired. It was the first time I had ever heard those words: *"A city for radio."*

From that spark came a conflagration. Soon "a city for radio" was being discussed in the top echelons of RCA and NBC—at first vaguely, then with certainty.

It was months before the machinery really began to whir. Owen D. Young, David Sarnoff and I started negotiations with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his builders, Todd and Robertson.

We rented space for RCA and NBC in what was to become the 70-story RCA Building. We closed the deal for RKO, an affiliate company, to have its headquarters in an edifice to bear its name. Then we signed leases for two great showplaces, the International Music Hall and the RKO-Roxy, now the Center Theater.

That Rockefeller Touch

The building investments alone amounted to more than $200,000,000. It is a breath-taking sum at any time, but, during a tragic depression such as we knew then, it seemed utterly fantastic. Only John D. Rockefeller could have managed it.

There were plenty of scoffers. My old friend H. V. Kaltenborn voiced the viewpoint of the disbelievers in an article in Scribner's Magazine. He argued that all this Radio City hullabaloo was simply a huge publicity stunt. The project could not be a success because the Rockefellers were interested in it only as a source of rentals.

Actually the Rockefellers were interested far beyond that. What they wanted was a great international center. Therefore they made provisions for the erection of the British, the French and the International buildings. Later, structures for the Associated Press, Eastern

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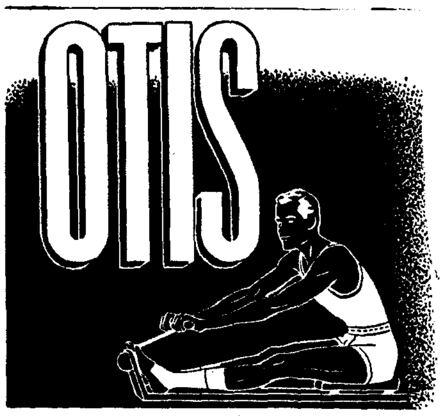

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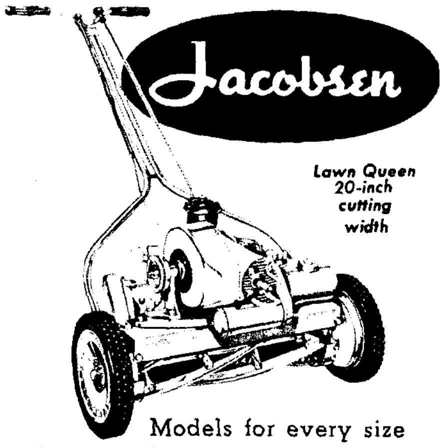

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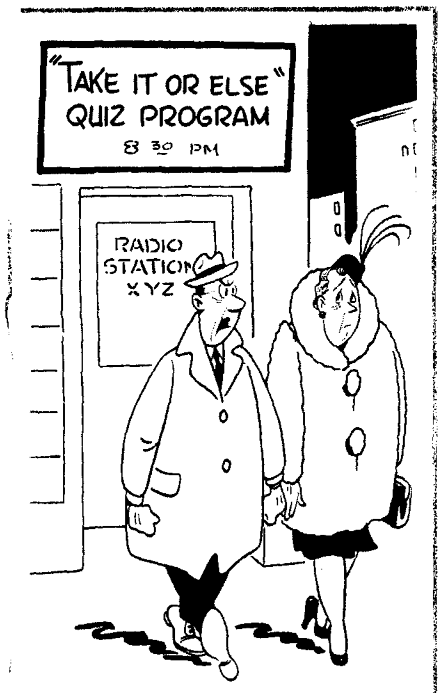
rlines, Time & Life, Standard Oil and : U.S. Rubber Company were added. So what began as Radio City, and is ll popularly known as such, officially came Rockefeller Center.

After a seemingly endless time of talk d paper work, we at last began to see e results of our activities. On a blazing y in July, 1931, the monstrous excavatg machines began their work on the es of the RCA and RKO buildings, the usic Hall and the RKO-Roxy.

Now we began to concentrate on the tertainment phases of the center. With muel L. Rothafel, the famed showan who was known to millions as oxy, I spent most of my time for the ext year. We sat in his studio in the oxy Theater on Seventh Avenue, blueinting, detail by detail, the features hich we hoped would flood the box fices with gold.

I believed then, as I do now, that the late Samuel L. Rothafel was America's greatest showman—a genius of the theater. He had more to do with the designing of the Music Hall than any other person. He was not an architect; but he provided the basic ideas for the stage, the mezzanines, the lighting, the *décor* and for countless other features.



"A new electric ice box—a washing machine—a gas range—a vacuum cleaner and a four-door sedan right at your finger tips and you have to say Al Jolson was the father of our country!"

COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

Roxy was without a peer as a creator of glowing stage spectacles; but he did occasionally ignore the realities. The late Paul Cravath detected this failing. Cravath told me, "He's a genius, Deac, but he isn't practical."

I started to defend Roxy, but he went on: "His plan doesn't call for a motion-picture screen in the Music Hall, or for a stage in the RKO-Roxy. I think you'd better change that. You might need them someday!"

I did not know then how right he was! However, his words had their immediate effect. I realized that if the variety entertainment at the Music Hall, with a seating capacity of 6,200, should prove to be a failure, we could not convert it into a motion-picture house without a tremendous expenditure of both money and time. And if the RKO-Roxy, seating 3,800, should go on the rocks as a film theater, it would be without facilities for stage presentations.

It was only after many weeks of argument that Roxy finally consented to adopt Cravath's suggestions. And lucky that he did—for today the Music Hall is the nation's premier picture cathedral, and the Center Theater a legitimate playhouse, specializing in ice shows!

By December of 1932, the Music Hall, the RKO-Roxy and the RKO structures were completed. Then, at the depth of the depression, came the climactic night, the opening of the International Music Hall, on December 27, 1932.

One of the dressiest and most distinguished audiences of New York theatrical history began filing through the doors, long before the scheduled time of the performance. It gasped at what it saw. The splendor of the decorations, the vast proportions of the theater, brought cries of admiration.

There were some fifteen episodes in the show. The bill included Weber and Fields, Ray Bolger, Martha Graham and her dancers, a ballet, the Rockettes, a symphony orchestra directed by Erno Rapee and other outstanding attractions. The scenery and the lighting surpassed anything seen on a New York stage up to that time. There was a surfeit of riches.

That was the difficulty. The show had been running scarcely an hour when I realized that something was wrong. The audience became restless; it was gripped by ennui. It rebelled at the gigantic proportions of the menu. The entertainment was too overwhelming, far too lengthy. It was not until 1:20 A.M. almost five hours after the beginning, that Roxy made his good-night speech.

The press the next day was scathing. Although giving obeisance to the beauty of the house, it expressed the unanimous opinion that our show was a colossal bore.

Unkind Press Hurts Attendance

We immediately began cutting the running time of the show. We gave it the speed it lacked the first night. However, it did not help. As a result of the critical flogging, the audiences became smaller and smaller at each performance.

Just two days after the disastrous Music Hall *première*, we opened the RKO-Roxy. Our first attraction was an RKO film, The Animal Kingdom, based on Philip Barry's Broadway hit.

That afternoon, Roxy collapsed. The cataclysm of the Music Hall had proved too much for him.

The Animal Kingdom drew fair audiences, so I was able to devote all of my efforts to the Hall. Just three weeks after the opening, I closed Roxy's presentation and replaced it with motion pictures, plus an elaborate but streamlined stage entertainment. At this time, the house was in the red for $500,000!

Now the chorus of "I-told-you-so's" became a sickening sound.

Owen D. Young asked me to confer with him. Calmly he reviewed the events of the last few weeks. Finally he suggested that we might close the Music Hall until Roxy returned. That was about the darkest moment I have ever known.

"Mr. Young," I said, with all the emotion of which I was capable, "I'm convinced that if we close it, there will never be a Radio City!"

I emphasized what he already well knew—that without the two theaters Radio City probably could not survive. We had visualized it as a center for all the allied arts of show business. Further, we had counted on the two theaters as an important source of revenue. The shuttering of any one of them at the time would prove that the cynics had been right.

Young listened to me for a while without replying. Finally, he agreed to make one more effort. He would put it up to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Next week: Radio City is saved, and the network expands. Among the colorful figures involved are Jimmy Petrillo, Major Bowes, Graham McNamee and Eddie Cantor.

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I HAVE A WALLET

Continued from page 16

"I want to know her. I think I'm in love with her. And you—"

"So you want to know Suzanne Frobisher," she said, and to hear the name was like downing three fingers of old bonded bourbon neat.

"She's the one, Jennie," I said. "I know it. And you can help me."

Jennie nodded again. She looked thoughtful, standing there in the dim light from the street lamps. "There's a question or two, Fred. Just what is your status in your job?"

"Well," I said, "you could say I'm an assistant vice-president. In a manner of speaking, practically everyone is."

"And just how far can you go financially?"

I looked away. I was in no mood for harsh realism. "I expect rapid advancement," I said, "as I am a bear for work. In the meantime, I have a little extra cash. How about it, Jennie?"

"I'll think it over," she said. "You might get in touch with me later on. And tell your mother I had a very nice time."

I tried to stop her, but she was gone, and the door was closed in my face. So there was nothing to do but go home and spend most of the rest of the night thinking about Suzanne Frobisher. I wondered how she would spend her Sunday, and I felt a sudden shock of jealousy when I considered the possibilities. But nothing made any difference—as the poet wrote, the past was a bucket of ashes, a sun gone down. Only the future mattered. Jennie McLarnin had put me off but she hadn't refused. And she certainly wasn't the kind who'd kick an old and true friend in the teeth.

I CALLED Jennie twice Monday morning, but it seemed she was busy with her boss. I didn't mean to go into Burg and Hunter's that noon hour. I didn't mean to go near the place. But I was drawn by a power beyond myself, as the moth is drawn to the flame. I found myself in the elevator, and I heard my voice saying, "Three, please." I walked past The Teen Age Shop and The Blouse Bar and The House of Beauty. And there was Suzanne Frobisher, selling a Gladstone bag to an old man who looked as if he were well supplied with both money and gallstones.

Suzanne had on a yellow dress today, and it too was cut quite low in front and made its own small contribution to her beauty. Finally the old man bought his Gladstone. Then Suzanne turned my way and saw me and smiled. "Hello," she said. "How is the wallet?" She remembered me!

"Fine," I said. "You know how to pick a wallet." It wasn't exactly a stunning compliment, but I had to say something.

"Thank you," she said, and the accent was like frosting on a cake. She started toward a customer who was examining the airplane luggage, and I couldn't let her go. I said, "Oh, there's one more thing."

"Yes?"

"I need a black wallet too," I said. "You know. For evening."

"Of course. For evening." She was still smiling, and now she leaned toward me just a little, and there was that look that said there was more, infinitely more, than I had yet realized. It was impossible to believe that she gave everyone that look. "We have charming black wallets," she said.

I looked at all the black wallets and bought the last one. I paid her and she said gently, "Now you are very well fixed for wallets."

"Well," I said, "I usually give wallets to my friends on their birthdays."

"Then you must come back," she said. She was looking down, her lovely hands playing with a pencil, and her face was thoughtful. She was talking wallets but she wasn't thinking wallets. And she wasn't hurrying away.

"I wouldn't go anywhere else," I said.

"Thank you," she said. "Now I must go." She smiled once more and moved an eyelid in a way that was almost a wink.

I was late getting back to the office, and Mr. Rutledge, who really is an assistant vice-president, gave me a mean and petty stare. But I didn't mind. Suzanne and I were practically friends already, and Jennie could put it on a firm footing. I called her twice that afternoon, but she was still busy, and when I called again she had gone home. It annoyed me—she was acting damnably independent, and what she obviously needed was a paddling, just as in the old days. But I had to be nice to her.

WHEN I left the office I bought some flowers, of the modestly priced but good-enough kind. After dinner I took the trolley and went down to Jennie's apartment.

She came to the door wearing jeans and a sweater. A small paintbrush was in her hand, and her hair was in pigtails. She looked at me and then at the flowers. She said, "Why, Fred, is this a proposal?"

I walked past her into the apartment and noticed that she was repainting a table. In that sweater, she did look too big to paddle. But I wanted to anyway.

"I get it," she said. "The bribe. The business. There is a word for this kind of thing, my friend. It is rarely used in polite society."

I said, "Shut up."

She gave the table a few touches with the brush. "Isn't it darling?" she said. "And I bought it for only three dollars at a junk shop. They didn't know what they had."

"Inflation is really out of hand," I said. I put the flowers down on the table and looked with distaste at her jeans and pigtails.

"Pretty," she said. "Over the years, I may be able to forget your shameful motive in bringing them to me. B Suzanne is the orchid type."

"There's nothing wrong with th orchid type. She is also the loyal, inten type. You can tell by looking at her.

"No doubt," Jennie said. "As long you're here you might as well have a cu of coffee."

I watched her go into the kitchen afte the coffee and there was paint on he jeans. Suzanne Frobisher would neve have paint on her jeans—indeed, sh would never wear jeans. She woul wear, at the very least, a flowing hous coat. And, for grander occasions, sh would wear the kind of negligee you se advertised in the more expensive fashio magazines. She would not talk coarsel as Jennie had done. Her conversatio would deal with music, plays, the othe arts, and love.

Jennie came back with the coffee. "It' been a long haul since old times," sh said. "How you doing?"

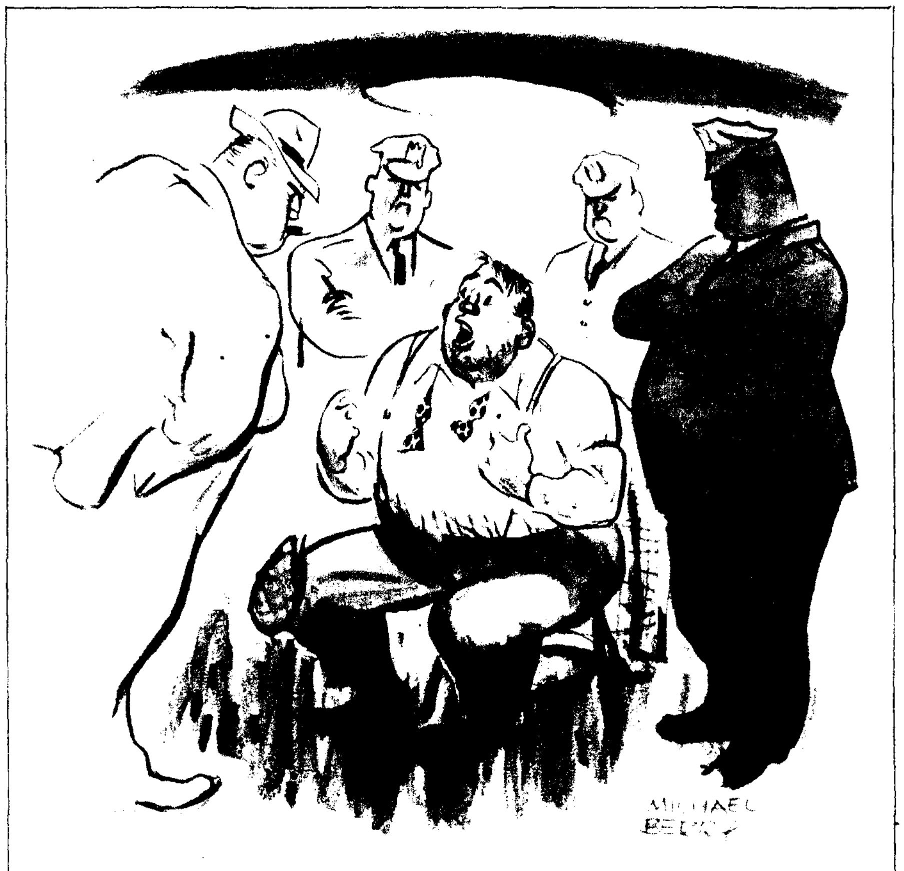
She hadn't bothered to change he jeans, but she had combed out her pigtails and put some make-up on her face. She looked like a young and attractive version of the modern private secretary, relaxing at home. "Well enough," I said. "But how about an introduction? She's particular."

"Fred," she said, "I'm not letting you down. Really, I'm not. But you can't handle these things with a plumber's technique." She drank some coffee "How'd you make out today?" she aske suddenly.

"What do you mean, today?" She' surprised me.

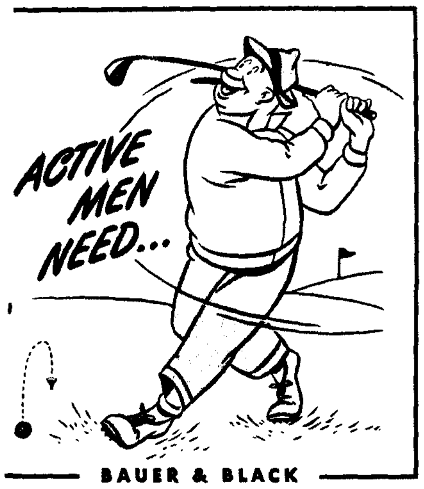
Jennie grinned. "In your condition, she said, "you didn't keep away fro Leather Goods today. Tell me."

So I told her. She didn't laugh. She just nodded sagely. "It's not a bad idea. Just keep on buying wallets. Buy them slowly. Take all the time the law allows. You'll get into her mind. On the days you know you have to buy or bust, give me a ring and I'll try to happen into Leather Goods around three-thirty myself. That way, the introduction can be straight out of Emily Post. It's beautiful."



"But I couldn't have killed Morelli; I wuz in a flower shop at the time, orderin' a wreath for him"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY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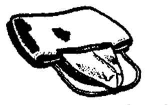

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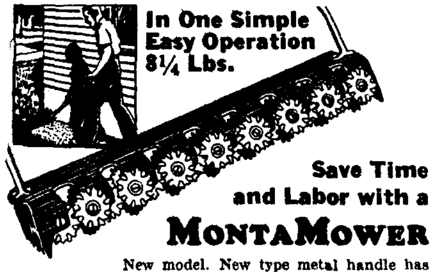
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"Look," I said, "there's a limit to the number of wallets a man can use in a long lifetime."

"But," she said, "come Christmas you'll have all your gifts ready. Practical foresight is served no less than romance. I like it."

"Jennie," I said. "Listen, Jennie." The urge to turn her over my knee was almost at the maniacal stage, but I managed to thrust it back, growling and clawing, into its cage. "The quality of wallets carried by Burg and Hunter doesn't fit my Christmas budget. You've got to help."

She quit grinning, and smiled. It was a considerable transformation. She looked even younger, and her eyes were gentle. "I want to help you, Fred," she said. "Honestly. I will. Suzanne's quite a person. She's in charge of Leather Goods and she's done better than anyone we've ever had. She makes an amazing amount of money for a woman—I mean, a girl. And—well, she's really quite a person. Of course, some of the help say she got her accent at a Hedy Lamarr movie, but you know what cats women are. Anyway, there's no use talking about it any more tonight. I have to think it over and consider all the possibilities. Pour yourself a cup of coffee and I'll turn on the phonograph. I've got some new albums."

She played the albums. I was surprised when she told me it was ten o'clock and I had to go home. The time had gone by fast and it had been quite comfortable. Except that I had been always thinking about Suzanne.

She went with me to the door. "I'll help, Fred," she said again. "I'll do everything I can. Keep in touch with me."

"Yes, Jennie," I said. "Good night." Jennie McLarnin was my hope, and she really seemed inclined to produce. She had turned into a fairly pleasant person.

I MANAGED to hold myself in leash the next day. The day following I called Jennie and she said she was terribly busy because they were taking some special kind of inventory and she didn't have time to talk. I said I would drop into Leather Goods about three-thirty, and I hoped she would be there. She said no, she was too busy, but I might get in touch with her later on in the week.

I did pretty well until three-ten. Then I thought that Jennie might make it after all. I told Mr. Rutledge I had to go to the dentist. He looked suspicious, but I didn't care. I was free.

Suzanne wasn't busy. She smiled at me and said, "My friend of the wallets!" just like that.

"Hello," I said.

"And there is a birthday," she said. "So you must have a wallet."

"Yes," I said, "a birthday." But I was looking at the tailored suit that was in some strange way different from all the other tailored suits in the world, and I was thinking that I liked her hair piled high on her head even better than when it had been down and the dark tendrils had curled so prettily along her neck.

She began showing me wallets. I looked at them all and saw none. At last we came to the end, and she hesitated. She was leaning toward me, and her white blouse was soft and rippling and sheer. "I know," she said. "How stupid of me to overlook it. Here it is. This!"

I bought the wallet, and it was by far the most expensive wallet yet, but that didn't matter. Then I said, "Miss Frobisher." Jennie had stood me up. The hell with Jennie.

She raised her hands. "But you know my name!"

"Yes," I said. "I've a friend in the store. But never mind that. I was thinking, Miss Frobisher, I was thinking—"

"Of course," she said. "I know. I am very flattered. And perhaps—but not now." She laughed, softly, musically. "You are nice," she said. "Very nice, I think. And—well, good day, my friend."

The elevators were crowded, so I went down the stairs. I won't say I flew down. But they felt more like clouds than stairs. I was doing all right on my own, and maybe the next time—or the next wallet—

WELL, I will make it brief—there's no point in repeating the same old song, like a record in a juke box. Two days after that I bought another wallet. The middle of the next week I bought two—the birthdays of my friends were coming thick and fast, as Suzanne Frobisher observed with her wonderful laugh. And then there was still another birthday and still another wallet. I had wallets with red linings and green linings and pale yellow linings. I had wallets made of pin seal, alligator, crocodile, pigskin, calf, cow, and, for all I know, horse and dog.

I always telephoned Jennie first. But Jennie never appeared in Leather Goods. According to her, she never had a free moment. And now and then, of course, as a matter of policy, I dropped in on her at home of an evening. She gave me coffee, listened to my story, and shook her head gravely when I spoke of the wallets, which were running into a fortune.

"Maybe," I said, "I could return some of them for a refund."

"You could," she said. "But what would Suzanne think?"

The thought shriveled me. "I guess it's not a good idea," I said. "I know she really likes to see me come in. She sort of —well, depends on me to show up now and then."

Jennie McLarnin nodded, and poured more coffee. "I'm sure she does," she said. "I'd been hoping you could make a little time for yourself. After all, what with one wallet and another, you two have been alone together a good deal."

I remembered my conversations with Suzanne. Always, there had been a wallet between us. And always, she had leaned toward me, and I had smelled her perfume, and I had seen her hair in all the half-dozen wonderful ways she put it up, and I had felt as a man feels when he staggers away from the Atomic Ride at Lotus Isle Amusement Park. And always, she had promised a little and intimated a little more. Period. That was the trouble. Period.

"She wants to be formally introduced," I said. "She's that kind of a girl. Jennie—" I wanted to paddle Jennie, even if she was grown up and wore red polish on her nails and looked quite well in a sweater. But I simply looked at her with pleading eyes.

"Maybe next week," she said. "I'll try. Really I will, Fred." Then she played some music, and we talked about this and that and nothing at all, and it was ten before I knew it and she was shoving me out the door.

It was very lonely in my room. As soon as I walked in I saw the wallets, stacked in their unopened packages on the table. Sometimes I even wondered if it were all worth while. After all, men had suffered the torment of great and unrequited love before, and finally surrendered to the inevitable. And it was very clear that I couldn't go on buying wallets forever and forever. Jennie had suggested that it might be an interesting departure if I went in for brief cases, fitted overnight bags, or something of that sort. It would break the monotony. But wallets, expensive as they were, were the cheapest thing in Leather Goods.

I didn't sleep very well. I'd think that I would put Suzanne Frobisher aside as a man puts aside his future, his hopes, his highest aims. It was very noble, and it was also very sad in the classic manner. And then I'd remember her vividly, and I knew I'd go back. So help me, I would. Because she was beautiful, and I loved her.

I bought another wallet on Wednesday —a very nifty job lined with scarlet

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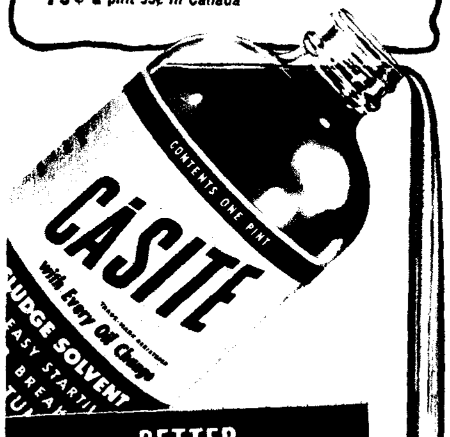

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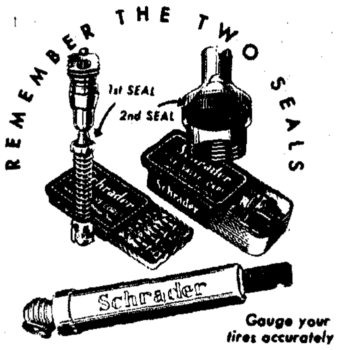

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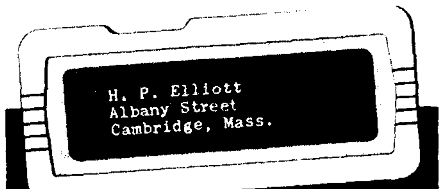

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suède. Jennie, of course, was not among those present—she was obviously a deceiver, a woman without heart or character. After the transaction was completed I started to go as usual. Then something happened. It was, essentially, the same thing that happens when a firing pin comes down on a primer.

I turned around. I walked up to Suzanne Frobisher and I said, "Wait a minute!"

She lifted her magnificent eyebrows. "There is something more?" she said. "I know—another birthday of a friend you had forgotten."

"No, Miss Frobisher," I said. "I'll be frank with you. I want—I mean—that is, I've admired you for a long time now. You would make me a very happy man, Miss Frobisher, if you would go out with me. And I assure you that—"

"Why," she said. "How impetuous! And how charming."

"And I have very good references, Miss Frobisher. That is, what I mean is, I am not just another—Will you?"

Suzanne Frobisher looked at me for a long time. Then she leaned toward me, and it was like the movement of a graceful, willowy tree in a gentle breeze. "I think perhaps I will," she said, "Mr.—"

"Benson. Fred Benson."

"Mr. Benson. It is not usual. It is indiscreet. But—well, never mind." She smiled mysteriously. "We will make it most informal. Black tie. And you will come for me Saturday night at eight."

"Black tie," I said. "I mean, that's wonderful, Miss Frobisher."

"It is nice to be informal. And you will want my address, Mr. Benson."

I went back to the office, called up Jennie, and told her. I made it clear, that I could get along by myself.

"Well," she said, "that's dandy, son. My warmest congratulations."

I wanted really to tell her what I thought of her. But, after all, she worked in the same store with Suzanne.

As you may have imagined, I had no dinner coat. But there was a place down the street from where I lived that rented them. The sign said: THE HONEST TAILOR. SNAPPY STYLES. EVENING OUTFITS RENTED. The Honest Tailor was an elderly man with kind eyes but an appetite for immediate cash, and he had an outfit that was nearly my size. The coat bulged in the back, and the trousers were snug around the waist. But, after all, there's very little light in the places you go to at night when you're shooting the works, and such small deficiencies would never be noticed.

IT WAS a very long time until Saturday. I spent the hours on the heights and in the depths, and on all levels in between. I would seem crass, ill-mannered, a buffoon. Or I would seem like the symbol of America—a sturdy hero, home from the wars, with keen eyes and a knowing sense of the true and the lasting. Or I would simply bore her to death. Or she would fall into my arms as people do in those stories where everyone is in a terrific hurry—and there is so little time. Or. . . .

She lived in a very expensive-looking apartment which had a doorman and an elevator. She was wearing black velvet, cut very low in front, with pearls. She had on white gloves that went from her wrists to her elbows, but left her fingers sticking out. She looked at me, and I made a sort of coughing sound, and she said, "Frederick. My dear Frederick. Come in and sit down and I'll be with you in the littlest moment."

It was a very beautiful apartment, all white and gold and fragile, except for the deep divans. I let myself down into one of these, and didn't stop sinking for some time. I looked at the pictures, which I couldn't understand. The flowers all looked like people and the people all looked like flowers, if you see what I mean.

She was back in half an hour, wearing a velvet cloak, and she looked like something out of a picture that anyone could understand. "In the littlest minute, as I promised, Frederick," she said. She smiled at me, and then she knitted her brows. "Perhaps if I suggested where we might go—"

"Yes," I said. "You suggest."

She made a quick little gesture with her hands. "The Black Cat," she said. "We will go to The Black Cat."

WE WENT to The Black Cat. It was small and dark, and the headwaiter bowed and said something in French and gave us a table. Suzanne said she would like a champagne cocktail, and I ordered two, and after that we danced. When I got her in my arms it was the old Atomic Ride feeling again, only more so. "Suzanne," I said. "You don't mind if I call you Suzanne?"

"But I am Suzanne," she said. "Of course, Frederick."

"Suzanne," I said again. "I want to tell you—" Then I felt a hand touch my shoulder, and a smooth voice said, "Excuse me. Hi, Suzanne! I'm cutting in."

"Roger!" Suzanne said. "Fancy to find you here, Roger. Roger, I want you to meet Frederick. You won't mind if I have a dance with Roger, will you?"

"No," I said. "I love it." I went back to the table. After a while the dance ended and Roger came back with Suzanne and sat down with us. "We will all have champagne cocktails," Suzanne said. I ordered.

It was clear that Roger was with us for the evening if we stayed at The Black Cat. When I finally got Suzanne onto the dance floor once again I suggested that I'd like to see another place. You know —I was pretty much of a stranger, and wanted to get acclimated for future reference.

"Of course," she said. "We will say goodby to Roger, and then we will go to The Top Hat. You will adore The Top Hat, Frederick."

We said goodby to Roger, and I paid the bill. It was quite a bill.

We got clear through a dance at The Top Hat before Henry appeared. Where Roger had been blond and husky, Henry was dark and thin and wore a little mustache. He must have been very fond of Suzanne, because he wouldn't leave her even when a friend called to him from across the room. I bought two rounds of cocktails and Henry bought one. Suzanne was very gay, and becoming more animated with every tick of the clock. Unfortunately, so was Henry.

But finally even Henry had to go away briefly on some errand of his own, and I seized that opportunity to make another getaway. I said that The Top Hat was grand, but it was sort of fun just to keep moving about, like people on a roller coaster.

Suzanne pressed my hand gently, and I twitched. "The Dancing Horse," she said. "You will be enchanted with The Dancing Horse." She didn't seem to regret Henry.

I guess it was George we met at The Dancing Horse. There had been many champagne cocktails, with a lasher of old brandy here and there to make it interesting, and the details weren't very clear now. George had a crew haircut and a story about a week end he'd spent somewhere, which Suzanne found most amusing. I also think we had dinner at The Dancing Horse, but, as I say, no guarantees are given at this stage of the game.

The end came at The Folderol Club. The end was called Mr. Blackstone, and he was about fifty-five, very handsome, if you like the portly type, and obviously rich. The end looked at Suzanne as if the only question in his mind was what kind of sauce she should be eaten with, and at me as if the headwaiter had made

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ery grave error and would report
duty in a hamburger joint in the
ning.
was having some small difficulties
my navigation by now, and was not
bservant as I might have been. But,
ast, Mr. Blackstone went away, and
anne leaned very close to me. Everyg was all right again.
Suzanne," I said. "He's gone."
Frederick," she said. "Listen carey, Frederick. Mr. Blackstone, he is
lawyer. A very important matter has
ie up. I must discuss it with him, and
ould be very dull for you. And he
take me home, of course, after we
finished with this very important mat-
Frederick. And you will call me next
k. I know you will not mind doing
this wonderful favor, Frederick. I
e known since I first saw you, that
are an understanding gentleman."
They don't make bouncers like that
y often. It's a gift.
So I went outside, and on the way I
e the hat girl a bill and the headwaiter
bills and the doorman a bill without
king at the amounts. There was a one-
n lunch down the street, and I drank
cups of black coffee and felt a little
urer of my footing. I counted my money
nd I had three dollar bills and forty-five
ents in change. No one could say I was
roke, and the next payday was only ten
ays off.
I went out of the one-arm lunch and
gged down a taxi. I got into it and gave
driver an address, and when we got
it there was a light in the window. The
e was a dollar fifteen, so I gave the
ver the three dollar bills. This was my
night.
She was wearing the sweater, and the
ns with the paint on them, and she had
up of coffee in her hand when she
ened the door. Her hair was loose and
t about her face, and her lips were
red as her fingernails. She was paint-
something again, but all of the furni-
e looked as if you could sit down on it
lean against it without undue risk.
She handed me the coffee. "I just
oured it," she said. "Fresh and hot.
en cents, please."
"I just had a lot of coffee," I said.
"You need a lot more," Jennie said.
"Drink, ape."
"Okay, brat." I drank.
"Well," she said, "how was it?" She
vas sitting on the sofa with one leg over
ie arm and she was smoking a cigarette without gestures, just the way the girls at home smoked cigarettes.

"Monday," I said, "I return the wallets. If Burg and Hunter will let me."

"At Burg and Hunter," she said, "the customer is always right. Almost always. But Suzanne won't like it. After all, she gets a commission on everything."

"Monday," I said, "they go back."

"I can see you think nothing of breaking innocent hearts," Jennie said. "By the way, what brought you here?"

I said, "Your father has the mortgage on my old man's house. I have to make up to you. For the honor of the family."

Jennie McLarnin put her cigarette out, and it was practically a new cigarette. She drank a little coffee and put the cup down. And then I saw something I'd never noticed before—the way tendrils of hair curved gently down her neck. It was a brown neck, that had been deliberately exposed to sunlight, and it was pleasant to see.

"Well," she said, "it's a commercial age."

I finished my coffee, and felt soberer than any judge you ever saw. I went over to the sofa, and sat down, and put my hand on Jennie's shoulder. I said, "Hello, Jennie."

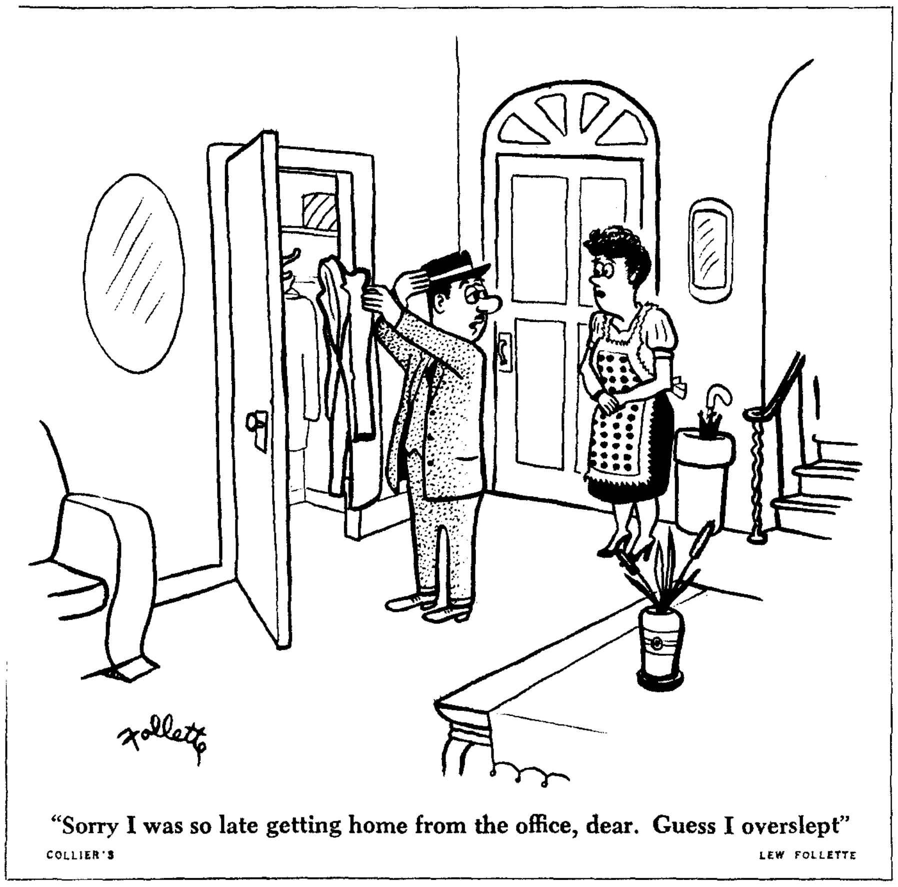
She leaned toward me, and I saw that there was a touch of paint on the shoulder of her sweater as well as on her jeans. I like paint. "Hello, Fred," she said.

I was looking into her eyes when it suddenly struck me that she knew more about what had happened this evening than appeared on the surface of things. I pushed her away, just a little. I said, "Wait a minute, Jennie."

She pushed back. "Never mind, Fred," she said. And then she said, "Hello, Fred, it's nice to know you."

SO HERE it is Sunday, and I could make you a very good deal on a wallet, any color, any leather, for I'm not sure that Burg and Hunter will take them all back. But we'll skip that for the moment, for it's the first day of summer and I'm going out to revel. I know the calendar says it's winter, and that the weatherman and all the stodgy people in the buildings say it's raining. But I say it's the first wonderful day of summer, and the sun is streaming down like silk unrolled from a bolt. And, best of all, the busses are running. I have a dime, and it's only a short, lovely ride to Jennie McLarnin's.

THE END



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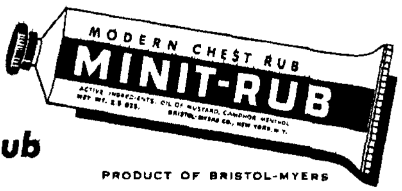

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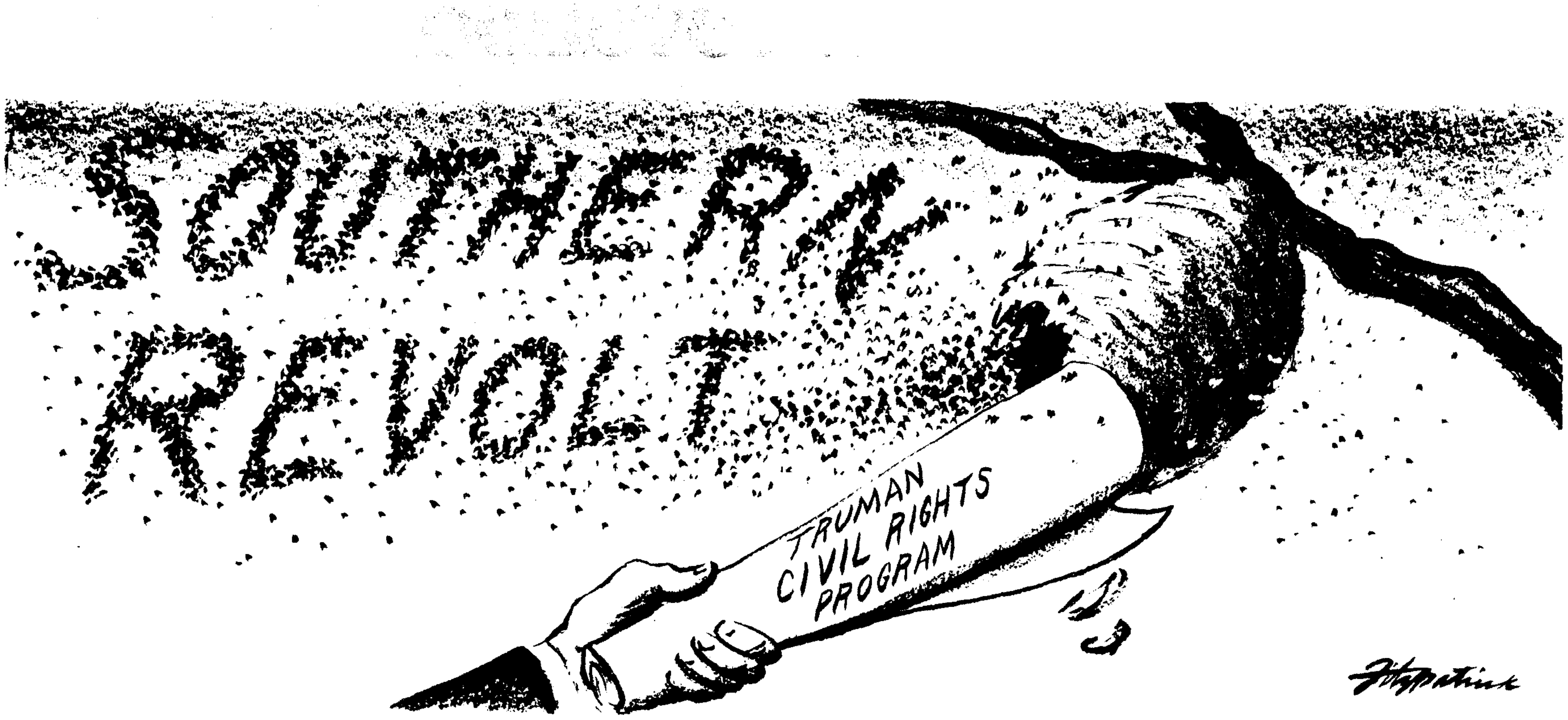


... WE NEED SOMETHING STRONGER THAN LAW

HEN President Truman called recently for a lot of civil rights laws—antilynch, antipoll tax, anti-Jim Crow, etc.—either he stirred up a true hornets' nest down South or (as seems more likely at this writing) he only handed Southern Democrats a promising chance to make a husky bid for restoration of the two-thirds rule at the next Democratic convention.

What's the truth about this civil rights question, anyway? It fans up the fiercest passions, and it traces back to the first hope-he's-still-burning-in-hell scoundrel who kidnaped the first Negro from Africa for slavery in the American colonies.

It seems to us that most Americans who do any thinking and arguing on the subject are at one and the same time right and wrong.

Northern intellectuals, who make Southerners see red with their continual nagging at the South and their demands for federal civil rights laws, are surely right in principle. Lynching *is* a foul crime. Poll taxes *are* unjust when they keep any one group of people from voting. Jim Crow cars or trolley and bus sections *are* discriminatory. It *is* unfair to freeze Negroes out of good jobs for which they could qualify. And so on.

On the other hand, we think Southerners are only telling the truth when they insist that federal laws will never succeed in wiping out these injustices. It is axiomatic that no law, however well meant, can work unless it is supported by the majority of the people it affects. Northern intellectuals should know this fact of life from the nation's experience with federal prohibition.

Well, both sides having a measure of right and a measure of wrong in their arsenals of argumentation, is there any discoverable factor that swings the scales one way or the other? We think there is.

That factor is the unquestionable truth that the Negro's status in the South is getting better every day. He is some 90 per cent better off economically than in the early years following the Civil War. Lynching is sliding toward the vanishing point. As for social equality, most Negroes apparently don't want it anyway, since they have their own social organizations to satisfy their fraternal, religious, snobbish, etc., instincts.

Federal laws didn't work these improvements. They have come about solely because they have been stimulated by the most substantial and respected people among the Southern whites. They would have come a good deal more slowly, we think, if federal laws had forced Mr. Whiskers to keep his nose eternally stuck into Southern affairs.

If all this is as true as we're convinced it is, then it follows that the best way to solve what remains of the Negro problem is to go on just about as we've been going since around 1870. That would mean: Let the Northern intelligentsia howl its collective head off about the South ... let Southern and Northern politicians make what political capital they can out of the question ... but don't saddle the federal government with a bunch of laws which it cannot enforce. In other words, let the South work out its Negro problems mostly on its own—which it is doing anyway, and we think will continue to do.

. . . SALVATION BEGINS AT HOME: The United States Conference of Mayors had its annual convention in New York City this year. We favor mayors, by and large; but we feel impelled to take exception to what one of them said at one point in this get-together.

The gentleman was Mayor George W. Welsh of Grand Rapids, Michigan. His gripe, at which we're griping in turn, was that "the peoples of the cities supply the states with most of their revenues, but the states give us a paltry share when the redistribution has to be made. Unless there is a remedy soon, there will be a tea party which will make a bigger smash than the original one in Boston."

No doubt some state governments are stingy about percentages of tax revenues they blow back to the cities—though in one important case (New York State) we happen to know that just isn't so.

But when it comes to blaming a city's ills mainly on the state government—well, why not look homeward, Mr. Mayor? The city government is the one on the spot: the agency charged with maintaining the police and fire forces, keeping all city services in reasonable order, holding down graft to a minimum, seeing to it that the public pay rolls don't fatten up with too many free loaders, and so on. Those are things that nobody can do for a city administration. If they aren't done properly, nobody but the local administration is to blame.

Our tip to city dwellers all over the country would be to start scrutinizing their own city fathers closely whenever those gentlemen begin to squawk about being done dirt by the state government. It's a too-too handy excuse, and we suspect that it is being overworked.

. . . THE LADY HAS A POINT: We're holding no all-out brief for Miss Vivien Kellems, leading U.S. woman industrialist who seems unhappy unless she is in a big and publicity-loaded battle with some public official or agency.

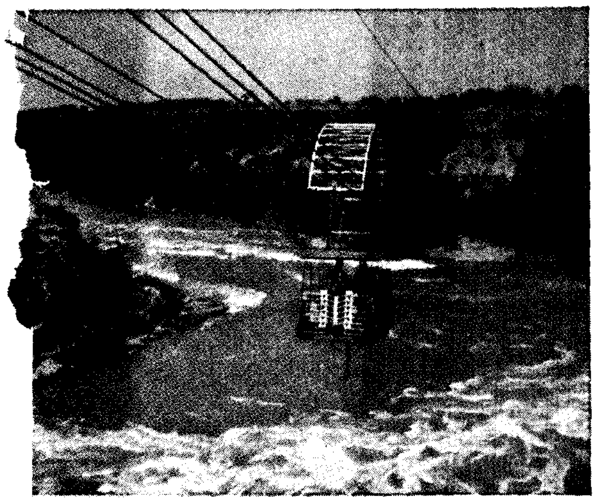
But in her latest private war—this time with the U.S. Internal Revenue Bureau, which collects income taxes—we think Miss Kellems has at least a point. When we went to press, the fight had got this far: Miss K. had announced that henceforth she would refuse to pick up the withholding taxes on her employees' pay unless President Truman appointed her a revenue agent, complete with badge, and paid her the customary salary. Treasury officials had grinned for publication, and had said that she'd collect those withholding taxes all right, when the time came, and wouldn't risk the possible maximum of a $38,000 fine and 38 years in a federal jail.

The point Miss Kellems has made, it seems to us, is this: that the withholding tax as now handled is a nuisance and an irritant in several ways. It's a bookkeeping headache for the employer. It makes many a worker hate the government for not letting him take home all the wages he earns on the company's books. It causes plenty of workers to hate their employers, unreasoningly but nonetheless virulently. And it forces labor leaders in many cases to demand much higher wage increases than would satisfy their followers if the withholding tax were not levied.

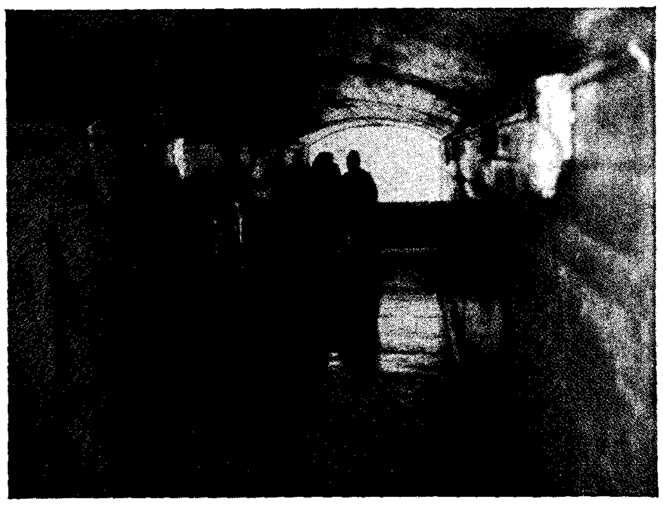
Presumably it would be impossible just to abolish this institution and let 'em take home their full pay every week and scratch up their full tax installments somehow every quarter. But can't the thing be modified in some way, to remove the irritation; or can't there at least be some sort of educational campaign by the Treasury to convince workers of the necessity and efficiency of the withholding tax?

Canada's Horseshoe Falls made me feel like the Man of the Mist

"Like every American, I had to get some snapshots of the Falls," writes Howard Weidner, a friend of Canadian Club visiting Niagara. "The little boat, *Maid of the Mist*, that takes tourists near the foot of the falls, didn't go close enough for me. So I borrowed a raincoat and climbed down some nearby rocks. It was mighty slippery, and sometimes I couldn't see my feet for mist. But I got a grand picture.



② **"The famous cable car** looked like a good perch for more snapshots. But somehow that swaying car on those little cables, 200 feet over swirling rapids, made me more interested in holding on... and holding my breath... than in taking pictures.



③ **"The tunnel under Horseshoe Falls** is unforgettable for the terrifying *roar* of wild water overhead. 100,000,000 gallons a minute... and so *close* you seem to be right *in* it. The very pressure of the *sound* seems to make it hard to breathe, and the tunnel mist is almost thick enough to be a shower bath.

④ **"I never expected** to get this picture. Rainbows kept appearing and disappearing as winds moved the mist every which way. I snapped dozens of pictures, hoping the wind and sun would give me a lucky break. They did. I caught a rainbow!

⑤ **"This was my fifth visit** to Canada's famous falls, and I knew my visit wouldn't be complete without a neighbor-to-neighbor toast over a tall glass of Canada's equally famous Canadian Club Whisky. I've traveled in a lot of countries. But to me, Canada has two things that can't be tied anywhere. One is the Horseshoe Falls. The other is my favorite whisky, Canadian Club—and wherever I travel, I usually find it."

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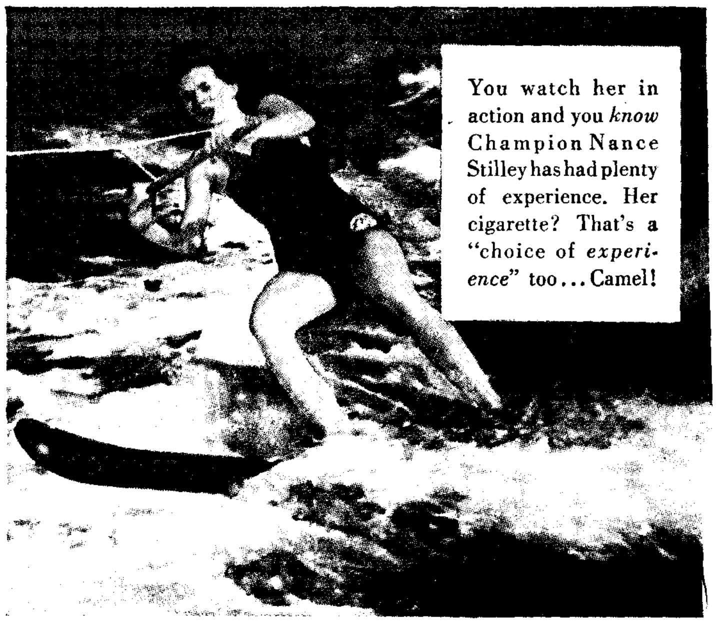
"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

In twisting slaloms... in tricky jumps...this petite young Cypress Gardens aquamaid is in a class by herself ... a champion many times over.

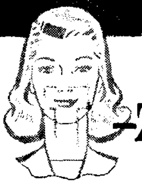


You watch her in action and you *know* Champion Nance Stilley has had plenty of experience. Her cigarette? That's a "choice of *experience*" too...Camel!

I NOTICE MORE AND MORE PEOPLE SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE GREAT!
I LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE... BY COMPARING... THAT CAMELS SUIT MY 'T-ZONE' BEST!

THE "T-ZONE"
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
your final proving ground for any cigarette

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

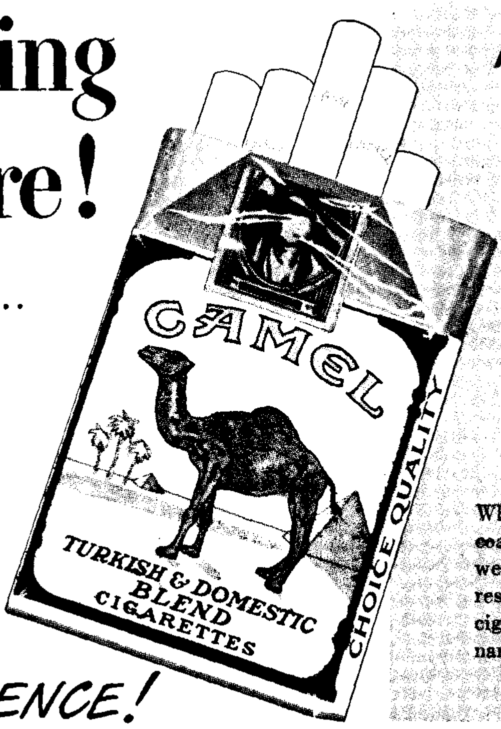
Let *your*  -Zone tell you why

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

● Now that people can get all the cigarettes they want... any brand... now that they once again can choose their cigarette on a basis of personal preference... quality... more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

Why? The answer is in your "T-Zone" (T for Taste and T for Throat). Let your own taste tell you what a difference Camel's expert blending of choice, properly aged tobaccos can mean in cigarette flavor.

Let your throat tell you about Camel's cool, wonderful mildness. Discover for yourself why, with smokers who have tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience"!


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast – in every field of medicine – were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!